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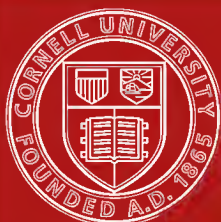
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Orations
Addresses and Speeches
OF
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

EDITED BY
JOHN DENISON CHAMPLIN

VOLUME II
BANQUET AND DINNER SPEECHES



NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED

1910

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By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

INTRODUCTION

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER

Late Ambassador to France



ENATOR DEPEW stands as a unique figure among the speakers of the present day. During his visits to England and his meetings with royal personages, he was called an orator among princes. At home he is styled a prince among orators. There is scarcely a subject that has been discussed in public upon which he has not delivered addresses, but he is perhaps more intimately known to the general public by his after-dinner speeches. Humor has been a characteristic feature of these efforts and he has shown that he has acquired the highest virtue of the humorist—talking in fun and thinking in earnest. He fully appreciates the fact that in speech, wit is to eloquence what in music melody is to harmony. In the interchange of brilliant repartee so often heard when men are gathered about the banquet board to “fill the flowing bowl and mock the midnight hour” he has shown that to be amusing, it is not necessary to be coarse; to be witty one need not be offensive.

The book which includes the after-dinner speeches will no doubt attain fully as large a circulation as those containing his serious public addresses.

New York, May 18, 1910.

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**BANQUET AND AFTER-DINNER
SPEECHES**

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE STATE OF NEW YORK,"
MAY 10, 1881.



R. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: Having been an active politician and partisan all my life, nothing affords me more pleasure than to vary the entertainment, and be present among a body of gentlemen with whom politics and partisanship do not exist. I have responded, during the present year, ten times, and constantly during the last fifteen years, to the State of New York. It misled me in the earlier part of the year into the belief that there was an anxious desire on the part of the people of the State to put me into a position where, instead of being here to speak, I should write one of the two letters which have just been read.¹ The only harm done by that amiable hallucination was the anxiety it occasioned in the breasts of the gentlemen who were similarly afflicted—for example, my friend, Mr. Levi P. Morton. Having in a professional way for some years been engaged in a continuous and noisy fusillade with an active committee of the Chamber of Commerce, it was with great trepidation I attended this banquet unprotected and alone; but I remember that the merchants of New York are peculiarly noted for two things: their forgiveness of their enemies, and the facility with which, if they can get the legs of their foes under their mahogany, they invariably capture them. And, however much we may differ as to methods, we all have a common purpose—the prosperity of New York.

As I have listened to-night to the Cabinet ministers giving their glowing description of the present and future, I have wondered whether the same spirit of the occasion afflicted them which did my ministerial neighbor here, who assured me in the most

¹From United States Senators Conkling and Platt.

solemn way that there were several members of the Chamber present who remembered its original organization, one hundred and thirteen years ago.

My toast calls for an expression of opinion as to how the present and the past commercial prosperity of New York may be maintained. It can be maintained by the public spirit, enterprise, and energy of the merchants of the commonwealth, and principally of this body. If I should speak to-night of what the merchants of New York have done in their relations to the State, and what they have made the State in its relations to the country, I should repeat the brightest pages in the history of the American Republic. When other interests, too conservative to break out, were willing to hold back and temporize, it was the merchants of New York who defied the Stamp Act and precipitated the Revolution. When Washington was going to take command of the Continental Army, his first and greatest inspiration and welcome came from the merchants of the city of New York; and it was they who surrounded him when, at the climax of his fame, he was inaugurated on the steps of the Treasury in this metropolis as the first President of the Republic. When the country in the State of New York, by three-fourths membership of the State Convention, proposed to withhold its assent to the Constitution of the United States, it was the merchants of the city of New York who sent to that Convention Alexander Hamilton, Chancellor Livingston, and John Jay, who, by their matchless eloquence and patriotism, won over the adverse majority, and secured the assent of the Empire State to the confederation of the United States; because the commercial instincts of the metropolis behind them recognized the grand fact, that only in the formation and preservation of the Union of the States was the true growth of this State, and the possibility of this city becoming the metropolis of the Republic.

The merchants of the city of New York, as a class, are *sui generis*. You never think of naming them in the same connection with the merchants of rival ports, who are striving to take away our commerce. Formulate an ideal, for a moment, of these various merchants. There is the Baltimore merchant; you picture him as a man who is rejoicing to-day over discoveries utilized and discarded by us twenty years ago. Take the Philadelphia merchant; your ideal of a gentleman who has, late in life,

graduated from a retail into a wholesale store, and who looks for release in a Heaven where only retailers exist. Take the Boston merchant; he is a gentleman who is seeking to secure, as his ultimate ambition, a position sufficiently eminent at home to be invited into a partnership with a New York firm. But, wherever commerce reaches or trade extends—wherever the electric telegraph and the rail bring together the minds and the products of communities, of states, and of nations—the synonym of enterprise and power is the merchant of the city of New York. Now, gentlemen, New York owes its supremacy to, and will maintain its supremacy by, its commercial integrity and thrift. While the Puritans in the East, and the Cavaliers at the South, wrested their lands by force from the aboriginal owners, the Dutchmen who settled upon Manhattan Island, with true commercial integrity, purchased it of the Indians for twenty-four dollars. Tradition narrates that, with true commercial thrift, at the game of pitch-penny they won the money back next day. Upon this broad base of commercial integrity and enterprise has been builded the mighty structure which forms the commercial, financial, and intellectual center of the Republic.

When De Witt Clinton slept upon his five-ton boat, he not only dreamed out the Erie Canal, but in the wilderness watered by the Mississippi and Missouri he saw the great States of today, and he struck through the only natural route in the great mountain chain which forms the backbone of the continent, that artery of communication which has illustrated for the State of New York the fact, known to historical students for all time, that along the highways of commerce and travel are to be found civilization, population, power, and wealth. For twenty-five years that ditch dug by Clinton gave to New York a monopoly of the internal commerce of the land; but the result of that great work was to fringe with people only the shores of the lakes and the ocean front. It took eighteen hundred years of civilization, eighteen hundred years of effort, before the inventive genius of man and the providence of God developed a system which should reach out from the water-ways, and send population into the distant prairies; which could radiate from the shores and river banks, and carry settlements into the interior; which could develop remote places, and convey their products to central reservoirs; which could make possible rich and prosperous com-

munities far from navigable streams—that system was the railroad. This it was that brought the sea at Philadelphia one hundred or two hundred miles nearer the great West and Southwest; brought Boston into intimate communication with the same territory: yet, notwithstanding this, New York to-day retains absolute supremacy of the internal trade of this continent. “All roads lead to Rome,” is a sentiment two thousand years old; but Rome is dead, and other capitals of ancient and modern times have sunk into oblivion, because all roads lead to Rome only so long as the trunk lines of the metropolis compel them to go there. The great preservative of the prosperity of this Republic, of the grandeur of this State, of the continued supremacy of this metropolis, is cheap transportation. The railroad mind, within the last ten years, has changed, and the commercial mind has changed with it, and we reach almost the paradox that the cheaper the carriage the greater the profit, both to the railroad and the shipper. It is the enormous production from the vast acreage brought under cultivation, and the enormous volume of business, that make possible this result. They have forced freights, in ten years, from two and one-half to three-quarters of a cent a ton a mile. When Hendrik Hudson sailed up this great river, he was overwhelmed by the ridicule of his compatriots, because he failed to discover the northwest passage to India; but could he have looked forward less than two centuries, he would have seen commercial enterprise make the river which bears his name the great highway of commerce between India and the West. New York can sustain and maintain her commercial supremacy by being true to herself, true to the elements which have made her what she is—broad, liberal, and national, and not narrow or sectional.

The genius of the preceding generation gave her a water-way which made her what she is; the enterprise and foresight of the present should make that water-way, by freedom and enlargement, equal to the demands of the time. And, doing that, the State should treat its other great transportation interest in a broad and liberal spirit. It should permit its railroads to supplement the work of the canals, in compelling all trunk lines to end at the city of New York. Already the Grand Trunk, which feeds Boston, is struggling with all her might to come to this city. Already the railroad which makes Baltimore what she is, is putting

forth every effort to reach the sea here. Already the Pennsylvania road, whose objective point was Philadelphia, has its greatest terminal facilities upon this bay. And while Pennsylvania has her railroad, while Maryland has her railroad, while Boston, Montreal, and Canada rely on the Grand Trunk and the Welland Canal, New York, with her canals and system of railroads, can, by reasonable foresight and enterprise, preserve her prominence, notwithstanding all these efforts to take away her supremacy.

Why, gentlemen, within the last ten years we have turned the tide of trade and changed the commerce of the world. Formerly we were continually in debt to Europe, but now the products of our Western soil have turned the tide, so that three hundred million of gold a year roll into our country, for our manufacturers, merchants, and farmers. New York must be the distributing center of this inflowing stream of wealth. The commerce of the East, through the Golden Gate at San Francisco; the commerce of the West, from Chicago and St. Louis; the commerce from beyond the Atlantic—all should come to New York for handling and distribution. How is it to be done? We must be equal to the demands of the present, and forget the barbarism of the past. While Canada has its enlarged channel, while cheap transportation is encouraged and practiced everywhere, New York city should get beyond her youth. The terminal charge of three cents a hundred at this port is a disgrace. Instead of hampering and burdening commerce to produce a miserable revenue of two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand dollars a year by exorbitant wharf and pier rentals, the grand waterfront around this city should be developed, and covered with piers and bulkheads, to welcome, without cost, the trade of the world. The harbor master, the port warden, the health officer, the pilots, are compelled to measure their necessities by the needs of our commerce. (A voice: "Where would our ships come from?") From the cheapest market. If we have not sufficient enterprise to build ships, it is the dark ages that prevent us from buying them. In old times the granaries of the world were owned by its fighting nations, and yet we, to-day, have the granary of the world; and China, with her iron-clads, could shut up the Pacific Coast, and Spain, a tenth-rate power of Europe, blockade every port on the Atlantic. It is a shame and disgrace to the American

people that we have neither navy nor armaments to meet such emergencies.

Gentlemen, you, as members of this historic association, can create public sentiment and promote public spirit. Parties and politicians will listen and follow your advice if you are thoroughly in earnest. You can so order it that port charges will no longer threaten the prosperity of our commerce, nor the streets of New York the health of her inhabitants.

And now, if I may be permitted, without exciting undue apprehension, I will close my remarks with one word—Monopoly. Give to New York the monopoly of the internal trade of this Republic, and Ohio may have the monopoly of its Presidents.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

ADDRESS AT THE 119TH BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE, NOVEMBER 15, 1887.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Your Chairman has illustrated the truthful character of Trade by the statement which he has made in regard to me. He stated, in his opening address, that there were represented in the Chamber all the factors of our political body politic—the Republican, at his best; the Democrat, as he could; and the Mugwump, by the cream; but he forgot that neither on the dais nor the floor do we find a Prohibitionist.

I feel the embarrassment of standing here, representing the United States, in the presence of these Members of Parliament from Great Britain, who quarrel on the other side to a point which requires the military, almost, to keep them apart, and masquerade here as the Evangelists of Peace; and yet I have been told that between the wily Englishman and the canny Scot there has been a conspiracy concocted which is to settle, in spite of us, the great Fishery Question—that this peace delegation, marching under the banner of Home Rule, in which most of us agree with them, is to commit us absolutely and beyond recall, to “peace at any price”; and then the Fisheries Commissioner, our distinguished guest, Mr. Chamberlain, is to fix the price. I am only afraid that he, with these Scotch members, may get the best of us in this controversy, because it is the peculiarity of the Scotchman that he keeps the Sabbath day and everything else that he can lay his hands on.

The question given me is rather large for an evening crowded with many themes and great orators. It recalls an incident of college days when the sententious Professor of Rhetoric said to me: “Sir, your time is three minutes; your subject, ‘The Immortality of the Soul!’” But it has always been the habit of the Chamber of Commerce to deal broadly and familiarly with important matters. It has never been local or sectional in its interests or opinions. It has expressed itself with power and vigor

upon every question which, during the one hundred and twenty years of its existence, has influenced the integrity, the credit, or the prosperity of the country. It has always appreciated the grand fact that all roads run to New York, and the real destination of every vessel, no matter at what port of our seacoast or our lakes she may land, is this harbor.

We have had our annual lessons in the election, the clamor of which is still ringing in our ears, and the results are suggestive. They leave the political prophet doubtful of his predictions, and increase the problem for the probable candidates. The members of Parliament who are visiting us, on reading our papers in the heat of the controversy, thought our campaign literature was compiled from the Scriptures and our partisan vocabulary furnished by the Testament, while they had additional proof of the slander of the assertions of our rival that this is the most godless city on the continent when they found that the issue fought and won was the virtue of a "simple Christian life." In the larger conflict which covered the State, all parties may improve an invaluable axiom, that it is the highest political wisdom not to fool with dangerous heresies which affect the stability of property and business, but to expose their fallacies and denounce their results.

We meet not only amidst the echoes of a recent election, but just at the close of the most solemn tragedy of the year, and one of the most eventful in our history. Chicago, one of the youngest of our great cities, was solving a problem of vaster moment to the future of government by the people and for the people than has fallen to the lot of any municipality in a century. The principles involved became of national and international importance. The fate of anarchy in America interested princes and peasants, statesmen and publicists of the Old World, and the fate of the anarchists adjudged guilty of murder aroused the sympathy of sentimentalists, the terrors of the timid, and the emphatic voice of public opinion in the New. Repugnant to our feelings and our humanity as was the execution, it demonstrated that the velvet glove of Liberty incased the iron hand of the Law. Under European governments the enemy of society feels the grip of the secret police ever on his shoulder, and behind the ranks of the constabulary are the bayonets of soldiers. The resistless forces of the standing armies garrison every town and are bivouacked in

every center of population. Such remedies and safeguards are against the spirit of our institutions, and our only reliance for order, property, and life is upon the vigilant enforcement of the principle that there is no liberty without law. If an uncontrollable propensity for riot, rapine, and murder, fearing the consequences of its acts under despotic or monarchical governments, hopes here for toleration of its teachings, immunity for its acts, and the ultimate triumph of its efforts, the time has come for the lesson to be sternly taught that the guardians of the law the world over are not so dangerous as a free people when aroused to a full sense of public and private danger. The uprising which followed the guns of Sumter, and the graves of the five hundred thousand heroes who fell fighting for the flag, expressed the value placed by Americans upon their institutions, their Constitution, and their liberty.

During the last ten years a million more people than inhabited the country at the time of the formation of the Government have arrived upon our shores. While we can still welcome those who will add to our strength and assist in the development of our resources, we should most rigidly inquire who these emigrants are and for what purpose they come. We quarantine cholera, yellow fever, and small-pox, and we ought to have a national department of political health, empowered to search for paupers, lepers, and criminals, and by summary procedure, to seize the open and blatant enemies of our Government who are not citizens, and send them home. As things are now, if a cause for quarrel should arise with Russia or Austria or any other power, they need not declare war, but can paralyze our business and destroy our peace by flooding our cities with the propaganda of treason and revolution, without trouble or expense to themselves.

Happily we can turn easily from these gloomy forebodings to a splendid present and brilliant future. Our ills are only the spots upon the sun, which neither obscure nor impair the glorious light of the orb of day. Never in our history were we in such prosperous condition, and our credit on so stable a basis. A sound currency is the first necessity of a commercial people, and ours is beyond question or dispute. The panic of 1873 was one of the most disastrous in the series of such calamities, and its depression continued for years; but it was the culmination of the losses of the Civil War, of wild speculation, of false

finance, and inflation. We held for the redemption of seven hundred and forty millions of paper money only one hundred and thirty-five millions of coin. Bankruptcy and ruin were the inevitable results. But to-day against eight hundred and twenty-five millions of paper we have nine hundred millions of silver and gold. The promise is wedded to the pledge, and general prosperity is the product. For nine years past the balance of trade in favor of the United States has mounted up to the magnificent figure of thirteen hundred millions. This golden current, of an average of one hundred and thirty millions a year, draining Europe and pouring into America, has not flown into the treasuries of corporations, or capitalists, or monopolies. It has reached every farmer, helped every manufactory, mill, and furnace, given employment and wages to artisans and laborers, and been of incalculable service to our merchants. This magnificent profit, sufficient almost to pay our national debt, is already producing unparalleled industrial results by its active employment and re-investment. Never before in the history of the world has the average of wages been so high, and the purchasing power of money so great, as in the United States to-day. These are the two conditions which make a free country the paradise of honest labor. In no other civilized country do so many workingmen own their homes. The solvent of national prosperity and happiness is not the confiscation of land upon crazy theories of its common use, but the widest distribution of its ownership. The man who holds in fee his house and lot, and within the walls of his cottage, however humble it may be, gathers his family, forms tender fireside associations and begins to feel the independence of his position—becomes at once a defender of the law and a determined foe of anarchy. The broadest philanthropy, the most beneficent and best-paying selfishness in the use of capital, is to make cheap and easy the purchase of homesteads.

Providence has given to us the raw material for limitless manufactures, and fertile fields from which to draw sustenance for untold millions of people. While I have fixed views as to the policy which will continue the harmonious development of agriculture and factories, and solve labor problems by general prosperity, I will not disturb the peace of this meeting, of diverse opinions, by their discussion. I was glad that the Secretary of the Interior threw down the challenge to-night, in that vague

but perfectly understood sentiment of his, for free trade. I sincerely hope that he will persuade the great party, of which he is an ornament and a leader, to make it the front plank in its platform in the coming presidential election. I promise him, that the party to which I belong will state the opposite in equally emphatic terms. And then I hope, and have no doubt that he hopes, that we shall have one presidential contest fought out in this country, where mud and dirt and slander and personal detraction and the personality of the candidate shall disappear, and what principle is to govern the prosperity of the American people shall be decided directly by the American people themselves. But there are some matters of the first importance upon which, among merchants and business men, there can be no dispute. England belts the world with her flag; the adventures of her explorers are the knight-errantry of this century, and her navies patrol the seas, her armies brave deadly climates, and her agents visit savage tribes to find new markets for her manufactures. Bismarck has built a wall of protection about Germany mountains high to improve prices for the German farmers and wages for German workmen, while all the resources of the Empire are bent upon extending the area of territory in every quarter of the earth which can absorb the German product. We Americans, with the results demonstrating unequaled genius for internal development, seem to have lost our faculty for the sea. A chance in the markets of the world for our increasing surplus of production is one of the safety valves for the energies and the needs of a growing population. We build one hundred and forty thousand miles of railroad at a capitalization of eight billions of dollars to bring the output of our farms, our mills, and our mines to the seacoast, and then sit on our treasures and gaze upon the ocean with something of the helpless wonder of the simple aborigines who first roamed these States. The political sagacity of the hour finds no means for preventing a surplus in the Treasury, which threatens the credit and stability of business and the demoralization of the Government, and seeks to diminish it by appropriating millions for dredging creeks which can be only utilized for eel-pots and terrapin-farms, when proper mail subsidies might build a merchant marine which would carry our flag once more over all the waters of the world, furnish a ready-made navy in time of war, and start vast shipyards upon the Delaware and

arms of the sea, north and south. One thousand and five hundred millions of dollars is the value of the commerce of the United States, and all of it is carried under alien flags. The English, the German, and the French kindly carry our persons and our freight and skim the cream of our trade.

One year ago a distinguished Governor of an interior State, standing in this hall, said to us: "You merchants along the coast scare too easy. This country wants no navy. If a hostile fleet of ironclads should anchor in your harbor and bombard your city, three millions of men would march from the Lakes to your rescue." My dear Governor, we are all members of one body. The failure of the West would destroy the East, the destruction of the cities and credits of the East would ruin the West. The United States is a great Republic; its diverse climatic conditions, industrial development, and needs, blend harmoniously to form a mighty nation, which must be able to protect itself in every part, and trade in every quarter of the world. We have no time to listen to the pessimist or the croaker. The vital problems of Capital and Labor are solving themselves in the full and remunerative employment of the one and opportunity and good wages for the other. The genius of our liberty is an equal chance for every man to rise and enrich himself, and in the protection of the individual in his struggle to earn, and in the possession of what he accumulates.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

ADDRESS AT THE 121ST BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE, NOVEMBER 19, 1889.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I am not down on the list. I have been alluded to in various forms by the speakers here to-night. By the gentleman who represents the Interior Department I am spoken of as a man who has fancy, but is without facts. The distinguished judge who sits beside me says, "I am no orator as Brutus is."

It is the first time that I ever heard of Mark Antony in a judicial station. It is hardly fair, when we have an ex-President of the United States, a justice of our highest court, an ex-Minister to England, whose eloquence has thrilled the British until the flavor of his speech is all they recollect of America, and when we have a member of the Cabinet here, and all these distinguished officers have recited their pieces, I say it is hardly fair to call upon an ordinary railroad man to address discursive remarks and observations on the great questions which belong to the law. But certain suggestions have come to me in the course of the eloquent and able speeches which have been uttered.

I thought when President Cleveland was urging upon the assemblage the necessity for it to take part in public affairs, to sacrifice its business to serve the government, he little knew how many of you since the fourth day of March last have expressed to me an anxious desire to serve your government. There is scarcely a man in this assemblage whose petition I have not signed for a Cabinet office, a foreign mission, or a consulship. You, gentlemen, are all patriots. When ex-President Cleveland made that remark he little knew what sacrifices business men would make, on occasion, upon the altar of their country.

As a lawyer I was pleased to see the way in which he announced his return to the profession and the location of his business place. It reminded me, and I say it with all respect for the ex-President, of an incident that occurred when I attended the funeral of a dear friend of mine, who had been a physician. When the preacher had ceased an old man arose in the audience

and said: "I trust that the friends of the deceased will not forget that the son of the deceased will practice at the same old stand." But, barring his politics, I honor ex-President Cleveland as a conscientious public officer. I honored him before his election as a conscientious lawyer, and I welcome him back to the profession, and trust that he will have all its rewards.

The picture presented by ex-Minister Phelps has been before my vision ever since he threw that fresco upon the wall that all the candidates for office shall be dressed in white. My eyes saw Tammany Hall and the County Democracy in an aldermanic contest in the Sixth Ward clothed in white. I imagined what a change of linen they would have to make both inside and out.

There is a suspicion encouraged among the younger merchants that the conservatism of the Chamber of Commerce is co-equal with its age. Although the members are not born to live forever, the Chamber goes on forever, and on any occasion that has heretofore arisen when the solid men were needed at the front the Chamber of Commerce has risen to the occasion with ideas and means and patriotism to stimulate the country. It would seem from the remarks of the distinguished lawyer and statesman who represents the Administration here to-night that the Chamber of Commerce at the present time has a mission to perform. My friend suggests that the internal commerce of the country is its life and the Mississippi River is its lung. I beg leave to differ with him in one respect. It is true that the internal commerce of the country is its life, but it will go on although the Chamber of Commerce should be wiped out of existence, and the present great adjunct of that commerce is the construction by the inventive power of the age, alongside the Mississippi and on both sides of it, of an iron roadway which, by quicker and more accurate service, more adapted to the times, has taken largely the place of the great river as an avenue of commerce, and adapted itself to the wants of the nation for the present and the future. Let the great waterway be fostered and protected and developed as far as necessary as a regulation of the iron rail, but as a regulation only can it be used in modern commerce.

But the mission of the Chamber of Commerce and of all great commercial bodies like this is to look at things, not so much as merchants of a great city, but as citizens of the world. We should remember that South America, aside from political questions, be-

longs to us commercially, and it has been a shortsighted policy that did not attract us to her by strong commercial ties as we are really attracted to her by ties of consanguinity. The commerce of South America should never have been allowed to go to Europe. The most of our internal commerce will in a large measure take care of itself, but the power and genius of commercial men and of officials should be devoted to tie South America to North America.

If you call upon a man suddenly to speak his mind he has no time to measure the politics of his expression. I say if Great Britain can afford \$5,000,000 of subsidies and Germany \$4,000,000 and France \$4,500,000 to accrue to the value of their country's commerce, which is needed to take care of their surplus product of factories and fields and mines, no absurd ideas of political economy can restrain the development of the commerce of this republic. If we want the world to know us, we must have them come upon our invitation to such an exhibition of the material, educational, religious, and civilizing resources of this country as will convince them that the Republic of the United States has material basis and agents to reopen its relations with the markets of the world with the strength of its grown manhood and its exhaustless resources.

It seems to me that this Exhibition is discussed in altogether too trivial proportions to the great question. We hear remarks that this locality or that locality will be benefited by the Fair. But the question is not a question of territory or a town, it is a question of a continent.

Now as to Chicago, I say no one can excel me in admiration for Chicago's marvelous growth, its wonderful development, its tremendous energy, its magnificent future. But Chicago is not the metropolis of the Western World. When I am in Chicago the merchant, the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, the whole population when you go to bargain with them first want to know "What is your position on the World's Fair." My hotel bill had at the top "The World's Fair." When I came out from dinner I found that my hat had been taken from the hat-rack and a label pasted in with mucilage "The World's Fair in Chicago." I got a prescription for a cold, and the druggist put on the label "The World's Fair in Chicago," and when I went to church I found pasted on the prayer-book "The World's Fair in Chicago." Chicago says: "I am the West." "I am the metropolis." In fact,

Chicago claims everything except that Chicago is on the seaboard, and the wonder is that she has not claimed that.

It reminds me of a story of a Chicago man who went to Poughkeepsie, and when it came the dessert time at the hotel he asked the waiter, "What have you got for dessert?" The waiter said, "Pie." "What kind of pie?" the Chicago man asked. The waiter said, "Pumpkin, mince, apple, and custard." The Chicago man said: "Bring me a piece of mince, a piece of pumpkin and a piece of apple." "What in thunder is the matter with the custard?" asked the waiter.

New York is lagging behind in her public support. Her millionaires and the great body of her business men in touch with her great corporations are not yet responding.

The coming World's Fair must surpass that of Paris, or it cannot represent the greatest Republic on earth. Such a World's Fair must represent no locality, but the whole country; otherwise it will not represent the United States. The World's Fair is not to be a decoration, but a fulfillment of our duty, and it means millions of dollars risked and millions to be lost, if necessary, that the Republic of the United States may take its place as first of the commercial nations of the world.

It is our duty to encourage anything that develops or promotes the development of our ocean marine. It has been charged that the Republic of the United States has lost its faculty of the sea. But I remember Paul Jones and his bravery in the War of the Revolution. I remember the old *Constitution*, and her services in 1812. I recall the clipper ships that were the envy and admiration of the maritime nations of the globe. I remember the navy that rose as if by magic in a single night during the Rebellion. I recall the little fishing smacks that were the nucleus of the navy which was to come.

Yesterday four ships of war sailed from this harbor which are to teach, as they reach the ports of foreign nations, that this republic of the United States has started upon a new mission and a term of new life. Behind this little navy will come an armament of floating defenders that will command the respect of all nations and protect the American citizen wherever he may be. Then the United States will arise to its true position. Then we shall welcome the day when the nations of the earth are supplied with American products transported in American vessels.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

ADDRESS AT THE 122D BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE, NOVEMBER 18, 1890.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I have attended the meetings of the Chamber of Commerce consecutively for a quarter of a century. I began young. This is the first time that I have ever heard it officially announced by the President of the Chamber that the officials of the United States blocked the way.

I have noted, as a student of banquets, that after you have passed the sorbet and canvas-back, there is an impatience and a hilarity, growing, I suppose, from seriousness, that lead to a restiveness in the audience which nothing can quell. For the first time in my experience of twenty-five years I have seen this audience silent, quiet, utterly immovable for a minute. It was a tribute to American modesty. Every man expected while facing the photographer, whose flash-lighted picture was to immortalize our features for posterity, to occupy a more conspicuous place than his neighbor. The President has alluded to the gloomy circumstances under which this body meets to-night. The artist of the occasion seems to have anticipated it. In the menu he has placed the shield of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce not where it usually is, at the head of the card, but upon the tablecloth, and over it is a bottle of champagne, and the motto is "Excelsior."

[Turning to ex-President Cleveland, Mr. Depew said:]

At a distinguished banquet held recently, my friend, Mr. Cleveland, was placed by my friend, Mr. Springer, in the presidential nomination for 1892. If I should complete the picture I would create the conditions of 1888, and place James G. Blaine in the field, and we would start now. There is nothing like pleasing everybody. That's what I'm here for. Reciprocity smacks of elections. And when I speak of elections, especially of the recent election, standing upon the same platform with ex-President Cleveland, with my friend George William Curtis,

with my friend President Eliot of Harvard, with my friend Horace White of the *Post*, and my friend Mr. Miller of the *Times*, I feel lonesome. I think Carl Schurz should come to my assistance. I feel like the Massachusetts corpse who was killed in a railroad accident, and who remarked to the undertaker, "Old man, never mind the expense, but have the sympathizers respectable." But reciprocity—but what is reciprocity, anyhow? If my friend, Bishop Potter, will permit me, I will state that it is the Yankee version of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as they do unto you. But this crisis—you always get into trouble if you mix religion and politics.

In its long and honorable career the Chamber of Commerce has never met upon a more interesting occasion than the present. It represents to-night more than it has done during any one of its 122 years. The events of the last few days have revolutionized the thought and action of the world. They have demonstrated that the real power in the government of Christendom is the man of business. The merchants and the bankers have directed the thought of the world, and become the leaders of its public action. In all ages government has been controlled by classes born to rule, and having little knowledge, by training or opportunity, of business. It is so to-day in all the countries of Europe and Asia. With us the exacting cares and the competitions of business, together with its brilliant opportunities, have left the management of our public affairs largely to men unknown in the commercial and financial circles of a country whose people are wholly given to business.

To rely upon the Government for relief has always been the habit in times of great mercantile or financial distress. In England the Bank Act is suspended and enormous powers given to the Bank of England; on the Continent the imperial treasuries are opened. With us we frantically appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury to rush into Wall Street and speculate in Government bonds. But a crisis of unequaled seriousness and magnitude has been met and its consequences averted without asking the aid of cabinets or secretaries, without the suspension of statutes or the violation of law, by the commercial statesmanship of New York and London. The event so startling in its revelations has also reversed time-honored prejudices. The ideal of mercantile conservatism and wisdom has been for generations the English

banker, while light-headedness and frivolity have been supposed to characterize the Frenchman. But when the British market is threatened with a total collapse, the Bank of England discovers that the imaginary airy frog-eater across the Channel is serenely solvent, and, in the interest of international commerce and good finance, will lend fifteen million dollars at three per cent. when the ruling rate is six. As they are appealed to, the banking institutions of Italy, Germany, and Russia respond with equal generosity.

This is international reciprocity of the broadest and most beneficent character. It opens a vista of hope for the nations, and of progress for the peoples, unequaled by any single event of our time. It demonstrates that the power of peace and war is passing from the hereditary legislator and the accidental politician to the bankers, merchants, and business men of Europe. Steam and electricity have connected by indissoluble links all the marts of Christendom. Commerce and trade have interlinked and intertwined the interests of all European nations under the government of the merchants and the bankers. The details of the preservation of order and the pageantry of courts can be left to public officials, but these new masters of the situation will insist upon the rule of commercial principles and the laws of trade; they will insist upon the disbanding of expensive and useless armaments; they will create the possibilities for the sun of universal peace to rise as never before and illumine the earth with its refulgent rays, giving to mankind an era of prosperity and happiness.

We in America were brought face to face with an emergency and a liquidation involving amounts and consequences which make insignificant the figures which caused the catastrophies of 1857 and 1873. The credit and the business of the country have been saved from disaster by the coolness, the courage, the wisdom, and the foresight of the banks of New York. They banded together upon a principle of patriotic reciprocity. They created conditions which made forbearance possible to the debtor, which saved the man, firm, or corporation whose credit was expanded, and which reversed the axiom that the chain is no stronger than its weakest part, by distributing the strength of the strongest along the whole line.

But your sentiment calls for a larger discussion of the prin-

ciples of reciprocity and their application to other fields. It even has a suggestion of something connected with the late election. The size of this calamity or triumph, as we may severally look upon it, is such that we can all good-naturedly view the present situation. As business men it is our privilege, and we can demonstrate it to be our power, to direct the tremendous momentum of this triumphal car.

The events of the last few days have developed a peril suspected but never felt. We sell to Europe hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of breadstuffs, provisions, and live stock. They are consumed by the peoples abroad, and the money pays the expenses of our farming, opens new fields to the plow, gives us capital for business, and the surplus increases our national wealth. We sell other hundred millions of dollars' worth of cotton, which goes into garments worn out across the sea, and that money comes back to still further add to our prosperity and riches. We sell other hundreds of millions of railroad stocks and bonds. That money goes into roadbed and rolling stock, and by no process can be turned again into cash. Suddenly a financial cyclone strikes London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfort. Argentines, Turks, Egyptians, cannot be sold. Then their bankers and investors pour upon us an avalanche of our stocks and bonds, and say, "Take back your securities and return us our money." We find we have made a call loan, and must take up the collateral. Within the last few weeks we have stood the strain of the repurchase of all of our bonds and stocks which Europe desired to sell. It was a fearful test, but it has superbly demonstrated the strength of our financial situation, the soundness of our credit, and the permanence of our prosperity.

The eight thousand millions of dollars making the capitalization of the railways of the United States furnish the securities which are the basis of our business and credit. But the breaking of the dam of this European reservoir which we have been filling may pour upon us a stream of securities which will reduce values from twenty-five to fifty per cent. Such a contraction would, at certain times, suspend the business of the country, and bring about bankruptcy and ruin. These tremendous possibilities will be averted as we become rich enough to absorb our own securities, and loan our own money for our own

development. But to increase our available resources, we must enlarge the area of the markets for our surplus products.

The solution of our dangerous problems and the solvent of our future prosperity lie largely in the direction of commercial reciprocity among the nations of all America. An imaginary line, four thousand miles in length, divides the United States from Canada. For all the purposes of trade, tariff, and taxation, Canada is independent of Great Britain. She has an area larger than that of the whole United States. She possesses incalculable resources which, under favoring circumstances, could be developed. She has already a population larger than the State of New York. She needs our commodities, and we need hers in about equal measure, and they could be exchanged to the infinite advantage of both countries. The protectionist, who believes that tariffs should be levied upon the principle of protection; the tariff reformer, who believes that they should be exacted only for revenue; the free trader, who thinks that they should not be imposed at all, could all agree upon the principle that whatever tariff laws existed in the United States should be adopted by the Canadian Parliament and become applicable alike along all the coasts of this Republic and Canada, as against the rest of the world. But between themselves there should be the largest reciprocity and closest commercial relations. The unifying processes of mutual prosperity produced by commercial union would lead in a few years to political federation, which would carry the American flag from the Falls of Niagara to the North Pole.

South of us lie the Republics of the other America and of the Isthmus. They have a population of 50,000,000 of people, and territories which can comfortably support 1,000,000,000. Emigration is pouring in there at the rate of 500,000 people a year. They require in constantly increasing quantities the breadstuffs, the provisions, the petroleum, the agricultural machinery, the hardware and textile fabrics, most of which we can furnish cheaper and better, and all of which as cheap as any nation in the world. The conditions of our trade with South America are a stigma upon us as a commercial nation. We buy from South America \$112,000,000 worth of goods a year more than we sell to them. This is paid in cash through London, and the English

banker collects from us over a million dollars in commissions for the transaction of the business.

It is easy to imagine the incalculable advantages which our farmers, merchants, manufacturers, and railroads would derive from reciprocal purchases from us, if only to the extent of this \$112,000,000 a year. Imports to the value of \$233,000,000 were sold into two of the South American Republics in 1888. Our farms and factories could have supplied every article which entered those ports, but of this vast sum, the United States only received \$13,000,000. The rest went to England, Germany and France. Of the \$742,000,000 worth of exports from the United States in 1888, only \$69,000,000 went to the whole of Spanish America.

In the dark ages of American politics, when the whole country west of the Missouri River was called the Great American Wilderness, we in this country knew little or nothing of Mexico or the South American Republics. The Monroe Doctrine became an article of the creed of all parties. It has meant to us for fifty years little more than that we are opposed to European nations gaining foothold and power in America. In the evolution and possibilities of the last few years the Monroe Doctrine expands into the continental idea of "America for Americans." It covers the territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle, and includes in commercial and reciprocal brotherhood one-quarter of the inhabitable globe.

By an international line, constructed under the most liberal and intelligent governmental assistance, the railway system of North America should be connected with that of the South American states; by the most friendly of monetary conferences a common coinage might be agreed upon for the use among all these Republics. Inquiry has developed that the tariff and customs regulations of the United States are already so liberal to the products of South America that most of them enter our ports free of duty, and that what we most need to develop an increasing and prosperous trade is quick and cheap communication by land and sea. A few figures will exhibit our commercial poverty in meeting this question. I give the figures for 1888, showing the total number of steamships and sailing vessels entering South American ports, and what proportion of them sailed from the United States:

PORT	STEAMSHIPS		SAILING VESSELS	
	Total	United States	Total	United States
Bahia, Brazil	366	28	173	3
Valparaiso, Chili	216	1	365	22
Venezuela	1,155	193	6,391	7
Bolivia	5,388	...	417	19
Uruguay	765	...	592	16
Buenos Ayres	5,935	...	7,558	85

The most of this commerce goes to England, France, and Germany. Each of these countries has subsidized the lines, and has thereby secured the trade of these Republics. We have been kept from these markets, which would enrich our farmers and enormously increase the prosperity of our manufacturers, by adhering to certain principles of political economy. In a new country like ours, constantly facing novel conditions and meeting with extraordinary opportunities, most of the principles of political economy which have heretofore guided the world had better be relegated with athletics to the colleges of the Republic.

Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, within a few days astonished an audience at the Mansion House in London, composed of all that was most brilliant in blood and culture in Great Britain, by acknowledging the political power and commercial potentialities of the American hog. With the control we already possess of the markets of Europe in breadstuffs and provisions, we can relegate the burning question of the pig and his international rights to the realms of diplomacy, if wise legislation by Congress shall give to the American merchant the opportunity to carry the product of the American farm to the republics of South and Central America. As merchants, as bankers and business men, we say to Congress, in the language which advertises that most universal and productive of our institutions, the "Kodak": "You press the button, we will do the rest."

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

ADDRESS AT THE 123D BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, NOVEMBER 17, 1891.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: It is a rule generally observed by veteran after-dinner speakers not to appear among the volunteer toasts. That place is reserved for ambitious gentlemen who have not yet tested their powers, and, having tried them once, never do it again. After the dinner committee has set the pace of the evening, and selected all the sentiments their combined talent can devise, there is nothing left for the skirmisher in the rear—a place where a skirmisher should never be.

There is, however, a certain suggestiveness about the occasion to-night which possibly may allow the opportunity for a remark here and there. I was especially impressed with an observation of the Secretary of the Treasury. One of my studies in life has been—what are the processes by which men rise? Mr. Wilson has alluded to my efforts in that direction, and it is evident that in his mind my processes are not successful. The Secretary of the Treasury naïvely confesses that the distinguished position he has attained in the hearts and in the estimation of his countrymen has been due to the speeches which he never made.

I think it will be admitted by everyone here that I cannot be charged with climbing that ladder. I will say, however, for the benefit of my friend, the representative of the Administration, that the view which he took of the opinion of the Chamber of Commerce in its action on silver is not the unanimous opinion of that body.

The President of the Chamber of Commerce, in an interesting address delivered here by him last year or the year before, which I still carry in my memory, stated that he had read the record of the society from the beginning down to that period. He is the only man who ever engaged in light reading of that character and survived. Among the enlivening incidents which he dug out was that somewhere, many years before the adoption of the

Federal Constitution, this Chamber passed a resolution in favor of maintaining the parity of gold and silver, evidently looking forward to the time when silver should be a needed commodity in the currency, and when the genius of American statesmanship would be equal to passing a measure that would preserve its parity. And, in that connection, I want to say that in my judgment one of the wisest speeches the Secretary of the Treasury ever made was the one which he uttered last night, not as Secretary of the Treasury, but as a citizen of Ohio, when he said that State would honor herself, do credit to the country, and recognize statesmanship equal to the best we ever had if it returned the author of that bill, John Sherman, to the United States Senate. Agreeing with all that Mr. Wilson has said about American public life and the position which the country lawyer occupies in making our laws, there is no division of sentiment among men of all parties in this country, that it would be a public calamity for a man who has done so much for good legislation, for honest money, for all that makes distinction in public life, to leave it.

This dinner marks how the Chamber of Commerce has become itself an illustration of the doctrine of evolution. I remember a long period of years when the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce was held for the purpose of inviting politicians who knew nothing of commerce to enlighten merchants upon their business. I have been present when a member of the Cabinet from a State which had no shipping delivered an address of an hour and a half upon the establishment, and the method by which it could be established, of a mercantile marine. That was the time when merchants of the City of New York utilized the Chamber of Commerce banquet to rest their minds.

The next period was the one when the Chamber invited controversial political questions and their eminent representatives, when a member of the Cabinet did not hesitate to state what was the policy of the Administration, and a gentleman on the other side, if he happened to get the floor, did not hesitate to controvert his position. Then we had the discussion of the great industrial question of the protective tariff and of revenue reform; and the dinner which was held before the last Presidential election made that controversy the issue of the campaign of 1888. Mr. Lamar, then Secretary of the Interior, was here, representing the Administration, and took occasion, in a most eloquent and

able address, to set forth the view of the Administration, then first pronounced, that the policy of this country should be revenue reform, looking ultimately to free trade. Though a humble citizen in the ranks, coming afterward, I took occasion to say that speaking, as I believed, for the party with which I was associated, we accepted the issue, and if the Administration would only put it forth as their policy in the coming campaign, it would be met as frankly as it was boldly stated, and the opinion of the country asked upon it. I am satisfied with the verdict.

Now, having passed the political period, we come to the higher plane, where the Chamber of Commerce invites for its orators and its instructors the most distinguished clergy of the country, for the purpose of enlightening them upon the great questions of how to distribute their money, and how to get a proper education. The reason is that, in the intervening period, the Chamber of Commerce has reached that point where most of its members have retired from business, and those who have not are rich enough to retire. So they call upon the ablest expert in the United States to instruct them what to do with their surplus. I have heard Bishop Potter make many admirable addresses and several extremely bold ones, but I never heard him state more clearly, succinctly, and lucidly the situation, as it applies to the audience before him and the elements it represents, than he has to-night. I think, if I might state the converse of his proposition from a purely practical and a lay standpoint, I could enforce his lesson by what I know and feel and come in contact with. We fear the forces of socialism, and we dread the greater power of anarchy; but socialism does not spring from spouters, and anarchy does not grow by the ravings of demagogues. They both come from real conditions, and those conditions are the ones which men of wealth either meet and relieve, or assist in accentuating and making worse.

Every man in a responsible position who, in the employment of labor and assistance, so manages as to create the impression in the minds of his subordinates and employees that he is master and they are slaves, is a more efficient apostle of socialism than any of its preachers. Any man who is believed to have a great fortune—and Abram S. Hewitt stated, in a recent address, that no man was rich unless he had twenty millions—any man who is rich in that sense or in a lesser sense, but especially in a larger

one, who uses his accumulation absolutely selfishly, and spends it neither wisely nor unwisely for the public benefit, is an apostle of anarchy more powerful than all the Mosts and all the men of the type who were hanged in Chicago.

But I am glad that, rising still higher above the mere earthly plane of what you shall do with your money, you come to the great professor of theology to know what you shall do with your souls. There is no question that Professor Briggs is competent to speak upon education in that line. He has a certificate from the Presbytery. In inviting him here, instead of the recognized representatives of orthodoxy, you have indicated what kind of theology you desire.

A friend of mine who is in active business and, in the fierce competition of the Street, is compelled in booming things to state facts sometimes with an enlarged vision which does not comport exactly with the annual report of his company, said to a member of a finance committee, where I met him the other day, who had to leave early in order to perform his work on the revision, "My dear sir, make it as easy as you can."

What we want is education. Not the education of reading, writing, and arithmetic; that is merely to earn a living, merely machinery. Not the education which comes from the schools, even in its best sense; for that is only further equipment for progress in life. I remember an old fellow up in Westchester County whom I asked once what he read. "Well," said he, "I never read much of anything; but when times are pretty dull I sometimes take up Daboll's Arithmetic, because a little of it goes a great ways." But what we do want in the way of education is precisely that which seems to me to be symbolized by Dr. Briggs: an education which by travel, by contact with the world, by a broad management of business, and by a liberal practice of the professions, puts a man in such a position that he can take a comprehensive and a catholic view of all questions, and is not afraid to seek the truth, no matter how it is incrustated, nor of the hammer which breaks the crust.

If there ever was a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce when it could feel joyous and happy, it is their gathering this year. There has been no time within a decade when this body, representing so much as it does of the commerce, of the finance, and of the industrial conditions of this country, could be as confi-

dent of the conditions as they exist and of the prospects as they seem. Speaking purely from a transportation standpoint, and without any intention of booming the corporation with which I am connected more than any other, the statement, as it comes to me each week, of the phenomenal increase over the corresponding week of the last year, and, going back still further, of the week of the year before, tells the story of that which is to come for every business in the country; for transportation is the barometer of national prosperity or adversity. There is to be within the next twelve months, and during them, a famine in this land, but it is to be a famine of the means for carrying the vast products of the soil. There is a famine of cars, a famine of locomotives, a famine of the methods by which our enormous harvest is to reach the seaboard and go abroad where it is needed. There are times when a great surplus of grain and fruit is also attended with a lack of prosperity, for the product is greater than the market will take. But this year we have a phenomenal condition of a harvest unequalled for many a year, of prices greater for cereals and live stock than has been secured for them in the past ten years, of the railways receiving full and remunerative rates for what they carry, and having more than they can do, and of a demand upon the other side, owing to the horrible conditions there, which will take the whole of our surplus, and it will be unequal to the demand. These conditions are going to make railways unusually prosperous in their earnings, are going to give more business to every house, no matter what may be the particular article in which it deals, are going to put an amount of money into the hands of the farmer that he has not had in a long time before, are going to lead to the construction of new lines of railway where they have not even been projected before, are going to make a demand for iron, for coal, and for coke; and there is going to pour back into this country in the next year twice the surplus of import, of money, over the amount we spent abroad, that we had last year.

Now, then, for a little comment. This is the year, as it was four years ago, preceding the presidential election. My friend Mr. Mills says that the way to preserve this prosperity is to have free trade, and an income tax to carry on the Government. My friend Mr. Cleveland says that the way to preserve this prosperity is to have revenue reform and honest money. Statesmen of Mr.

Cleveland's and Mr. Mills' party in the South and in the West say that the way to preserve this prosperity is to have free trade and the unlimited coinage of silver. My political friends believe, and are anxious to go to the country on that issue, that the only way to preserve this prosperity is to have the protective principle so enforced that it will protect wherever another mill can be built and another man can be given employment who has no employment now; that the reciprocity principle shall be so pushed that treaties of that character shall be made with every country that has a surplus of the things we cannot profitably produce, and needs the things of the factory or the farm of which we have a surplus, and that the parity of silver and gold shall be maintained in such a way that both metals shall be used to the extent that the output of our mines will afford, but that there shall be in the Treasury always enough of gold and silver to keep silver equal with gold, and the promise of the Government on its paper equal to gold.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

ADDRESS AT THE 124TH BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE, NOVEMBER 15, 1892.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I occupy to-night an embarrassing position. A man upon the platform, in the height of a political canvass, makes promises difficult for him to fulfill. The trend of events does not create the conditions for which he has prepared his speech. I expected to be here to-night attending the obsequies of a distinguished friend of mine, and I had prepared a eulogium which would be satisfactory to the spirit of the deceased. Instead of that, I discover that I am a listener at a Democratic ratification meeting. I find that the places are changed. I am the corpse, but I feel that even the moribund have privileges.

A classmate of mine, a preacher, was located in a spiritualistic neighborhood, and the leader of the spiritualists' band died. His next friend came to see the clergyman, and said: "We have something of the old Puritan spirit left, though we have renounced it in our practice, and we want our leader buried by Christian ceremonial. Will you attend?" My friend, the clergyman, consented, in the best spirit of Christian charity. He gave out the hymn; read a passage of Scripture, and made such remarks as he conscientiously could. Whereupon the wife of the dead spiritualist rose, and said that she had a communication from her husband. That critical spirit tore the eulogium to pieces, ripped up the Scripture quoted, and denounced the hymn. The surviving leader of the spiritualist band came to the clergyman, and said: "We beg your pardon. We had no idea that our leader would come back here and act in this way, and we hope you will forgive us." "My friend," the clergyman said, "I will forgive you, because it is the first time in the many ministrations that I have had of this kind in this parish, that I have ever been 'sassed' by the corpse."

My friends must pardon me if I now do a little sassing on my own account. Two years ago I delivered a speech at the

Astor House upon a typical American. That speech was used at the Chicago Convention successfully. It has been the sole Democratic campaign document of this great canvass, and it has met with equal success. I feel that I am somewhat responsible for the conditions that I mourn. I cannot add anything to what I was alleged to have said on that occasion, because a greater orator than I has spoken; it was the American people who spoke last Tuesday. They have pronounced Mr. Cleveland's eulogy. They have pronounced it not in figures of speech, but in figures which are disastrous to us.

I listened with the greatest interest to the addresses of my Democratic friends here to-night. I have been so absorbed attending our meetings that I had no opportunity of going to theirs, and this is the first time I have heard their speeches. If they were all of the character, the fervor, the fluency, and the felicity of that of Mr. Breckinridge, I can account for their success.

I regret that my friend Mr. McKelway, from over the river, from that County of Kings which is eternally making trouble in the Democratic party, should have thrown a brick at the selected candidate of the Democratic party for the Senate. It made me grieve that at this early day there should be those dissensions in the party which promise anything but the happiness which Mr. Cleveland ought to have in the first year of his administration.

I sympathize somewhat with Mr. Cleveland in the feeling he has expressed that too much is said about business interests threatening this, or business interests promising that; and yet, as our friends have been out of power for thirty years, and have not had the duty thrust upon them of dealing with business interests, I want to give them this word of warning: that business interests have, like the wasp, a "business end"; and they had better be careful how they fool with it.

Five years ago this contest began in this Chamber at this annual banquet. As a humble citizen I had some part in it. Mr. Lamar, an eloquent and able representative of his party, and one of the most eloquent and able men of the country, was here as a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Cleveland, to deliver the views of the Administration upon current questions. He outlined the campaign of revenue reform, of a tariff for revenue only, which was new to us. We listened with profound interest and with

grave speculation. Coming after him, and feeling instinctively that I spoke the sentiments of the party of which I was a member, I said, "If that is a challenge, we, on our part, accept it. We stand by a policy which has been ours for a quarter of a century. We go into a new canvass next year. If that canvass can only be based upon the broad lines of principles so distinct and acute upon one side and the other, as a tariff for protection or a tariff for revenue only, we accept it; and abandoning the discussion of candidates, which has been too much the habit of parties, we will enter upon the broader and nobler theme of party principles."

Mr. Cleveland shortly afterward sent his famous message to Congress, which brought the question before the people; and in 1888 we went to the country upon it, and we won. For four years that question has been the uppermost one in all discussions in the press, upon the platform, in private conversation, and in Congress. It has been again submitted to the people, and they have declared that they wish to try the experiment. Now I say to my friends again, for I am here as a moribund, I say to them again, that, having won the election upon phrase and fable, they must put the phrase into statute, and the fable into law. When I spoke here five years ago, accepting on behalf of the Republican party the challenge to this great contest which was to reverse the policy of twenty-seven years, I spoke as a politician, believing that it was an issue upon which we could win. Having been defeated now upon that issue, I speak as a business man, and I say to this Administration that there will be no obstacles placed by us to the accomplishment of their purpose of testing this experiment; there will be no delays of legislation; there will be no obstruction in either House. The country has, by an overwhelming majority, asked that the experiment should be tried, and the country is entitled to have it tried at once.

Up in Peekskill we had at one time that Millerite excitement which went over the country, when Miller predicted that on a certain night, at twelve o'clock, the world would come to an end. A very good and pious man, a shoemaker of our village, believed in Miller's doctrine. He left his business early on the last day, locked up his store, and prepared himself and family for the dread event. When twelve o'clock had passed, and it got to be one o'clock, the shoemaker felt that he must appeal to some higher power than Mr. Miller. He said: "O Lord, if the millennium is

to come, let it come now, and then I shall be translated at once to a land where the people wear no shoes, and shoemakers are happy in doing nothing; but if it is to be postponed, let me know now, because I must get ready Mrs. Brown's shoes for Sunday morning church or lose the best customer I have."

This is the position of the country to-day. There is no policy which can ruin this country. The policy of protection which we have practised for thirty years has not succeeded in ruining us, even in the belief of my Democratic friend from Kentucky. Perhaps the policy of my friend here will not succeed in ruining us. The country is so vast, its resources are so enormous, the genius of our people for business is so tremendous, that we rise to any emergency; we overcome any difficulty. The only question is, under which principles and policy shall we be the more prosperous; for we shall have a certain measure of prosperity under any policy which any Administration may adopt. But if we are to be for the next year debating what is to be the policy of the country, then we are to have a year of stagnation in business. We can handle a certainty and adjust ourselves to it, whatever it may be. But doubt is distrust, and distrust ends in bankruptcy. This country never was so rich; it never had so much money to invest; there never were so many enterprises calling for capital; and there were never so many opportunities for capital to engage profitably in business. Capital, however, remains locked up. All the opportunities for employment which capital gives are not available, through the caution of capital and business until the capitalist knows upon what principle he is to make his investment. Now if, as my friend from Kentucky says, the country is full of people who for the past twenty-seven years have been struggling to earn a living, and are in the throes of poverty, and are looking at the open door of the poorhouse—let them be kept there not one day longer than is necessary. It will indeed revive the age of miracles if free trade gives independence or riches to the man who, with the great opportunities of the last thirty years, has grown poorer every day and is now a pauper.

Our friends have from now until the 4th of March to formulate their measures; and they have been studying the question for twenty-seven years. If, after twenty-seven years, and from now until the 4th of March, they cannot formulate the economical policy that is to bring this great prosperity and millennial period

to our country, I shall despair of its being done on the tenth of December.

But we have had enough of politics, and the campaign is over. We made our fight, and it was an honorable one for both sides. We have made it without malice or vindictiveness. It has closed with better feeling than any preceding election held in this country for fifty years. The whole country rises to Mr. Cleveland and salutes him as the President of the United States. The people recognize the gravity of the situation and the grandeur of the opportunity. They appreciate that he occupies a position at once critical and adventurous. If his policy is successful, then he will stand during the century as the evangel of measures which have accomplished more for the prosperity and happiness of the people than the best statesmen of the past have done. If, however, when his policy has been fairly tried, the result shall be disappointment or failure, then Mr. Reid and I will meet our friends at the Chamber of Commerce dinner four years from to-night, and the Democratic corpse will have the opportunity to "sass" us.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

ADDRESS AT THE 132D BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE, NOVEMBER 20, 1900.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It is fortunate that the Chamber of Commerce of New York holds its annual meeting after election. If it came in the heat of the campaign the speakers would find that philosophy and fact would be alike disturbed by the political passions of the hour. The plainest truths would seem to have to many minds a hidden meaning intended to influence the results. As an illustration, even the rivalries of the naval heroes of the Spanish War became subject to political acrimony. While endeavoring, by one means and another, to quiet the rioters, who were breaking up a meeting I was addressing a few weeks ago at Cobleskill, finding argument, story, and appeal of no avail, I tried ridicule, saying that they were endeavoring to suppress free speech in their senseless yelling with the weapon with which Samson slew the Philistines. Instantly a fine specimen of the Schoharie antediluvian saw his opportunity and shouted indignantly: "That is another campaign lie; it was not Sampson that licked the Philistines, it was Dewey."

This venerable organization has been in existence a hundred and thirty-two years. One hundred and eleven years have passed from the inauguration of George Washington to the present time. It has fearlessly and wisely spoken, not only for New York, but for the country, upon all public questions affecting the commercial and financial interests of the United States. Its task has been a difficult one because in a new and rapidly developing country theories become apparent principles and crazes assume the garb of reform. In times of high speculative excitement the theorist has his opportunity, and in times of great depression there is frantic search for a remedy. So, false ideas of finance which have been threshed out in Old World communities and abandoned, hold the field longer and are more easily promulgated with us.

We have witnessed in this one hundred and eleven years of

nationality many defeats of dangerous doctrines, but never until now the death and burial of any. The lifeblood of a nation and of its commerce are its currency and standards of value. The controversy began with the vain effort, in the historic consultation of Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson, to establish a fixed ratio upon which gold and silver could be equally used and be interchangeable in the trade of the country and in our commerce with the world. As gold became more and more the standard of commercial nations and of the exchanges around the earth and silver fluctuated as a commodity so that the value of the metal and the minted dollar were perpetually divorced, we were subject to a succession of panics and industrial disasters. The losses to our business, our enterprises, our progress, our capital, and our labor by these convulsions have been greater by far than all the wars of our history.

As late as 1896 6,500,000 American citizens voted for the opening of the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one as against 7,100,000 who voted for a stable standard and a redeemable currency. Honesty and prosperity won by the narrow margin of 600,000 votes in this vast total of nearly 14,000,000 of votes. It was fortunate for the country and for the world that the almost equal strength of the forces which stood for sound finance and those which would plunge into the abyss of wild speculation was so evenly balanced. It called the attention of the electorate, as nothing else could, to this basic question of natural prosperity.

We witness at this meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of New York for the first time in its history the death and the burial of the currency craze. It is one of the remarkable phenomena of the controversy that there are no mourners for the dead. The South, which stood solidly behind the free silver idea in 1896 and honestly believed in it, has, now that the election is over, not a single public man nor a single organ of public opinion that does not repudiate forever the doctrine. The same is true of the West, of the Pacific Coast, and of all parts of our country, except here and there mining communities whose voting population is not a thousandth part of the people of the land. Fiat money was a fetich, the greenback excitement was a fetich, free silver at the ratio of sixteen to one was a fetich, the abortive effort, by the coining of a limitless mass of silver into irredeemable cur-

rency, to force a debased standard upon the country was a fetich, and a fetich is superstition. A happy, a redeemed, a prosperous, a united and hopeful people stand to-day upon the grave of that superstition and fetich and sing halleluiahs to the truth.

But there is another grave, also decorated not with the wreaths of mourning but the flowers of gladness, another fetich, labeled and cased among the curiosities of the museums. Some of the best men and the ablest minds in our land became hopelessly confused between legitimate expansion and militant imperialism. It never occurred to anyone that it was wrong to acquire and hold Porto Rico, though it was crime to hold the Philippines by the same conveyance. In the passions of political contests it was impossible for us to take a horizontal view of this question. It is very simple. The Philippine Islands had been under the undisputed sovereignty of Spain for three hundred years. There had been revolts among a few of the most prosperous tribes at different periods, always promoted by the Spanish officials for the purpose of plunder, and always ended whenever the Spanish government chose to end them. These islands became the property of the United States by a treaty which cannot be abrogated, and territorial title and sovereignty which cannot be abdicated.

The hot contention of the canvass was that the United States was seeking to subdue an independent people by military force. The real fact is, that a subject people had been transferred, with their territory, from the sovereignty of Spain to the sovereignty of the United States. The only possible question which can be raised, is whether it is better for any people, for their liberty and happiness, for the development and growth of their country, to be under the institutions and government of Spain or under the institutions, the liberty, the opportunity and the Government of the United States. It is settled beyond dispute that the Philippine Islands are to remain under the sovereignty of the United States. I do not deny that this imposes upon us a great responsibility, nor do I doubt for one instant that American genius for assimilation, by which fourteen millions of immigrants have become an indistinguishable part of our body politic and a patriotic and contributing whole to our country's growth and glory, will be equal to the task of giving happiness, peace, and prosperity to the Philippines.

More than any other State New York is interested in com-

mercial expansion. To have and to hold property rightfully acquired is the foundation of civilization, law, and order. The right to be protected by the State in the home, the farm, the implements of labor, the agencies of industries, and the goods of trade, is the broad distinction between liberty and tyranny, between law-abiding and growing communities and the different stages of anarchy. To have and to hold have never been the privileges of the Philippine Islanders until now. Once understood, those elements of every community whose intelligence, energy, enterprise and industry dominate it, will stand for the government, the liberty and the opportunity which make them free and independent. In a few years the marvelous riches of the fields, forests, and mines of these tropical possessions will be developed, and the ever increasing wants of advancing civilization will enlarge the markets and increase the commerce of the United States.

While riding recently in the cars a man took the other half of the seat and said, "Senator, don't you remember my riding with you on the Hudson River Railroad in 1870?" It was just before election and I promptly answered that I did. He said, "Do you remember that I told you then I had just shipped to Europe several thousand barrels of apples?" "Yes," I replied, "and I have been anxiously wondering ever since what became of that venture." "Well," he said, "I lost my apples." That was thirty years ago. It was the experience of every venture in every department of manufacture in export from the United States. Our commerce was wholly cotton and grain, now American apples grace the tables of royalty at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral, American cranberries add a new pleasure to life to the jaded appetite of the Old World with fowl and bird. Now the skill of the American artizan, the genius of the American inventor, the freedom from traditions which bound to obsolete methods or old machinery the manufacturer, the daring which can sacrifice the machinery bought yesterday for the improvements discovered to-day, have made us a potent and most feared factor in every market of the world.

The dawn of the new century is for America the opening of a new era of industrial enterprise. The nineteenth century saw the development of our resources; the twentieth century presents the problem of finding remunerative employment and business opportunities for the ever increasing numbers of young men who

are each year crowding into the industrial army. We will find it in the superiority of our goods, in the enterprise of our merchants, in the wise statesmanship of Seward which ran our Pacific Coast boundary from the Mexican line to the Arctic Circle, in the providences of war which have dotted with coaling-stations the Pacific Ocean to our empire at the door of the Orient, and will make the Pacific an American lake; in the providence which has given us Porto Rico, which will make Cuba ask for an entrance into our Union and enable us to dominate the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the Isthmian Canal.

These are not dreams; they are the processes which have made New York city the metropolis of the continent and will make it the financial center of the world. "Ah!" says the critic, "but the Church, the leaders of the dominant party, and the members of the municipal government of your city have declared publicly, and only a few days ago, that the prevalence of vice and crime is greater than in any other community in the world. The President of the Board of Police, in an authorized interview, has said that the powers of the department are not sufficient to meet and control the conditions of protected vice." Vice and crime are always a unit for defense and offense; virtue is always divided into religious and political camps. But the majority of this vast population of the third city in the world is honest and right minded. Whether they are in the cramped apartment of the tenement or the spacious halls of the avenue mansion, the men and the women are alike devoted to home and family. In spite of race prejudice in this most cosmopolitan of towns, in spite of religious differences, Christian, Hebrew, or Agnostic, in spite of political antagonisms, the people who stand for order, for decency, for the family and the home, will find a way to unite, will find a pathway of reform, will purify and will regenerate the city of our homes, and as such we will make it the great metropolis. It is the city of our pride, and we will keep it the city of our pride and the city of our homes.

Lord Rosebery, the most brilliant and versatile of British statesmen, drew in a recent address a fascinating picture of what might have been if conciliatory policies had prevailed in the reign of George the Third, the American Colonies admitted to an equal share in the privileges of the British realm, the American continent becoming, by its growth, the dominant partner, and the

sovereign, the throne, and the government transferred to New York. The throne, the nobility, class and privilege could never, under any conditions, have lived upon American soil. But the dream of the English statesman is rapidly becoming reality. In the Middle Ages the sovereign was king and lord of all; then cotton became king; then corn became king; then coal became king. But in the inter-communication of the world by steam and electricity, and in the competition of all highly civilized countries for the markets of the earth, commerce is lord and king. I stood in Lombard Street in front of the Bank of England, when the newsboys, running through the streets, shouted that the British war loan had been taken in New York. It was the first realization of the dream of Lord Rosebery.

The balance of trade grows in our favor, and every day a million and a half of dollars flow into every channel of American industry to pay for the products of the farm and the factory sold to Europe in excess of our purchases from her. Every nation of the Old World is knocking at the doors of New York to take its bonds and loan it the money for the exigencies of government.

The king of this world no longer sits in robes of ermine, with crown and sceptre, upon a lofty throne surrounded by courtiers. The sovereign is the producer who commands the markets. The railways and steamships of the earth are to be in the twentieth century, not the carriers of its armies and its navies, but the harvesters and the handlers of the wealth of its farms, its factories, and its mines. In this commercial rivalry the United States will lead and the agent of this vast democracy of production and exchange will be the imperial city of New York.

ATLANTIC CABLE PROJECTORS

ADDRESS AT THE PRESENTATION TO THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE OF THE PAINTING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE PRO-
JECTORS, MAY 23, 1895.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The picture which is hung to-day upon the walls of the Chamber of Commerce illustrates one of the great events of history. The men portrayed in it are representative of American pluck and opportunity. Each of them, in his own way, did much for the commercial supremacy of the metropolis and the grandeur of the commerce of our country. They were, in the broadest and best sense, self-made men. They were not accidents, but architects. All began life without fortune or influence, with no other capital than character and brains, winning power, fame, and fortune.

The conditions attendant upon the acquisition of wealth dry up generous impulses and make the possessor hard, cold, and unsympathetic. The notable exceptions to this rule are the more deserving of admiration and praise. These six New Yorkers and Americans here portrayed had never permitted their enthusiasm to be dimmed or their imagination to be dulled by their failures or successes. Though the most practical of business men, they could yet risk their money and their reputations upon a scheme which, in its beginnings, had little else to recommend it but patriotism and humanity.

Those who win great wealth suddenly or fortuitously risk it with a recklessness born of the ease with which it came. But they who have slowly and laboriously climbed the ladder of fortune look with suspicion upon enterprises the opportunities of which have not been thoroughly tested and tried. They know that, with their experience and demonstrated ability, they can outstrip their fellows and secure success where less able but more adventurous travelers have beaten the path and shown the way.

The six gentlemen who gathered in Cyrus W. Field's parlor on March 10, 1854, were splendid examples of American success. Cyrus Field, the son of a Connecticut clergyman who had naught

to give his family but an education and an example, had retired from business with a fortune at thirty-five. His brother, David Dudley Field, stood in the front rank of American lawyers, his codifications of law having secured national and international recognition. Marshall O. Roberts had ventured with equal success on ocean and land. Wilson G. Hunt was a conservative, broad-minded, and eminently successful New York merchant. Moses Taylor was one of the most far-sighted and eminent bankers and projectors of America. Peter Cooper had overcome almost insurmountable obstacles in his career, and at ninety years of age was still quick in sympathy with the growth of the city and the development of his country, with the needs of mankind, and with every effort for the education and assistance of youth. Before this assemblage Mr. Field placed the project of an Atlantic cable. The wire which could be successfully laid under the ocean had not yet been manufactured nor even invented. The possibilities of the construction of such a line had not been tested. The perils and obstacles in the depths of ocean between Europe and America were unknown. The factors presented to these men of caution and of sense were a letter from Lieut. Maury, of the United States Navy, expressing a belief in a level plateau under the ocean between Newfoundland and Ireland; a letter from Prof. Morse, then radiant with the young fame of his successful telegraph, saying that though it never had been tried, he believed a message could be transmitted through three thousand miles of wire; and the enthusiasm and confidence of Cyrus W. Field. "It will unite the Old World and the New, it will promote peace and civilization, it will help commerce, it will bring our country in contact with the world, and upon that I will stake my reputation, my undivided time and energies, and my fortune," said Mr. Field. "This is more patriotism than business," was the answer of his guests, "but we will furnish the money required."

Before the laying of the cable could be begun wires must be put under the Gulf of St. Lawrence and stretched through four hundred miles of unbroken wilderness never traversed by man, across Newfoundland to St. John's. As if upon a holiday excursion the party sailed from New York, to lose their line in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and returned chastened and dispirited. Again Mr. Field set forth, this time to complete his enterprise

to the point where the connection could be made with the expected cable from Europe. He went abroad as a missionary in 1856, preaching the cable and its opportunities to English statesmen and bankers. There was no need of his arguing its value; that was thoroughly understood on both sides of the Atlantic. The fleet was gathered. It left the coast of Ireland with its precious burden, speeded by cheers and salutes and guns, to have the line break when three hundred miles from the shore. Undaunted, undismayed, nerved with new energy by defeat, made of the stuff with which the world's conquerors have been endowed, Cyrus Field appealed once more to faltering friends on both sides of the water. Once more they responded. The United States and Great Britain contributed the best frigates of their navies, which sailed in company to mid-ocean, where, as a sign of the amity and concord which was to follow success, the American man-of-war steamed with her freight of coil toward the Emerald Isle, and the British man-of-war, with her half of it, toward America. Hundreds of miles of wire had found a bed at the bottom of the ocean and been successfully tested, when the storms of the sea broke the cable, and the expedition returned to England.

The indomitable pluck found in the Puritan strain spurred dying hope to one last effort, and the cable was laid. President Buchanan sent his message to Queen Victoria, and the Queen responded with equal cordiality and gratitude. The world was aflame with eager expectation and joy. The builder came to our city a conqueror, to be welcomed with ovations and a triumph as significant, as grand, and as national as any which ever hailed a Cæsar, with the world at his chariot wheels, entering imperial Rome. The messages continued to fly back and forth. Then came the dramatic and tragic end. There were no hecatombs of dead, no wailing of wounded, no bereaved homes, but there was a wreck and destruction of hope involving more people and more countries than resulted from any other disaster of the ages. While the guns were booming, the torchlights flashing, and the rockets bursting in air, on that very night the cable of 1858 ceased to work. The first shock over, the maddened populace, looking as ever for a victim, pursued the victor of yesterday as the fraud of the morrow. Torrents of invective and of epithet from the press, the exchanges, and the public were poured upon the scheme and its author. "The cable had never worked; the messages

were all false; we have been tricked and deceived for stock-jobbing purposes," was the popular cry. To add to the troubles of the city's defeated and discredited guest, the financial cyclone which was then sweeping the country scattered his fortune. Few strains in the blood of the human race, except that of Cromwell and his Ironsides, of Brewster and Carver and their companions who had framed the great charter of liberty in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, could have survived this trial, humiliation, and disaster. But Cyrus Field arose from the wreck of his fortune, his hopes, and his reputation, with sturdier faith and sterner purpose. Forty times he crossed the seas. Congresses and Parliaments, the Cabinets of Presidents and the Ministers of the Queen, Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce, the parlors of bankers and the directors' rooms of banks, the libraries of scientists and the mossgrown halls of ancient universities, became familiar with this intrepid and irrepressible enthusiast. For eight long years he pursued his quest, exhibited his maps, submitted his tests, formulated his calculations, and addressed his appeals. There is no human power which can resist the assaults of a man of genius, energy, and irrevocable purpose, who believes that he is right and is battling for a great cause. The great powers of the world, government and finance, surrendered to Cyrus Field in 1866.

The adventures and alarms, the machinery broken and repaired, the alternate hopes and despair, the forces of nature in the Atlantic working their mightiest against the domination of the skill, the invention, the will and the genius of man on the *Great Eastern* during the three weeks while the cable was paying out from her stern, and on either side of the ocean nations awaiting the result, presented pictures unequalled in all the marvelous stories which have aroused the eloquence, the poetry, and the painting of the centuries in the marches and battles of history. The first message on Morse's telegraph was the exclamation of wonder and thanksgiving, "What God hath wrought!" The aspiration of the nations, breathed simultaneously at the eastern and western ends of the Atlantic cable was, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will among men."

When I was in Genoa, a year ago, looking upon that splendid statue of Columbus which is its chief monument, I noticed upon the base this inscription: "There was one world. He said, 'Let

there be two,' and there were two." After four centuries Mr. Field, with his cable, had reunited the two worlds, and in gladness and peace the earth was one.

A happy commentary upon the far-reaching influence and ultimate results of this quick communication between America and Europe was found among the first of the messages that flashed across the wire. This was the announcement of the agreement to submit the Alabama claims to arbitration. It was the beginning of that movement for the peace of the world by which the disputes of nations shall be settled, not by the arbitrament of arms, but by the calm procedure of judicial tribunals. No power can estimate and no language adequately state the benefits derived from the Atlantic cable, and the others which have been subsequently laid, by the United States and by the Old World. Commerce has been revolutionized, inter-communication between the different parts of the earth quickened, and universal intelligence disseminated. The people have been benefited in cheaper living, better homes, higher thinking, and broader education; peace has been promoted among nations, and the American Republic has taken its place among the governments of the world, both to maintain the position in which Washington placed it, of non-interference in the politics of other continents, and to enforce by the stern application of the Monroe doctrine non-interference by the governments of other continents in the politics or the governments of the Americas. Upon Great Britain and the United States, the Mother Country and the great Republic, the result has been such constant and instantaneous communication, such close and intimate relations, such a volume of commercial exchanges, such an interchange of peoples and of ideas, that while disputes will be impossible to avoid and differences must continually arise, they will always be settled with peace and honor.

The story of nations is contained in multitudes of volumes that fill libraries, but a few providential and marvelous events have sown the seeds of history. In a lifetime of earnest study one could hardly grasp the details of the rise and fall of dynasties and kingdoms, of races and peoples, of politics and parties, of invention and discovery, and of philosophies and religions. In a broad generalization the wonderful development of modern times can be traced to three eras—the Crusades, the discovery of America, and the laying of the Atlantic cable.

Last Sunday was celebrated at Clèrmont, in France, the eight hundredth anniversary of the preaching of the sermon by Peter the Hermit which led to the first Crusade. Europe was then groaning under the iron heel of the feudal system. There was no law but the despotic will of the petty baron, and no protection against his exactions and the outrages of his army of retainers. The Church offered refuge, but it was not strong enough to protect the weak and the many against the armed might of the few. A pall of ignorance and of superstition rested upon the western world. This inspired priest moved alike princes and people to a supreme effort for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel. The Crusades broke the strength of the barons, increased the authority of both the Church and the State, and brought about that concentration of power which made possible constitutional government and parliamentary liberty. They opened the way for Runnymede, for Magna Charta, for the Bill of Rights, and for the Declaration of Independence. The East had all the culture of the world. It had all the literature, the arts, and the sciences existing in that age. It possessed organized commerce and enlightened merchants. The contact of brute force from Europe with this higher civilization cultivated the paladin and the palmer, and brought back to Europe a revival of literature, an impulse for trade, and an ambition for invention and discovery. The Crusades founded the universities which gave to the Middle Age its scholars and philosophers. They brought out from the libraries the hidden treasures of the ancient world, and through the Greek and Latin authors made possible the names whose works are part of the treasures of mankind. To them and their results can be traced the telescope, the microscope, the compass, and, crowning all in its beneficent influences, the printing-press. It required four hundred years to accomplish these results and bring Europe up to this standard.

Then Columbus wandered from court to court, pressing upon royal and unwilling ears his belief in a western hemisphere. Others had discovered this continent, but the times were not ripe for the announcement or the appreciation of the fact. In the fullness of preparation the imperious and resistless Columbus compelled audience for his scheme and fleets for his adventure. The discovery of the New World became the most important chapter in the history of the human race. Far beyond its mate-

rial advantages in affording homes for the crowded populations of the Old World were the opportunities it gave for the development and practice of civil and religious liberty. Under the benign and wonder-working influences of these principles, this Republic has flowered and flourished as the home of the oppressed, as the land of the free, as the exemplar of man's opportunities for governing himself, and as a disseminator of the value and possibility of liberty around the globe.

The United States of 1854, when these gentlemen met, were as distinct from the United States of to-day as 1854 was distant from the time of the Revolutionary War. They were isolated from Europe by the trackless ocean, and separated by an eight days' journey from its shores. This infrequent and difficult contact with the world promoted provincialism and protected slavery in our Republic. We were not ready for instantaneous communication with the Old World, to preach by lightning from day to day the lessons of our liberty, so long as under our Constitution and laws four millions of human beings were held in bondage. When the cable was projected all parties in the United States were discussing, not whether slavery should be abolished, not whether the stigma should be removed, not whether the curse should be obliterated, but whether it should be extended over virgin territories. All parties were agreed that it should be protected by the power of the Government where it already existed. In the eight years following the failure of the cable of 1858 the Civil War had both devastated and purified the land. Slavery was gone, the Republic was free, and the principles of the Declaration of Independence were the fundamental law of the country. The regenerated and disenthralled Republic, with the stars of its flag undimmed, was prepared by example and theory to give to people suffering under oppression everywhere, sympathy, encouragement, and moral help.

Thus while four hundred years after the Crusades had enlightened Europe Columbus discovered America, so four hundred years after Columbus set up his banner on San Salvador the Atlantic cable united our country in instantaneous communication with every part of the earth. For the gratification of our national pride, and for the recognition of our prestige and power, we were happily prepared for this daily review of our development and progress.

The six gentlemen who met in the little library in Gramercy Park forty years ago have all joined the majority beyond the grave. There was no publicity given to their gathering, and the results of their evening conference failed to attract the attention of the Argus-eyed press. But the States General of Holland staking the resources of their country upon the issue of religious liberty; the barons at Runnymede forcing from the throne with their swords the principles of civil liberty; the Continental Congress formulating the measures which should dedicate a continent to the equality of all men before the law; none of them, nor all of them, accomplished greater results for mankind than those which will flow in future ages from the success of the enterprise started so courageously by the gentlemen whose portraits will henceforth, upon yonder historical canvas, adorn the walls of this venerable Chamber.

DETROIT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

ADDRESS BEFORE THE DETROIT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MAY 2,
1895.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It is a happy illustration of the unity of States and sections on commercial lines, that we of New York are the guests here to-night of the Chamber of Commerce of Detroit. Whatever political differences may divide the sections of our common country, there is an intelligent union of interest among its business men. There may be a clashing upon party lines between Michigan and Missouri, New York and Georgia, Pennsylvania and Alabama, Maine and California, but the Chambers of Commerce and the Boards of Trade of New York and of San Francisco; of Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine; of Philadelphia and Atlanta, of Detroit and New Orleans, of Savannah and Duluth, of Chicago and Charleston, consider the questions which affect the business, the commerce, the trade, the agricultural and manufacturing interests of our country, upon the recognized principles of commercial prosperity and the immutable laws of trade. Thus it is that the commerce of the United States is the ever strengthening bond of union of the commonwealths which constitute the Republic.

It is significant of the rapidity with which the American people escape the thralldom of prejudice, misrepresentation, and demagogues, that we, who are interested in so large a part of the railway ownership and management of the United States, should be participants in this celebration with gentlemen who represent every industry of this great and thriving State. The time has come when the people of the United States, with few exceptions, are recognizing the fact that the farm, the factory, the mine, the mill, and the railroad are inseparably and interdependently connected, and that the prosperity of any one of them benefits all, and an injury to any one of them is an injury to all. It is within very recent recollection when State legislatures met mainly to cripple the operations of railways and depreciate their properties; when railway officers and employees were separated from their

fellow citizens of other pursuits, and relegated to the unhappy position of doubtful persons in a community. In New England common sense first asserted itself over rabid sentiment. In New York our relations became so harmonious that our State presented at the National Republican Convention the president of its chief railway as the State's candidate for President of the United States. Though that was only in 1888, yet the fact that he was the president of the greatest railway in New York and that his railway carried the passengers and property of the people of the United States cheaper than any other railway in the world, led to the presentation of his name to the convention, producing political paralysis and prophetic paresis. Well-meaning men used to come to my room as a matter of curiosity with an accident ticket in one pocket and a prayer book in the other. The one provided for their families in case the evil one should whisk them off to the infernal regions, and the other presented the usual and time-honored method of exorcising the Devil. My head was curiously examined to find the evidence of horns—I mention horns, however, with considerable modesty, since the Governor of the State of Illinois has recently declared that I do not know on which end of the animal the horns grow. It is now, however, generally admitted that whatever aggressive position the railway may have once taken, it no longer asks anything except to be considered in the same light as other occupations and other properties. Its position can be accurately stated in the language of the mate of the whaling schooner when the surly captain had offered him, because of his success in capturing one of the monsters of the deep, promotion, honorable mention, and a share in the profits. Said the mate: "Capting, I don't want no promotion. I don't want no honorable mention. I don't want no share in the profits. All I want is common civility, and that of the darndest, commonest kind."

We live in an age of associations. Steam, electricity, and invention have so accelerated the pace of progress, have so reduplicated the forces of industry and trade that the individual has lost his place. Capital combines in corporations, not only where it is required in vast sums for railways and telegraphs, but in lumbering, mining, manufacturing, and store keeping. Labor combines both in separate industries and in general federation. The educator and the scientist discover that development is so rapid that they also must form associations if they would keep step with the truth.

The unit upon which liberty formerly relied must now be a drilled and disciplined soldier, assigned to his company, his regiment, his brigade and his corps. There is no more beneficent form of association than these Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce, which are established all over the country. It is but a few years since they existed only in the large cities. Now they have been created in every village of more than a thousand inhabitants. They are something more than Boards of Trade. They concentrate the energy, the business tact, and the progressive spirit which develop the village and make the town. They invite capital, they stimulate enterprise, they create the conditions which attract populations. They do more; while in no sense political, they perform the highest public duties; they know that extravagance or corruption increases taxes; that taxes make it more expensive to transact business, and that the town in which business can be most cheaply done will defeat its rivals. They become good-government clubs, and enforce efficiency in the public service and purity and ability in public office. They are the sources of commercial and national union in a republic. By correspondence all of these bodies are in touch with one another. They are schools, academies, and colleges for the study and the teaching of sound political principles and economic doctrines. In time there will be a central national Chamber of Commerce in Washington, in which each of these bodies will have representation, and which will most beneficently affect the legislation of Congress.

A singular fatality overtakes the business man when he steps out of business and becomes a statesman. I do not confine this to men in business; it affects equally those from the professions. The man who has won the respect of his fellow-citizens as a lumberman, a merchant, manufacturer, or farmer, a miner or a lawyer, an artisan or a teacher, becomes a member of Congress. The effort to spread himself over this great country seems to so thin his gray matter as to make him incapable of bringing to the business of the nation the same common sense which made him succeed at home. The most remarkable illustration of this is the Congress which just adjourned. It faced a need and an opportunity such as no Congress has met since the formation of the Government. Prostrate industries, millions of men out of employment, and a general paralysis of trade were calling for relief—relief which could be had only through wise legislation. Instead of re-

lief we had a babel of propositions which only added to the general confusion and made the adjournment of Congress a day of national thanksgiving and exultation. The national Chamber of Commerce, with delegates from each of these bodies, in session in Washington, would be a kindergarten on economic and financial questions for the instruction of members of Congress.

The mind can scarcely grasp or the imagination conceive the tremendous forces under the control of these commercial bodies of the United States. It is a well-known law that the prosperity and progress of the world are determined by the amount of its transportation. The tons of merchandise which are carried in the general interchanges of the globe are the indexes of its industries and wealth. The farm, the mine and the forest yield their wealth to be turned into articles for the use and service of man in the mill and the factory and the furnace, the product to be handled by the merchant and manufacturer and to be distributed by the railroad, the steamship, the sailing vessel and the canal, and the sum of it all is the employment of the wealth and the labor of the country and the living and profits of its people.

The United States is more prosperous than any other nation. Its people are better off than the people of any other country, as is evidenced by the amount of tonnage carried in their borders and in their internal commerce—an internal commerce possible in its magnitude and its beneficence because the people of the United States are one people of one country and one Union. The whole tonnage of the oceans of the world last year was about 140,000,000 tons, while the tonnage of the railways of the world carried one hundred miles was about 1,400,000,000 tons. There are 400,000 miles of railway in the world, of which 180,000 are in the United States. Of the 1,400,000,000 tons carried one hundred miles last year on the railways of the world, 800,000,000 tons were carried on the railways of the United States. To the 600,000,000 tons carried one hundred miles on the railways of the world outside of the United States add 140,000,000 tons carried on the ocean in the commerce of the world upon the seas, and we still have in the 800,000,000 tons carried on the railways of the United States, 60,000,000 tons more than on all the railways of the world outside of the United States and in all the ocean commerce of the world put together. This traffic is carried on by the American railways at an average of eight mills per ton per

mile; while the railways of Great Britain charge two cents and eight mills, France two cents and two mills, the government-owned railways of Germany two cents and six mills, of Italy two cents and five mills, and Russia two cents and four mills. This internal commerce of the United States makes our country the most wonderful market this globe has ever known. Our internal commerce is so vast and so beneficent that the sum of the traffic of Rome when mistress of the world, of Genoa when queen of the Mediterranean, and of Venice when she commanded the seas, are compared to it but as rivulets to the Father of Waters. This internal commerce is the breath of our national life. With it in prosperous condition we can compete successfully in the markets of the world.

We have advanced beyond the boundaries fixed for us by Washington in his farewell address and have become a factor in the affairs of nations. Our white fleet, carrying the flag into every sea and protecting the honor of the nation and the safety of the citizen in every port, and the American line of steamers, making it possible for the American citizen to go to and fro between the United States and Europe under his own flag, are the illustrations of our changed conditions. The necessity of the continuance of our commercial relations with foreign countries, for the disposal of the surplus of our farms and factories, in a trade which has reached fabulous figures, imposes upon us also the duty of keeping inviolate the laws by which trade with other countries of the world is possible, and impresses upon us the lesson that we cannot disregard those laws without suffering the most serious consequences. We will always, and must always, avoid complications in European or Asiatic politics; but no foreign power can exercise a hostile authority in Hawaii, or Central America, or Mexico, or the sister republics of the southern hemisphere without receiving from us protest and resistance.

How are we to preserve our prosperity and continue our progress? The drastic lessons of the last two years has taught us that this enormous internal commerce of ours, which includes all the productive elements that go to make it up, can be destroyed by distrust. Confidence and credit are the factors of American prosperity and progress. With confidence, the spindles hum, the furnace is in blast, the miner is at work, the farmer is happy, labor has full employment, capital is active, and the wheel of

the freight car is perpetually revolving. With confidence, a business of incalculable magnitude can get along with notes, checks, warehouse receipts, telegraphic orders, and other commercial appliances, and with very little currency. Without confidence, there is not money enough in the world to conduct the business of the United States. We are all business men. Business men care nothing for featherheads whose stock in trade is epithet or phrases. By business men, I mean every man who uses his money, his hands, or his brain in any activity. The time has come when, without regard to temporary madness or prejudices or hard names, business men should calmly consider the dangers of our situation. We have been at the bottom, and we are on the upgrade of prosperity; but it is purely tentative so far, because of doubt and distrust. Doubt and distrust about what? About the things concerning which among a commercial people there should never be any doubt or any distrust. We should have a revenue system so well defined that it could not be disturbed, save in minor details, for a generation. While not discussing tariff or free trade, we should have a revenue system which will meet the requirements of the Government and support it without direct taxation. There never should be any doubt as to the currency of the people. Their currency should be such that the world would recognize it upon a common standard. It is said that the debtor can pay his debts more easily in depreciated currency. There is an easier and quicker way, and that is, not paying them at all. The United States is a debtor, national, municipal, railway, and individual, to the extent of about \$14,000,000,000. We have developed our marvelous resources with borrowed capital. Of this sum one-third is held abroad. A well-defined policy to pay debts at seventy-five cents or at fifty cents on the dollar would lead to \$2,000,000,000 or \$3,000,000,000 of securities coming home for us to take. The presentation of them in our markets would endanger the stability of every bank, derange every exchange, and paralyze every industry in the United States.

The fiat of the government cannot make a paper of value, nor silver of value, nor copper of value, nor gold of value, though it may compel any or all of them to be taken in payment of debts within the limits of the United States. There can be but one standard of value; and that is a metal which will bring the same price whether it is in the bar or has the stamp of the government

upon it. If the promise of the government to pay a dollar is to be redeemed at the treasury in a coin which is worth one hundred cents anywhere in the United States, and worth one hundred cents anywhere in the world, then the dollar which pays the laborer for his work, and the farmer for his wheat, and the merchant for his wares represents the full value of the labor and of the product for which it is paid. Anything less as money ruins our trade with foreign countries, robs the wage-earner and producer, and makes a nation of speculators. But, gentlemen, I have no time to discuss this question. I simply hint at it as the one which, unless settled, will make impossible that prosperity for which we are all longing and praying.

The sentiment which you have assigned to me is as broad as the continent. That commerce does bind together these States is the assertion of a beneficent truth. The chain from the farm, through the lumber camp and the mine, reaching every store and industrial centre, touching every house and cabin, running over mountains and through valleys, binds the shores of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic and ties the Gulf line to our northern boundary. The railroad is an expression of commerce, and the iron rails, interlacing and intertwining through the States, are bonds of union. The electric telegraph is a medium of commerce, and the wires stretching north, south, east, and west keep all our peoples in daily touch with each other. The telephone is the voice of commerce, and New York speaks to Chicago and Chicago to San Francisco in familiar and family conversation.

Our educational systems and our material development are happily blended in the interests of the Republic and its perpetuity. Every dispatch that flashes over the wires, every voice that is heard through the long-distance telephone, and every train that thunders across the continent are messengers of peace and union. In every one of our hundreds of thousands of common schools, our thousands of academies, our hundreds of universities and colleges, our youth are absorbing the story of our origin, the history of our past, the splendors of our present, and the promises of our future. Patriotism wedded to commerce and intelligence surely safeguards the continuance of the union of the States.

PARIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET OF THE AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN PARIS, JULY 4, 1902.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: That I have come from London on purpose is the best evidence I can give of the pleasure I have in celebrating once more our country's birthday with the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris. On the fifth of July all at home are interested in what their countrymen are doing or have done on Independence Day, wherever they may be. For historical and fraternal reasons, no celebration is looked to with more interest than that of the Americans in the French capital. It is an inspiring thought that, wherever there is an American citizen on any spot on the globe to-day, he is thinking of his country and glorying in its wonderful progress and position. Wherever there are two Americans they are holding a meeting, and one of them is reading the Declaration of Independence and the other is delivering a Fourth of July oration. There is no place which is inhabitable where there are not two Americans. But while I have witnessed the ever enthusiastic receptions of our National Day, I have never before seen the bonds between the United States and France so cordially united as when the representative of the French Government, the distinguished Minister of Commerce, conferred a decoration upon the President of this Chamber of Commerce—the Legion of Honor—and then kissed him on both cheeks. I am somewhat of an expert in kisses, but I never did that.

First, before we let ourselves loose, as it were, in the hilarity, enthusiasm, and joyousness of the occasion, we extend to King Edward VII and the English people our profoundest sympathies upon the calamity which interrupted their great pageant and ceremonial.¹ In the tragic events which deprived the United States of Presidents Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, the first and tenderest messages which came to a stricken people were from Queen Victoria and King Edward, expressing not only their own

¹Edward VII succeeded to the throne on the death of Queen Victoria, Jan. 22, 1901, but his coronation was delayed in consequence of his illness until August 9, 1902.—Ed.

feelings, but those of their people. Americans in reciprocal sympathy of that sentiment everywhere to-day, in the midst of their own joy, extend to the stricken King, to his family, and to his people their most cordial regards and best wishes for his recovery. I was in London expecting to witness the coronation, and never in my life, although I have seen most of the great pageants all over the world, have I observed such a wealth of decorations, such an inpouring of people, and such an expression of enthusiasm as characterized the preparations for this coronation. I could not help being struck with the contrast between the sad and sudden ending of the coronation and what I had witnessed in Buffalo since I was here last, when President McKinley died, and a few minutes afterward, in the humble library of a lawyer's dwelling, a Justice of the Supreme Court, a few members of the Cabinet and half a dozen citizens gathered together for the inauguration of a President of the United States. A few words by the Secretary of War announcing the tragic death of the President and the request of the Cabinet that the Vice-president assume the office; the oath of office read by the Judge and solemnly taken by the Vice-president; no military, no music, no pageant, no uniforms, plain American citizens all, and in an instant there had been transferred from the dead hand of McKinley to the young and vigorous grasp of Roosevelt all there is of sovereignty in the Presidency of the United States.

While in London I studied the liturgy and ceremony of the coronation. The first thought which struck me was the enormous advance and separation, in about one hundred and thirty-five years, of America from Great Britain on the subject of sovereignty. The coronation ceremony is a religious one, with all the pomp, pageantry, and splendor of its feudal origin. It is, in its most solemn form, a recognition of the unity of Church and State and of the concentration of the headship of the Church and sovereignty of the Empire in the King. The King swears to maintain the Church and its relations with the State; the Church, in its homage, offers to the King its services and its lands, recognizing him as its head; the Royal family pledge to the King their lands, their limbs, and their lives; the nobility do homage, offering, also at his behest, their lands, their limbs, and their lives. Without a dissenting voice, there is a recognition that all the liberties of the press or people have been only such as have been

given or surrendered by the Crown, and that all other sovereignty not so delivered still remains intact in the throne. No Englishman disputes this, no subject of the British Crown all over the world, with its many races, tongues and peoples, but acknowledges it. One hundred and thirty-six years ago, ten years before 1776, Washington and every signer of the Declaration of Independence would have cordially assented to the doctrine that the sovereignty of the nation was in the throne. In the United States all that is now absolutely reversed. It is difficult for an American of to-day to appreciate or understand it. It has been my privilege to listen to the inaugurals of most of our Presidents, from Lincoln down, and the tone of every one of them was deference to the people. Speaking to the multitude from the east front of the Capitol, the President says to those present and to the whole country which will read it the next day, "This is my message. It embodies the commission which you have given me to execute. I promise so to do with all my strength and mind, and at the end of four years to surrender to your sovereignty the authority which you have temporarily conferred upon me, in order to carry out your commands and your will." There is no religious ceremony, the oath of office is not administered by an archbishop or priest, but by the Chief Justice of the United States. This precedent, established at the time of Washington and continued ever since, embodies no disrespect to the Church, but simply emphasizes, in the most emphatic way, the separation of Church and State. But while there has been this absolute reversal of all ideas of sovereignty with us, the Mother Country and what were her colonies have grown together in the liberalization of law. It has been largely the example of the United States, and the beneficent results of its liberty, which have produced this result. When Washington was inaugurated there was in Great Britain little freedom of the press, the libel laws were infamous, there was persecution of Catholics and Jews, there was capital punishment for the slightest offenses, there was a limited and corrupt electorate, there was no popular suffrage. To-day all those things have been swept away and, with the exception of those retained which the Englishman loves in his throne and his nobility, he has the same liberties as the citizens of the United States.

Even on the Fourth of July we accord to every nation that catholicity of opinion which says, as the old lady said when she

kissed the cow, "Everybody to their taste." If they prefer their institutions, all well, but we know ours are the best in the world.

Those who have been abroad for a few years can hardly know that damsel of glorious beauty, perennial youth, and perpetual life—Miss Columbia. In the last two years she has acquired world-wide reputation and influence, and it has made her something of a flirt. First John Bull said: "My dear girl, we are cousins, don't you know. Between us are ties of blood and kinship. When all Europe would have united and have given infinite trouble and made you lose rivers of blood and mints of money in your Spanish war, we prevented it, and surely, my dear girl, you must know how fond I am of you. Blood is thicker than water." Miss Columbia courtesies, grasps John's hand, and, with her sweet smile, says: "Dear John, I never can forget. I can't marry you, John, but I will be a sister to you."

The German Kaiser, whose keen eye circles the world every twenty-four hours, says to his Chancellor, "This will never do," and so he sends his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to the United States. A gallant soldier, handsome, courtly and fascinating, he appeals at once to Miss Columbia's pride and admiration. He says, "You must remember, Fraulein, that in your great trouble, Frederick the Great, my great-grandfather, had admiration for your Washington, but that is nothing compared to the affection which my brother, the Emperor, has for you, and Columbia says, "Say to your brother that his sentiments are reciprocated," and the Prince carries back not only the words but the looks of the charming girl when she delivered the message. He can't wear that smile in his buttonhole like the decoration of the Legion of Honor, but he values it more. Then France says, "Where do we come in?" and she gathers the descendants of her Lafayette, her Rochambeau, and her de Grasse and sends them over with the message which always thrills an American: "In your hour of trial, when no Government of the world would recognize you and most were combined for your destruction, we, to secure for you your independence and make you what you are, sent you our army, our fleet, and our best generals, and gave you money and credit. Surely without that your success would have hardly been possible." And Columbia replies: "Yes, gratitude and affection, growing with the years, makes France nearer and nearer to me in every circle. Others may have my eloquence, but

you have my heart." And now that she has become a Republic like ourselves, the tie is closer, and our mission more united. Miss Columbia's position is friendship for all, alliance with none. She will extend her peaceful conquests by every legitimate method, but her hand and her fortune she will keep for herself.

Since I addressed you a year ago to-night, has occurred one of the most dramatic and interesting episodes in modern history. Conquests have always had but one ending, wars which have been waged for the freedom of helpless peoples have always led to the destruction of their sovereignty and the absorption of their territories. The United States, unable longer to endure the intolerable tyranny upon the Island of Cuba, entered upon war for the purpose of freeing the Pearl of the Antilles. Victory came in a manner so signal that it has no parallel in warfare, and then was imposed upon the United States the most difficult task of rehabilitating a ruined and bankrupt people, of restoring order where for so long there had been neither law nor respect for life and property. In two years the island was pacified, the brigand had become a farmer, the guerilla had gone to work in peaceful industries, courts had been established, and the United States said to Cuba, "Now you can govern yourself." She adopted a constitution, elected her president and her Congress, and said to the United States, "We feel able to go alone." Then came the great act of magnanimity and a magnificent contribution to civilization. The United States said, "We demand nothing by way of indemnity for our losses or our expenditure; they are all freely given." The American flag was hauled down, but hauled down in honor and glory. The lone star of Cuba rose in its place. A new nation took its place in the family of the nations of the world, created by the efforts, by the blood, and by the treasure of the people of the United States. Since I was here last year, Porto Rico, under the inspiring influences of the American Government and its institutions has arisen from the depths of poverty and distress to affluence and prosperity. To-day will be signed the Civil Government Bill for the Philippines, which passed Congress in its last hours, on the 1st of July. The Philippine archipelago, which has known nothing but disorder, bad government, rapine and robbery for three hundred years, will find itself this Fourth of July clothed with the powers, the authority, and the beneficence of representative institutions.

The American task was the pacification of more than one hundred islands and ten millions of peoples of different languages and degrees of civilization, and at the end of three years, with an expenditure of \$170,000,000, with an army which never exceeded 70,000, and with a loss of less than 10,000, these islands are now enjoying peace, law, and prosperity. They are to be in time marvelously prosperous as free communities, and of the highest commercial advantage to the United States. Already 3,000 Yankee school teachers, the advance guard of American liberty, are teaching the islanders the principles of the Constitution of the United States and of the Declaration of Independence and imbedding them in their souls by teaching to their tongues and voices, the words, music, and spirit of the "Star Spangled Banner" and of "Yankee Doodle."

At the moment of greater prosperity, of greater power and wealth, of greater influence in the affairs of the world, than at any time in her history, the United States remembers what it is our duty to express here in Paris, that when the good ship *Victory* brought Lafayette to America, it not only carried an inspiring presence, but its name was prophecy. When the good ship *Alliance* took back Lafayette to his native country in order to secure assistance for the struggling revolution in America, its name was also deeply and profoundly prophetic. Victory and friendship—victory for liberty and for the rights of man, and friendship in maintaining them upon the same high lines as Lafayette, Rochambeau, and de Grasse and Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Hamilton labored—is the mission to-day of France and the United States.

PARIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET OF THE AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, IN PARIS, JULY 4, 1904.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Our celebration is saddened by the sudden death of one of our foremost citizens and greatest statesmen. Not only the United States but the world is poorer with the loss of John Hay. In the long line of eminent men who have filled the position of Secretary of State, he was easily the most distinguished. He came to his high office when our country needed the rarest gifts of diplomacy and met with unequalled genius the aspirations of his countrymen. His ideas of permanent peace with Great Britain and an American Isthmian Canal, of expansion in territories and an open door and equal opportunities for American commerce, have become our fixed policy for the present and future. His work will live for ages after him, and his memory will be one of our choicest possessions.

It is a great pleasure for me to meet, as I have before on several of these anniversary occasions, my fellow countrymen resident in Paris. It is an especial pleasure to be the guest of a body which is doing so much to promote fraternal relations and commercial intercourse between the United States and France—the American Chamber of Commerce of Paris. No people in the world have changed so much in their point of view as our countrymen. Almost in a day the close environment and high fence of provincialism and isolation were broken down. We had become the most self-centered of nations. For more than a century our energies and thoughts had been devoted to the development of our own resources, the expansion of our industries, and internal trade. Before we knew it, we had an internal commerce with interchange between States greater than all the commerce on the oceans of the world. The feverish energy with which our industries were stimulated, the tremendous advance from the utilization of steam and electricity, and from our genius for invention, led to the natural result of over-production for the home market and the necessity for mar-

kets abroad. Then came the Spanish War, so triumphantly ended almost before it began, which placed us in the front rank among the great Powers. It is almost within this brief period, since the close of that contest with Spain, that the change to which I am alluding occurred. Until then an American who lived abroad, no matter what his excuse, was in a measure discredited at home. We thought the peoples of all the world were naturally anxious because of our superior advantages to throw off their nationalities and adopt ours, but we looked with suspicion upon an American who resided in other lands. We discovered, however, that especially Germany and Great Britain have been for a generation educating a class of their citizens to dwell in other countries and to be there the brains, the eyes, the ears, and the hands of German and British trade. We have found in our necessity of looking for markets that we lack the two great essentials of a mercantile marine and a resident population of Americans devoted wholly to the promotion of American trade interests. Reversing the old view, we at home are now looking upon those of our countrymen engaged in this great missionary effort, so essential to our prosperity in other lands, as performing a work of the highest patriotism. No matter if they like it and profit by it they are still patriots, and if they neither like it nor profit by it, they are patriotic martyrs for their country.

To you gentlemen and to those of us who are even temporarily here, or in the other great capitals or seaports, the Fourth of July recalls the glorious memories of the men and the deeds that created our Republic, recalls the celebrations of our boyhood, the procession through the streets, the meeting in the grove, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the oration, and the fireworks at night. I am sure that wherever there are two Americans to-day, one is reading the Declaration of Independence and the other delivering the oration.

Our institutions were founded upon a basis different from that of all other governments at that period. Until long after the Declaration of Independence, the governments of the world were for class and privilege. The little band in the cabin of the *Mayflower* framed their Charter for just and equal laws. From that principle since 1620 has followed the steady evolution of our institutions. In the great Revolution was added the sentiment of the immortal Declaration that all men are created equal,

with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Look at all the nations of the world as they were in 1620, as they were in 1776, and as they and we are now and then let Americans to-day ask and answer the question "Which of them all, including our own, have progressed most satisfactorily upon lines of civilization, humanity, and liberty?" The only criticism made on our development is that it has produced gigantic corporations and permitted the amassing of colossal individual fortunes, but in this comparison with the results from other forms of government we must consider also the measure of individual prosperity and opportunity which our country affords. If just and equal laws and the equality of all men before the law have permitted men of great genius for affairs, born captains of industry, with the absolute freedom of opportunity and action which exists among us to form these corporations and accumulate these fortunes, there has also been a corresponding rise of the whole mass of our population. In no country is there such a general distribution of wealth, in no country so many farms belonging to the tillers of the soil, so many homes the castles of the citizens, so many universities, colleges, academies, and common schools. Every one of the fifteen millions in the common schools to-day sees before him or her the same opportunities which have furnished so many brilliant examples of success, for every successful man in the United States has sprung from the ranks. We have no caste, no privilege—only opportunity for all. To-day more than at any other previous celebration, the American can take supreme satisfaction not only in the conditions at home but in our position abroad. In international politics all the world, except the United States, is in a condition of unrest. The wildest imagination cannot conceive of a hostile army landing upon our shores, or an invasion of our land, but Europe is an armed camp and apprehension is not only in the air, but on the exchanges and in the chancelleries of the different capitals. France and Germany are dealing with most delicate problems affecting their relations, England was never so alert in Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never had occasion to be more so, while Russia has upon her the concentrated attention of the world. The United States, with peace and prosperity within her borders, and peace and friendship abroad, is alone calm and serene, confident and happy. While our sympathies go out to the stricken

people of Warsaw, Lodz, and Odessa, let us on this natal night of our country reverently thank Almighty God, that over all the broad expanse of the United States are liberty, law, and happy homes.

We are about, however, soon to face new situations and to have forced upon us the solution of new problems. The sympathies of our people during this frightful war between Russia and Japan have been largely with Japan. With our traditional friendship extending over a century with Russia, it is a sentiment difficult to account for, but it unquestionably exists. I think it arose from the fact that Russian diplomacy seemed to deny what it had promised, the open door in Manchuria, a necessity for our increasing industrial productions. But if the result of this peace is to make Japan the dominant power in the East, is to give her, with her navy and its prestige, the leadership in Eastern waters, and with her racial relations the leadership in Eastern countries, we must then face not ports closed by diplomacy, but markets occupied by the most progressive, aggressive, industrious, cheap-living, and cheap-waged nation of the earth. A difference of opinion such as we had with a purchasing and a consuming nation is one thing, but a contest for customers with a productive nation, the most remarkable of national workshops, is quite another. Our enemy for the future in the East is not the yellow peril of war, for that will never come, but it is the yellow peril of most dangerous competition. Ambassadors were never so necessary and important for us as now, and their usefulness will steadily increase. To give dignity and prestige to the office, to enable able and fully equipped citizens of limited means or no fortune to fill these great positions, the United States should provide adequate homes and legations in all the great capitals. The American flag should float not over a rented house or apartment, but over its own territory.

This Fourth of July comes happily and dramatically at a most interesting moment. Since the Civil War we have occupied until within the last ten years the sixth and seventh places among naval nations. Next year we shall be second. The pregnant idea, developed so admirably by Captain Mahan, of the necessity to commercial nations of sea power, has come home to the United States, and is being utilized with energy, wisdom, and patriotism under the inspiring leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, and at this

supreme hour in our naval development, our Ambassador, General Porter, has found through untiring industry and skill the remains of the "Father of the American Navy"—John Paul Jones, whose body has rested in the friendly soil of the country which gave him the ships and the equipment that enabled him to fight those glorious battles of our Revolutionary Era and did so much to establish the independence of our Country. Now from these shores a fleet of battleships and of ironclads, which have grown out of the wooden hulls he fought so well, will carry him across the ocean, to rest in the grounds of our great Naval Academy, and over him will rise a monument for the inspiration of the future captains and admirals of the American Navy. That monument will tell them that brilliant as has been the development of this arm of our service, it had a great patriot and a great admiral for its progenitor. Times have marvelously changed, and the power of the people grows apace under our example since the Fourth of July, 1776. Then it required seven years for us to throw a sovereign across the Atlantic after our Continental Congress in its Declaration of Independence had so decreed; but in 1905, Norway's parliament dismisses her king peacefully by sending him resolutions of hail and farewell handsomely engrossed and framed.

The twentieth century wants peace. The United States stands for peace. After the remarkable events that have happened in Manchuria and upon the sea in the Japanese Straits, the moment has arrived for peace. But it must be suggested by a friend. The alliances and relations of neither Great Britain, nor France, nor Germany were in a position to permit the friendly effort. Friendly efforts may fail, they may be rejected unless made at the psychological moment, and by an accepted leader. It was reserved for the most brilliant, courageous, and honest of executives to see and seize that moment when the effort for peace should be accepted.

The President, who has been held out before the world as the man whose one aim was a strenuous life and the big stick, has demonstrated the highest statesmanship in this critical hour which, if his effort ends in permanent peace, will give immortality to Theodore Roosevelt.

BUFFALO DINNER TO DEPEW

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER TO HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW BY THE
CITY OF BUFFALO, NOVEMBER 8, 1895.

MR. MAYOR AND FRIENDS: An occasion like this emphasizes the inadequacy of language to express sentiment. In a life fairly full of enjoyable happenings this greeting of yours is the most pleasant and interesting. Enmities accumulate with the natural competitions and strifes of a career, and vendettas pass down through generations; but the accumulating force of friendships begun early and growing stronger with the years are as rare as they are delightful. For more than thirty-three years, which are counted a generation among men, I have been a frequent guest in your hospitable city, a speaker on controversial and patriotic topics and, as General Counsel and President of the great railway corporation which has its western terminus within your limits, been brought in frequent contact and conflict with your authorities and citizens. It is a happy reminiscence and present thought that private entertainments have increased in number and cordiality, the public meeting occurring almost annually has become larger each year and kindlier to the speaker, and the questions so acute and irritating which must necessarily arise between a growing city and its needs and a railroad company and its terminal necessities, have been met uniformly by the authorities of this city with a liberality and fairness which has kept the relations between Buffalo and the New York Central always friendly. As railway attorney, as Director, and as President, I have been brought into the conflicts or discussions with many of the cities, not only of this State but of the country. It is the verdict of a quarter of a century of experience that nowhere has the city through its officers for the time being shown more wisdom and breadth of view in dealing with transportation companies, which are its life, and nowhere has there been given in return by the transportation companies more concessions or more substantial benefits.

As a young law student, visiting my friend and your respected

townsman, Mr. James Sweeney, in his then home at Tonawanda, I came up to deliver my first political speech in Buffalo. The question of the hour was slavery and secession, the one the highest moral issue a people ever had to deal with, the other the life or the death of the Republic. Nothing better illustrates the rapidity of our progress as a nation and the magnitude of the problems which our development has forced upon us, than the distance in the memory of these grave issues. Upon them, on the one side or the other, a million of men went to death, and a million who fought yet survive; but, for the generation which has come on the stage since the Civil War, slavery and secession are as distant, meaningless, and academic as Cæsar crossing the Rubicon or Washington crossing the Delaware. I have a lively recollection of that speech, my first in a city and to a great audience. I am afraid that it justified a criticism passed by an old lawyer upon it, that it had more frills than shirt. It was certainly more lurid than logical, though the intensity of the feelings and passions of the hour made possible an enthusiastic reception for its declarations and declamation. I remember lying awake all night wondering whether the United States District Attorney would summon me before the grand jury to justify the charges that I had made against President Buchanan and his Cabinet of conspiring for the overthrow of the Government in the interest of the slave power. I had gathered my points entirely from the newspapers of Buffalo, and I was wondering where the newspapers got theirs, and fearing that the editors would fail to come to my defense. It is the only night of my life that I ever lay awake an hour on account of a political speech. The apprehensions of the Government moving in the matter were an illustration of that lack of a sense of proportion which is the defect of youth. Not always of youth. Some men are failures in politics, in the professions, in literature, and in business because they have never learned to appreciate and understand the proportionate relation of themselves to the world or the things they are attempting as their own claims and expectations. The faculty of measuring one's place in the universe and in its daily events, in other words a knowledge of proportion, is the handmaiden of success.

My ties to your city were made intimate in their beginning, both as a member of the Legislature and as Secretary of State, by a vigorous advocacy of the enlargement of the canals. Buffalo is

a growth and not a boom. There is no place in the country that has advanced more accurately upon the lines of development clearly American. I went through a city recently in the South which was an example of boom as against natural growth. There were streets and broad avenues, blocks of constructed business buildings, large plants built for the manufacturer to take possession of, streets of comfortable and cozy dwelling-houses, public squares and parks, a belt railroad and a trolley line already constructed, and yet, beyond the capitalists who invested their money, and the workmen while the construction was going on, the place had never had an inhabitant and never will have one. It was built upon air and scenery. The commercial centres of the world, in their origin, have cared little for health or views. Many have been founded in swamps, when a century of effort was needed to alleviate their malarial and miasmatic conditions. Their founding and their future have been the solution in their location, of the problems of transportation; for, after all, the civilizer of the world and the concentrating power of its wealth and activities is transportation. It is along the highways of commerce that prosperous empires have been founded and populous cities constructed. "All roads lead to Rome," was the commercial maxim of antiquity. "All roads lead to New York" is the commercial maxim of the New World, and Buffalo is the gateway of New York. The development of the internal commerce of the United States has been so great that the ocean gateway which brings to the metropolitan city of our imperial State three-fourths of the foreign commerce of the Republic is a wicket in a farm fence compared with the wide doors and broad avenues through which this tremendous agricultural and manufacturing product of our country finds its way to the seaboard. The internal trade carried upon our railways, lakes, and canals, makes the United States not only the richest of nations, but self-sustaining and independent of them all.

While commerce and transportation have made the earth habitable and created kingdoms and cities, they have been from the dawn of history down to the commencement of the last half century the servants of kings. This is because militarism has always ruled the world, and commerce and transportation have looked for protection to the royal power which commanded the fleets and armies, and therefore were the servants of the throne. In our

peaceful days, commerce asserts its righteous prerogatives, and thrones and caste and privilege are dependent for their existence upon the bankers and the merchants and the manufacturers. They are the true nobility—noble not in the achievements of remote ancestors, but in their own success and in what those triumphs have contributed to the wealth and the power of those countries.

There is no certainty about the future of an individual, of a city, or of a nation, until in the process of development automatic have been substituted for hysterical processes. A man becomes so fixed in his principles, his industries, and his career that automatically and under natural laws he expands and broadens and grows great in the same directions. So the country, following the lines of its origin and the traditions of its past, either goes to chaos like China, or to disintegration like Turkey, or expands in less than a century from 3,000,000 to 70,000,000 of people, from thirteen to forty-five States, from dependent colonies to an independent republic, from nothing to one of the greatest powers of the world and possessing the most beneficent of governments, like the Republic of the United States. The Russian, the German, the Spanish, the Italian reformer and radical see no light except in revolution, which shall overthrow time-honored and existing conditions, and build he knows not what, upon their ruins. His whole talent is concentrated upon destruction, leaving construction to come later. Even in France, as a Republic, revolution appears to be the aim of reform, while in England democracy hopes for the triumph of its ideas through a change of the Constitution of the British Empire, which can only be effected by processes which border upon, if they are not really, revolutionary. Our founders, on the other hand, under the primitive conditions which surrounded them, could test the principles of free government as they builded in the wilderness for settlement. Neither state, nor church, nor caste, nor privilege hampered them. Hamilton and Jefferson, and Adams and Jay were the products of the evolution of old ideas in a new school and a new country. The government they founded was as naturally the product of heredity and experience as of the principles of Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the Puritan Revolution, without their disabilities and the insuperable obstacles in ancient classes and constitutions which prevented their ancestors in the Old World from practically

working out their principles. Fearing on the one hand dictatorship of royal authority, which had been the repressive power in the Old World, and on the other the dynamic force of popular passions, as evidenced in the horrors of the French Revolution, they constructed the safest and most conservative government the world has ever known.

Its processes of development have been neither hysterical nor accidental, but automatic. Its principles were certain to exterminate slavery and sure to prevent secession. It is the only form yet devised capable of indefinite expansion without weakening its cohesive power. All things have worked together for our glory and salvation. The foreigner who comes here and goes over our land concentrates his opinion in the single word, "bigness." But our bigness is one of the elements of our strength. It is not possible to conceive of a revolution, dangerous to our existence or to the integrity of our institutions, or to the conservative safeguards of life and property of which we are so proud, which will involve the whole Republic. The Debbs revolution, with the governors of States and the mayors of cities in sympathy, was a remarkable test. Though it involved one-third of the States and one-half of the territory of the Union, yet with the Confederate veterans of the South eagerly proffering their services to the Government, and the sober sense of the New England and of the Middle States sustaining the President, the revolution was dissipated almost as quickly as it had originated, with the minimum of loss in life and property. So in our industrial and economic life, the Populist frenzy may involve half a dozen commonwealths, or a wild, passionate, unreasoning demand for debased currency may find almost unanimous expression in a large section of the Republic, and yet the sober sense and calm judgment of the rest, out of the range of dangerous ragings or enthusiasms, by mere inertia, wear out or crush out the dangerous excitement. Every year it becomes more difficult to involve the whole people in actions or opinions which may threaten the settled principles of government, or of commerce, or of trade.

Happily, it is only upon questions that affect the glory of the Union or the liberties of people of other countries, or the integrity of the American continent, upon which there can be unanimity of sentiment and unanimity of discussion in all parts of our land. Then we see the value of the quick communication

of the railway and the telegraph; then we understand how we are one people, notwithstanding the vastness of our country and the diversity of our climates and people. If it is for the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine upon the lines recognized by every statesman from Monroe and Henry Clay; if it is for the success of the people of Cuba in their effort to throw off galling despotism, North, South, East, and West, we are one. But if the Republic finds itself stronger than ever in its concentrated power, and its ability to maintain intact the principles upon which it is founded and the policies which have made it great, at a time when agitation and threatening revolutions are imminent all over the world; if it is true that the Republic owes its phenomenal ability to accomplish these results because modern inventions and discovery have brought the material world to the assistance of liberty, humanity, and justice, so it is happily the case that Buffalo finds herself in the midst of a most rapid and most hopeful development at a period when a successful solution of the municipal problem in the great cities of the country has demonstrated the possibilities of these large aggregations of populations governing themselves. Buffalo led the way for reform in municipal affairs and the honest government of cities. It was more difficult here than in New York or in Brooklyn, because in every organization long in power, no matter how bad it may be, are many excellent men who are bound by sundry ties to its success and hope for its reorganization. To make an attack which should be successful by men of the same general party affiliations requires that stern sense of duty, that willingness to sacrifice comfort and ease, which, by assailing the machine, break at the same time the friendships and the relations of a lifetime. Here in Buffalo, where acquaintance is universal and intimate, these conditions of municipal reform, which mean a revolt against the existing conditions, call for infinitely greater public virtue than in the metropolis, where the assault is upon the hydra-head of corruption and bad government, and not upon the neighbor and acquaintance or friend.

It was my good fortune to know very well the men who were making Buffalo thirty years ago, most of them older than myself, and some young men like myself. There were no featherheads or lunatics among them. At the Bar, among the young and the old, in that and a few subsequent years, were Millard Fillmore,

President of the United States, and Judge Hall, Postmaster-general. There were Henry W. Rogers and the courtly John Ganson; there were Bowen and Lanning and Putnam brothers and Hopkins, and still in their prime, our friends Postmaster-general Bissell and Sherman S. Rogers and E. C. Sprague, and Judge Daniels and Grover Cleveland. Where is there a Bar of the same size which has contributed so much to the history of our State and country? Among the business men were William Williams and Gilbert T. Williams and Sherman S. Jewett and Pratt and Fargo and Tift and Howard and Allen and Bush, with Elbridge G. Spaulding easily their chairman; while among the journalists rise before me three of the ablest moulders of public opinion I have ever known—James D. Warren, James N. Matthews and Charles McCune. Though often opposed to them on public matters, I owe to all of them and the journals they created a debt of gratitude and friendship for the uniform courtesy and kindness with which for over thirty years their papers have treated me. I make the same acknowledgment to the living, the younger Matthews and Warren, the irrepressible Butler and Bleistein, Mack, Kingsley, and Cronin. There is something dramatic and interesting in the relations of two of these men to the history of our country—a drama with a moral and a lesson—one of them conspicuous as a Republican, the other conspicuous as a Democrat. In the darkest hour of the Civil War, when our resources were all but exhausted and our credit strained to the utmost, the question that agitated the statesmen of the period was, "By what process can we secure the means to purchase military supplies, to feed the soldiers, to sustain the army and the navy, and to carry on the war to the successful maintenance of the Republic?"

It was then that the banking brain of Elbridge G. Spaulding advised the greenback; the greenback, the savior of the nation. Like Columbus causing the egg to stand on end, it was the suggestion whose simplicity captured the country. "Sell the notes of the Government and let those who have faith in its stability and its future buy them according to the extent of their faith." That was the greenback. They were sold at one hundred, fifty, and thirty cents on the dollar. Frightful as was the discount, the country in which we live and glory to-day shows the cost to be cheap.

Thirty-five years passed by. The Republic is peaceful within and has peaceful relations with all nations. It needs for its prosperity, for its recovery from industrial and financial panic, credit which comes from an unquestioned currency. Industrial distress produces distrust of time-honored principles and a plausible quack captures the imagination of multitudes of people. The madness assumes such volume and force that industry halts and our relations with commercial nations are sicklied with doubt as to our solvency and credit. The credit of the country had to be strained to the utmost to save the Republic in the time of the Civil War. The credit of the country had to be buttressed to the utmost by the principles of honor and unquestioned honesty to keep industries going, commerce moving, and capital and labor employed in times of profound peace. Stepping out of the sphere of accustomed duties and assuming in the presence of a great public danger an official and personal responsibility, President Cleveland threw the great authority of his office on the side of honest money and a sound currency, and so I pay tribute to-night to two citizens of Buffalo who each at his time did right: the one in limitless inflation of the currency, and the other in protecting the honest dollar.

You were between thirty thousand and forty thousand in numbers when I first became acquainted with you, and now you are near three hundred and fifty thousand. Your growth has become so automatic that while it owed much in the past to the men whose names I have mentioned and their associates, it is not in the power of any man or set of men to stop it now. But the development of public spirit has kept pace with material advancement.

In every city are a certain number of men who are called upon for every public work, and they are always the same men. If it is to rescue the city government from thieves; if it is for municipal reform upon broader lines than the mere incumbency of office; if it is to found a museum for the education of the people, or to build a library for public instruction, or to establish manual training and technological schools, or to elevate the common school so that the best education may be found by the children of the people in the people's own college, the number of the men who can be relied upon to undertake and carry on successfully the work is well defined in every municipality in the United States.

In New York, with two millions of inhabitants, it is seventy; in Chicago, with a million and three-quarters of inhabitants, it is sixty, associated in one of the most useful and public-spirited of clubs; in Buffalo, with three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, it is a hundred.

To this you owe the fact that your common schools and your high schools, your savings banks and your hospitals, your asylums and your homes, your parks and your driveways, your museums, and your art centres and libraries have kept equal pace with your material growth and development. This magnificent chain of lakes brings to your doors over the cheapest methods of transportation from the granary of the country the food products of the Republic. The level grades along the north and south shores of these inland seas make your city the terminus of the railroads from the West. The highway made by nature along the Mohawk Valley to the Hudson, and from the Hudson to the sea, has placed you in water communication, by the Erie Canal, with the Atlantic Ocean, and brought within your borders five of the trunk lines which bind the East to the West. You toll the food which maintains the vast manufacturing populations of New England, as well as that which comes for distribution through the cities of the State and to New York. Nature brings you health in the breezes from Lake Erie and Niagara River. Living upon the borders and knowing what war would mean, not only in carnage, but also in the checking of production and the destruction of industries, you are patriots and not jingoes. The boys living in Buffalo will see Niagara Falls within your corporation. Then Buffalo will stand unique among all cities of ancient or modern times. When, after the dedication of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, in the harbor of New York, I carried upon my car the representatives of the French Government to Niagara Falls, these distinguished statesmen and soldiers and sailors of France stood for a moment awe-struck in the presence of our mighty wonder of nature, and then Admiral Jouett broke out with the enthusiastic exclamation: "I have sailed the seas and seen all the sights in the world, and now having viewed this, I say without hesitation that this surpasses them all. If ever the stars and the planets hold an inter-universal exhibition the earth will send Niagara Falls."

In bidding you good-night, gentlemen, but not good-by, for

I hope we shall meet many times in the future, I want to express to you again my profound appreciation of this unique and distinguished honor. You might have waited until I was dead and passed a resolution to be engraved upon my tombstone, but it is sweeter far to enjoy taffy while living than to be decorated with epitaphy when dead.

May Buffalo in her marvelous future always have, as the representatives of her municipal life in every department of activity and aspiration, as generous, as gifted, and as broad-minded sons as those who have made her what she is.

LINCOLN BIRTHDAY BANQUET

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF
NEW YORK, IN CELEBRATION OF LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY, FEB-
RUARY 12, 1901.

GENTLEMEN: Abraham Lincoln is the only President of the United States who enjoyed a universal reputation as a story teller. During his presidency this tendency was so marked and the belief in his constant practice of story telling so great that almost every anecdote, wherever originated, was fastened upon him. It was not necessary to ascribe to him stories which were the imaginations of others. He had an endless stock of stories and told them with wonderfully dramatic effect. He said to me once that he had accumulated these anecdotes while traveling the circuit as a practicing lawyer in the West; that after the court adjourned, the judge, jury, lawyers, clients, and witnesses would sit most of the night around the crackling fire in the hotel narrating humorous and remarkable incidents connected with the life of a strong and original people, who had moved from their old homes to a new country and become its first settlers.

The adventures of pioneer life gave no end to the variations of human experience. He said that he had found that plain people were more influenced by a humorous illustration than in any other way, and that he won both cases and audiences by enforcing his logic and indelibly fixing it upon the mind and memory with a pat anecdote. Many of these stories do not survive because they were too broad. While the story by itself would seem in the narrative vulgar, yet, as he told it, it was remembered in connection with the point which he desired to make and which drove it home or clinched it so that there was no escape from his reasoning.

In that way the anecdote seemed in his handling to be relieved from its meretricious characteristics. Now the peculiarity of the universal celebrations of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln is that they are the most serious of any of the tributes annually offered to the statesmen and heroes whose natal days have become

annual festivals. On the birthday celebrations of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Grant there is much of the light touch and the sprightly story which give life to after-dinner oratory. But when we gather to honor the immortal Lincoln, the only well-known humorist and story-teller of them all, pathos is the ruling sentiment of the hour.

It is due to the fact that Lincoln is nearer to the hearts of the people than any of the great worthies of the past. Though a generation has come upon the stage who knew him not, and the majority of people of the United States have little or no recollection of the great events in which he figured and lost his life, yet there is a continuing interest which makes him part of every household in the land and a member of every family. His figure looms up through its homely and ungainly strength as pre-eminently the man of the people, the man who, from humbler beginnings and more unpromising youth than any others who have attained great distinction, fought successfully the fight for the preservation of the Union, emancipated a race from the bonds of slavery, and placed the Republic upon foundations so secure as to be perpetual; at the same time he carried on the greatest war of modern times with the saddest of hearts, with tears for the loss of life and the sufferings occasioned, and died a martyr's death for the cause that had triumphed by his genius.

Lincoln was not a humorist nor a wit. He said to me: "I never invented a story, but I tell, I think, tolerably well other people's stories." As the years go by I feel that this characteristic, which keeps him human while all our other heroes become inhuman by indiscriminate eulogy, may be forgotten. As we look over the records of history, the men who possessed the creative genius to strike out of the unknown principles and institutions can be numbered upon the fingers of one hand. The question arises whether any of the five men—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Grant, and Lincoln—whose birthdays the American people celebrate, belong to this class. I know the statement will arouse controversy, and hope that it will, because in controversy and discussion we reach the truth. None of these men belongs to the order of creative genius. Of them all Lincoln came the nearest.

The two minds and marvelous intelligences to which we owe the foundation and superstructure of our institutions and of our national life as they exist today were Alexander Hamilton and

John Marshall. Jefferson achieved immortal fame by the condensation of the principles of liberty in undying expressions in the Declaration of Independence. But his whole theory of government was opposed to that majestic concentration of national power which makes the Republic of the United States the strongest and mightiest nation in the world.

To the teachings of Hamilton we owe that part of the Constitution of the United States which binds the States together in indissoluble union. In the interpretation of that instrument John Marshall, as Chief Justice of the United States, in his thirty-five years tenure of his great office, breathed into it the breath of national life, of the indissoluble unity of the States, of the resistless power of the Federal Government, and of the expansive, elastic, and adaptable principles of the Constitution to every condition of national necessity, national growth, and national greatness which have made us the United States of the beginning of the twentieth century.

In 1801 began the great battle between the forces of Federal power and State rights. Jefferson had become President of the United States, and had with him in his ideas the great majority of the American people. Marshall had become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and had before him that tremendous task which, with indomitable courage, inflexible will, and the genius of the greatest lawyer we ever had, worked out successfully the problem of national life. It is a singular fact that, commencing with Jefferson and ending with Buchanan, all but two of the Presidents of the United States were firm believers in the doctrine of State rights and limited powers in the general government; believers in the right of the State to retire from a confederacy which was only a compact between sovereign powers, and the other two were not fully up to the foundation which Hamilton laid and the structure which John Marshall builded.

The contest over slavery was the political education of Abraham Lincoln. Marshall had been succeeded by Taney, and the bulwark of slavery was in the Supreme Court of the United States. Lincoln, this Western lawyer of profound moral convictions, boundless human sympathies, tender conscience, and great intellect threw himself into the conflict with his whole soul. He discovered that to meet and impress his countrymen he must go

to the decisions of that court which most threatened liberty and union. So, he became a disciple of the great Chief Justice. He became imbued with his spirit and master of the principles which he had put into the decisions of the court. He became, in the presidential chair, the executor of the rulings and of the ideas of John Marshall. He found in the teachings of that jurist the strength for his declaration that the country could not endure half slave and half free; that one or the other would triumph and the Union be preserved.

He found in the national spirit the elastic powers and boundless adaptability which Marshall had given to our charter; the authority to bring a million soldiers into the field; to send Sherman to march across the boundaries of sovereign States from Atlanta to the sea; to place the boundless resources of the nation behind Grant for the battles of the Wilderness; to appoint provisional governments for the conquered States until the national authority and the national flag were fully recognized and accepted; and last, and greatest of all, he found by these teachings authority, which had been denied by all his predecessors, in saving the government, in perpetuating the nation, in demonstrating Federal supremacy, not only to raise armies and navies, not only issue currency, contract debts and expand credits, but by a single act of executive authority to strike the bonds from four millions of slaves and end an institution which had been from the existence of the government a standing menace to its life.

The battle between the two great Virginians, Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall, was fought to the finish on the side of Marshall and the nation by Abraham Lincoln. The Republic, often threatened and many times near destruction, entered upon a new and boundless career of liberty, prosperity, and greatness by the triumph, through Lincoln, of the Constitution which had been created by the decisions of John Marshall.

There has never been such a fitting hour for the celebration of the greatness and the achievements of the martyr President as on the centennial of the appointment of this greatest Chief Justice at the head of the grandest court which was ever devised for the preservation and expansion of the institutions of a country. We, the disciples and followers of Lincoln; we, who have his faith and his principles, meeting to-night all over the country at the beginning of this new century, can rejoice in the triumph of the prin-

ciples of nationality and federal power; but we can also thank God and take courage for the solution of the problems that are before us and the graver responsibilities which have devolved upon us; that in dealing with Cuba, with Porto Rico, with Hawaii, and the Philippines; that in extending the advantages of our institutions and increasing our national power and opportunities for our people, we have had for four years and during a critical period, and have now in the presidential chair a disciple of the principles of John Marshall and of the party of Lincoln an equally great statesman, who is thoroughly imbued with the ideas which have made our country great and strong and prosperous. The American people have given their best tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln by granting a second term with unprecedented unanimity to William McKinley.

LINCOLN BIRTHDAY BANQUET

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT THE LINCOLN
ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW
YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1902.

GENTLEMEN: William McKinley was the product and representative of that development of Americanism which has aroused intense interest and discussion at the commencement of the twentieth century. Industrial America owes more to him than to any other statesman. Though never a business man or an employer of labor, he created those enterprises which have given unequaled position, wages, and work to his countrymen. Though never a manufacturer, he gave the impulse and opportunity for manufacturers which have placed the surplus of the mills and factories of the United States in the markets of the world, and given them success not only in the competitive countries of the East, but upon the soil and alongside the most highly organized industries of Europe. Though always a poor man, and leaving an estate which was the result only of the savings from his salary as President and his life insurance, he made possible the gigantic fortunes which have been amassed by master minds in the control, use, and distribution of iron, coal, oil, cotton, and wool, and their products. Though never an organizer or beneficiary of combinations or trusts, yet the constant aggregation of most industries in vast corporations of fabulous capital, while due to tendencies of the age and common to all countries, received tremendous acceleration from his policies. The dominant idea governing his public life was that measures which brought out our national resources and increased our national wealth added to the security, comfort and happiness of every citizen. Some might profit more than others, but every one shared in greater or less degree in the general prosperity. Pride in his country and love for his people were the mainsprings of his career. The period of impressionable youth was passed in Ohio, a storm center of slavery agitation and Union controversy. He heard all about him the mutterings of the coming storm that was to put to the test of arms the existence

of the Republic. Slavery became to him not only the sum of abominations, but the one and only menace to the union of the States. He was an eager listener to the fiery speeches of that remarkable body of advocates of freedom led by Joshua Giddings and Benjamin Wade. Webster's immortal speech in reply to Hayne for "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever," became embedded in his mind and heart. With this preparation, though only seventeen years of age when the Civil War broke out, nothing could keep him from enlistment and impulsive patriotism swept away all objections to his youth.

The temptations of the camp, the march and the foray, and the perils of battle tested the character and courage of this boy to the uttermost. But the religious training of a pious mother and a godly father, and his absorbing attachment to the cause of liberty and union, kept him as pure in thought and action as if in the associations of home, or in the emulous and invigorating studies and companionship of school and college.

McKinley the soldier moulded McKinley the statesman. For four years the one object before him, at sunrise and sunset, leading the way in toilsome marches, its folds illuminating the tented field, and inspiring defense and assault, was the flag. It was dearer to him than life, and for it he repeatedly risked his life. It stood for country, home, and liberty. It became sacred in his eyes, and he followed it with devotion amounting almost to adoration. He rarely, in after years, ever made a speech which did not have some affectionate or patriotic allusion to "Old Glory." It fixed his career and public life. Where he could advance the best interests of the Republic became his aim and ambition.

But the army developed and strengthened another characteristic. The comradeship of the camp appealed to his sympathetic nature. His fellow soldiers were more than comrades; they were intimate friends. He knew them in health and in the hospital, in the fury of the fight and the exhaustion of wounds and disease. He was first at their side when in danger or distress and the soul of sport at the feast or the jollification. Thus he became in its best sense a lover of his fellow men.

No official was ever so considerate of the feelings of others. He delighted in the bestowal of office and was grieved when he had to deny the applicant. His greatest pleasure was in meeting

and greeting his countrymen and countrywomen. Whether they were friends or strangers, that cordial grasp, that kindly smile, that honest interest in every one who came near him, sent both the successful and disappointed from his presence feeling that the meeting was itself a decoration. It was the irony of fate that the most lovable and the best loved man who ever attained the Presidency should die at the hands of an assassin.

But the game of war could not interest this most sympathetic of men. No matter how great his own sorrows or troubles, those of a friend at once claimed his care, and his were, for the time, forgotten. Confidence in another and ignorance of business drew from him the endorsement of notes which swept away his little property and involved him in a mountain of indebtedness. His wife threw her estate into the vortex, and they were bankrupt at a period in life when to take up a profession or engage in business successfully is impossible. He was full of resentment, but when the friend through whom he had suffered explained the terrible results of his failure to himself and his family, McKinley burst into tears—he had no thought except for the rescue of the man—and cried, “We must find a way to save you. We will find a way to save you.”

Americanism with him meant the victories of peace. To see the United States controlling its own markets and successfully competing with other nations in the markets of the world was his idea of the true glory of his country. That Americans had won in the bids for a bridge over the Nile, or rails for Russian roads, or cars for Australia, or had introduced successfully agricultural machines and electrical appliances on the Continent of Europe and textile fabrics in Great Britain, gave him more pride and pleasure than any possible triumph on land or sea. He would exhaust every resource of diplomacy and adopt every measure of conciliation and arbitration before going to war.

He entered Congress at the most critical period of our legislative history. The pacification of the nation, the reconstruction of the States, the welding of the broken bonds of union into a free Republic which should be as loyally supported by those who had sought to destroy as by those who had fought to save it, and financial and industrial problems upon whose successful solution rested the whole fabric of prosperity, were the questions to be met.

The happiness of the American home and the welfare of the individual American citizen were the aims of McKinley. He believed that in industrial success were good character, good habits, and good citizenship. Employment which should be easily attainable for everybody upon a remunerative and ascending scale of wages, making it possible for energy, industry, and intelligence to buy and maintain a cottage or a farm, dotting the land with enterprises which would develop the resources or power of the neighborhood, and bringing farms and factories together, were his remedies for all national ills, his methods for insuring national greatness and a contented people. A large number of his countrymen differed widely with him in the measures by which he sought to accomplish these beneficent ends, but they did not question the purity of his purposes or the sincerity of his convictions. He thus became the most eloquent and convincing advocate of the policy of a protective tariff and the embodiment and representative of the principle of fostering by legislation industrial development. Three statesmen served long together in the House of Representatives and left lasting impressions on the history of the country. They were William McKinley, James A. Garfield, and James G. Blaine. The ambition of each was to be President of the United States. Two attained that distinction and Blaine lost the great prize by an accident when it was within his grasp. They were rivals, but loyal friends, and their emulous strife never impaired their relations or their efforts for the one who for the time was the favorite of their party. Blaine was a picturesque and brilliant leader, with a rare talent for the initiative in formulating policies which won popular favor, and in devising measures to meet popular demands. His alert genius was quick to see and seize advantages in foreign or domestic policies. Garfield was rather a parliamentary than a popular leader. His field was in Congress, in the appeal for and the defence and management of the bills which the caucus and its committees had decided must pass. Their labors covered the whole field of debatable questions and party activity. McKinley possessed the greater industry and steadfastness of purpose. He bent all the power of a superior intelligence to the perfection and triumph of the principle in whose practical application he believed lay the security and prosperity of the country. In large and in detail he was a profound student of economic problems. While he had

neither the training nor the temperament for success in business he knew better the conditions and prospects, at home and abroad, of every branch of industry than those who had spent their lives in its development and accumulated fortunes by their sagacity. He could not practically conduct any trade, but was able to suggest and provide laws for the benefit of all manufactures so wise and beneficent that the captains of industry bowed to his judgment and followed his lead. His profound knowledge of these questions, his eagerness to have the people agree with him, and his deep convictions gave an earnestness and force to his advocacy which educated an orator of uncommon power. He was not magnetic like Blaine nor emotional like Garfield, but there was wonderful force in his eloquence. An honest, earnest, sympathetic speaker, master of his subject and possessed of a singularly lucid style, he pleaded like an evangelist for the material salvation of the people. Much speaking on the same subject gave his efforts an axiomatic style which coined maxims and phrases that became part of the current thought and common language of the country. While he never rose to the majestic heights of Webster's reply to Hayne, he was always immensely interesting, and at times it seemed, in the splendor of his speech, that by a supreme effort he might advance one step further and stand beside the immortal orators of inspired genius.

Most public men cultivate seclusion, and owe much to a fascinating mystery which surrounds them; but McKinley delighted in crowds. While with singular unanimity the people dread the assembling of Congress and regard its adjournment as a blessing, he was never so happy as when the national legislature was in session. If a Senator or Member of the House failed to appear frequently, he noted his absence and gently chided him. He was just as glad to see and greeted as cordially his political opponents as his friends. The representatives of the people were for him the telephones of public opinion. No President has ever had such influence with Congress. His ability to allay strife in his own party and win support from the other was marvelous. The disappointed office-seeker nursing a grievance and lying in wait for revenge, and the most stubborn opponent, were alike clay in his hands. In that forum, Congress, where every other President has repeatedly been foiled, McKinley never suffered defeat.

His faith in the public intelligence and conscience was su-

preme. He believed the people knew more than any man, no matter how great his talents or opportunities. He never tried to lead, but studied so constantly public opinion that he became almost infallible in its interpretation. Great audiences in the open were his intelligence offices. He would mingle with the crowd as a man and a brother. He could not comprehend that the world held a wretch so depraved or a criminal so vile as to abuse the simple and sacred trust which a President thus put in the people who had chosen him for their ruler. And yet one, defaming and degrading a righteous cause, aimed a frightful blow at liberty—the liberty of intercourse between citizens and their chief magistrate—when he accepted hospitality and welcome to murder the most eminent and best loved of the people.

The presidency did not change or elevate the tribune. The dignity of the office was never better sustained, but its majesty was concealed. Familiar speech and caressing touch were there for all, and with them an indefinable reserve of power and of the respect due the office which kept the dullest and most audacious within rigid limits of propriety and decorum. Most people are lonesome in crowds; he could not bear to be alone. His pleasure in the long journeys across the continent was when the train stopped and the whole population surged around him. When the local committee, proud of the palaces of their wealth, their public buildings, art galleries and libraries, tried to show them, he cared not, and demanded to be taken to the wharfs where the fleets of commerce were loading and unloading the interchanges of the country and the world, to the mills, the factories, the furnaces and the mines. He did not like the pomp of glittering parades, but the farmer afield with plow or scythe or sower or mower or reaper, or a procession of artisans hurrying to or contentedly leaving their work, carried him to joyous heights of enthusiasm and happiness.

The prolonged financial and industrial depression which preceded his election was the opportunity he at once saw and seized. The slogan he had sounded as a citizen, as an orator, and as a Congressman, now rang from the White House with a clarion clearness which aroused the country. It was to him the triumphal hour of faith and works. In his impatience for the trial of his favorite theories, he did his best to prevent the war with Spain. He detested war, and he shrank with horror from its

cruelties and with dread from the interruptions of industries it usually entails. When the country would not wait his efforts for peace, he pushed preparations for war, and forced the fighting with a wise and resistless energy which recalled the best efforts of Carnot and of Stanton. His favorite recollection of the Civil War was not the many bloody and heroic struggles in which he bore an honorable part, not the promotions which came to him for gallantry in action, but that in the heat of the battle at Antietam he had loaded his commissary wagon with food and coffee, and calmly driving amidst the storm of shot and shell, had brought succor and relief to the survivors of his comrades who had been fighting steadily for many hours. His supreme satisfaction in the result of the Spanish War, more than its wonderful conquests, was its bloodless victories.

The story of government is a pathetic recital of the neglected opportunities of statesmen. The crisis passes which, wisely turned, would have added to the glory and greatness of the country. The United States has been singularly rich in men for emergencies. Though lacking the heredity, experience, and training of the Old World, they have been illustrious examples of wonderful achievement. Washington had no predecessor and left no successor. Hamilton provided the principles for a strong government with no precedents to guide him, and from them grew the Constitution and Union, which John Marshall perfected by his matchless decisions, Webster made popular by his majestic eloquence, and Lincoln saved by rare native gifts and unequalled genius for guiding a nation through the perils of civil war and the destructive forces of evolution.

The triumphant issue of the war with Spain lifted our country in a hundred days from the isolation of the Western Hemisphere and the confines of a continent to the responsibilities of colonial empire and a foremost position in the family of nations. The President had never been abroad, never given any attention to foreign affairs or the government of alien peoples, and for forty years had concentrated his mind upon purely domestic questions. Action must be taken, and immediately, or we had to acknowledge that our institutions were wanting in elasticity for the situation, and in the essential elements of sovereignty which constitute government, and we as a people were unequal to the peaceful administration of the results of the victories of our army and navy.

With the calmness of conscious power, without effort which might excite the public and create financial distrust and industrial paralysis, the President so wisely formulated measures for the pacification of Cuba and preparations for its independence, and for the government of the Philippines, Hawaii, and Guam, that the most delicate and difficult task of creating constitutions and institutions under untried conditions seemed to an astonished and satisfied country to be the ordinary processes of peaceful administration.

William McKinley entered upon the presidency at a period of greater distress in every branch of industry and employment than had ever before been experienced. He died when prosperity had assumed proportions in productions, in domestic trade and foreign commerce, in the accumulation of national and individual wealth and in the happy condition of wage-earners, beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic optimist in the development of our country. He assumed the administration of the Government when it was not reckoned diplomatically or industrially by the cabinets of the Old World, and left it to his successor when, for the same cabinets, the leading discussion is how to avert what they are pleased to call "the American peril." Happily for him, before the dread summons came the realization of his life work, his aspirations, and his hopes was complete. The assassin struck him down at the moment when the splendors of the fruition of his labors were crystallized by his death into a halo of immortality.

DINNER TO SOUTHERN GOVERNORS

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO SOUTHERN GOVERNORS GIVEN BY THE
SOUTHERN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I was never more impressed with the fact that the inspiration and the home of oratory is in the South than by the speech just made by the Vice-president of the United States.¹ We have been trying here in the North for a quarter of a century to get him to make a speech without avail, and lo! the first time he is brought before an assemblage of Southern men, he at once follows in the footsteps of Calhoun, Clay, and Henry. The finest speech Mr. Morton ever made in my presence was last autumn, when he said to me: "Depew, if I were you, situated as you are, and with your responsibilities, I wouldn't think of accepting a presidential nomination." I took his advice and left the field open for the vice-presidential nomination to come to the State of New York. I never realized this until after the election, when it was too late. This episode has given me doubts as to whether the law is a good profession for a young man to follow. I rather think that to be really successful one should be a banker.

I can speak for New York in bidding you welcome, for I can trace my lineage back to her early settlers—even if I was not in the Centennial quadrille. New York loves the stranger—and to take him in. During this week she has forgotten her commercial supremacy in her efforts to show hospitality to her visitors.

The significance of this celebration is understood very little by any of us, and it will be better understood by those who read, or hear my recent oration read, at the celebration one hundred years hence. I was much impressed when I saw the men of all nations parading the streets yesterday with the Stars and Stripes waving above them, seeing nowhere the red flag of communism or the black flag of anarchy, and I felt that they had been baptized in the spirit of patriotism. New York is the home of all people, no matter whence they come, and I would like to have the South-

¹Levi P. Morton.—*Ed.*

ern people in particular consider the metropolis their abiding-place, for none are more welcome than they. I hope that the Southern people will aid us in correcting the abuses at elections—abuses that threaten the integrity and honor of our Government—and I believe they will. The danger that confronts us in this direction is most serious, but our people, whether of the North or South, are equal to overthrowing it, and I know they will do it. This is no time for pessimists. I would like to see the whole sky of the future—top, sides, horizon, and all—painted red.

I learned the Southern spirit well as treasurer of the fund for the establishment of a home for Confederate soldiers at Austin, Texas. I am sorry to say that the fund raised was not large, but the subscriptions were many, and in very small sums—widows' mites, as it were. Eight-tenths of these contributions came from men who had fought in the Federal Army through the War. I am glad they were in the majority of the subscribers. It shows that we can love a foe who had the courage to fight and die for his opinions. It showed that we can rise above humanity to heavenly traits.

BANQUET OF HOLLAND SOCIETY

SPEECH AT THE FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 8, 1886.

GOOD-EVENING, VAN.¹ [A roar of laughter drowned the reply, if any was made. Mr. Depew continued:] Don't all speak at once. I never knew a Van who wasn't always on hand when there was anything to eat and drink, but this collection beats any that I ever saw before. There is just one thing, by the way, which the Philharmonic Society will never regret; and that is that the Dutch songs attempted here to-night are not the only musical gems of which our city can boast. Gentlemen, one of the most curious psychological conundrums that a man was ever called upon to solve is: Why did Judge Van Wyck, when he asked if we came here to get a full drink, look straight at me? What are we here for? it has been asked. We have the St. Nicholas Society, a most estimable organization, that for an annual tax of ten dollars gives you four stated banquets, and two dinners at half-price. It has a large and respectable membership, which, in keeping with the thrifty precepts of our ancestors, regularly attends the four free banquets, and is unavoidably detained from being present at the two dinners at half-price. I am a lover of old things—old wine, for instance, and old women. Gentlemen, what heart here has not thrilled this evening at that beautiful painting by Mr. Turner, the "Old Dutch Woman Reading her Bible!" How many a gray head, here, knelt years ago at such a knee! The influence of Dutch women such as that has molded the fate of religious liberty in this whole world. And, gentlemen, I respect the Saint Nicholas Society, for it is a venerable and an ancient one. Why, then, should we form another? I will tell you. It is because you and I have felt our blood on fire when we were present at those dinners, and have heard it said: "This is not a Dutch society. The pipes are Dutch; the menu is in alleged Dutch; but this is merely a society of old New York, and includes men of all nationalities and of no nationality."

¹The names of 150 of the 200 gentlemen present began with "Van."—*Ed.*

That is why the Holland Society was founded. But still it is asked, what are we here for? We know what we're here for. We've got it. Those fellows over in Delmonico's to-night, at the Merchants' Dinner to Governor Hill, don't know what they are there for, and they never will know until the prizes and offices are distributed. Then they will realize, as many better men have realized before them, that on a January day of a certain temperature many are left, and but few are chosen. The famous question of the patriotic Mr. Flanigan of Texas, in the National Convention at Chicago, What are we here for if we don't get the offices? becomes reflectively both painful and significant when the gentlemen who are forgotten in the spoils remember that they paid for the dinner.

I went down to the reporters' table before the speechmaking commenced—there were twelve of them there at that time; there isn't one left now—and I said to them: "Boys, I suppose you have come to hear Senator Voorhees speak on the silver question, and Secretary Bayard discuss our diplomatic relations with Austria. I am sorry that they didn't come; but there will be at least one good speech to-night. You had better stay." But with one accord they answered and spake unto me, saying: "Chauncey, we've reported that speech seventeen times!" But to come back to the question, Why has not a distinctly Dutch society been formed before? Because in the Dutch character there are two principles: one, that it is wrong to do wrong, and everybody knows it; the other, that it is so natural to do right that it is expected of every one, and there is no use making a fuss about it.

I tell you, gentlemen, it is to Holland that this country owes her common schools and her love of liberty; to Holland, that heroic little State whose noble prince said, when offered the hand of King James's daughter, "I cannot sacrifice my honor and my country's honor for the sake of your alliance"; to that heroic little State that stood alone and unsupported among her enemies and listened to the voice of her prince when he said: "Though our country disappear beneath the sea, if our independence be preserved, all is not lost." And, thank God, the sea did roll over her fields! Her honor and her independence were preserved; and her prince married the daughter of King James, without the exaction of an obligation from him out of keeping with truth and right.

We hear much of the Puritan and of Plymouth Rock. The true Puritan was a bigot and a sectary, fighting to preserve his own religious liberty and to destroy that of every one else; believing conscientiously in the political freedom of himself, and and the political suppression of everybody else. A few of the Puritans left England and went to Holland. There were four hundred of them, divided into three hundred sects. They went up to the Hague, and there in the Great Congregation they learned that one man's religion was as good as another's. And God in His mercy kept them eleven years in a state of probation in Holland before he let them land on Plymouth Rock. And in their after-lives they did credit to their preceptors, and to the lessons they had learned while in that state of probation. It was the teachings of Holland that rendered the Revolution and the Constitution possible. Those Pilgrim Fathers that journeyed to New England by way of Holland never burned witches or whipped Quakers or disgraced themselves and their religion by other exhibitions of narrow intolerance. It was the Puritans who came after them, straight from England, without the softening influence of Holland, who smirched the pages of New England's history.

This, gentlemen, was the country too modest to write her own history; the country that had to wait the coming of a Motley before her story could be fitly told. Her children, the Dutch settlers of America and their descendants, have too long emulated the modesty of the mother-country. We have quietly occupied the back pews, while the Yankees and Scotchmen and Irishmen at their annual dinners have claimed everything that is worth claiming in our city and country. Why, gentlemen, there are people who actually believe that there was no demand ever made for civil and religious liberty until the Declaration of Independence; people who are ignorant of the fact that, two centuries before that document was signed, Holland had poured out her blood and treasure for those very principles: thundered them in the face of Europe from the cannon's mouth; flaunted them o'er sea and land upon the Beggars' Sack, and formally enunciated them in words which Jefferson only quoted. Many fondly believe that in America was first founded a Republic of Sovereign States; but the plan in its letter and spirit was copied from the Dutch. By the compact of Utrecht the seven provinces of the Netherlands

formed a free government in 1579, with the sentiment "Unity makes Might; and in 1787 the United States of America were builded upon the same model, and adopted for their motto "E Pluribus Unum." The principles of Dutch liberty were education and toleration. The Pilgrims found in Holland a school system supported by the State, and the doors of her universities open to students of all creeds and nationalities, at a time when all other seats of learning were closed to those who denied their dogmas in religion or did not commune with their church. Free thought, free speech, inquiry, discussion, and the open Bible were unknown except in this little corner of Europe, which its indomitable people had rescued from the sea, and waged perpetual battle with the ocean to keep. The Pilgrims brought the common school from Holland and planted it on Plymouth Rock, and it has been for American liberty and expansion. But the Knickerbockers' and conquest, and the corner-stone of New England's eloquence, and the source of her boast that she alone has furnished the brains for American liberty and expansion. But the Knickerbockers' schoolmaster and domine were already established institutions on Manhattan Island, and their beneficent, civilizing, and humanitarian influences following the Indian trails, the highways of commerce, the Dutchman's own Erie Canal, and the Great Lakes, carried the elements and fructifying forces of freedom into new Territories and laid the foundations of sovereign States.

The Jew, the Huguenot, the Puritan, even the persecuted Catholic, was welcomed in Holland with hospitality and employment, and, unharmed and unmolested, could there worship God in his own way, and was only restrained from interfering with his neighbor's worshipping God in *his* way. But in that critical period in the history of the race, when every hope of humanity was lost everywhere in the world, except Holland; when she alone, relying in steadfast faith upon the God above and the waves about her, was sheltering the rights of man against the combined forces of despotism and bigotry, she was not content simply to save liberty; but by the invention of types and the creation of a printing-press she organized the new crusade against darkness and superstition in Church and State, which has ever since been triumphantly marching down the ages, emancipating the mind from the thralldom of ignorance and bigotry, and transferring power from the throne to the people.

BANQUET OF OHIO SOCIETY

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE OHIO SOCIETY IN NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 17, 1903.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OHIO SOCIETY: Many years ago I was put out of touch with the favor of Ohio by a statement made at a rash moment that "some men are born great and some in Ohio." Yet the qualities of the Buckeye citizen continue to be the wonder and the admiration of their countrymen. This evening will be memorable because it is the first time that the Ambassadors of all the great powers of Europe and the Ambassador of Mexico have left the Capital in a body to go anywhere to celebrate anything. They are here, of course, in compliment to Secretary of State John Hay, the guest of the Ohio Society for the evening. They could not have come unless they had informed their several governments of this event and received permission from their sovereigns and chiefs of State. They have informed their governments of Great Britain, of Germany, of Russia, of Italy, of France, of Austria, and of Mexico that, while their credentials accredit them to Washington, the real seat of power in the United States is Ohio. It is hard enough for a New Yorker or the citizen of any other of our commonwealths to have this supreme position of the Buckeye State recognized in the family of nations, but it becomes an additional burden when the Ohio Society selects New York to hold its celebration and to emphasize this fact. The duties as a guest imposed upon me by the requirements of hospitality prevent my expressing the sentiments which the occasion seems to require.

If we were not so busy with general prosperity, there would be some philosophers with leisure who could discover the microbe of the political ascendancy of Ohio. Education and environment fix thoughts, tendencies, and careers. The school of the great mass of the people is not the schoolhouse or the academy, but the country store, or, upon a higher or more favorable plane, the noon-day gathering between morning and evening service of the members of the country church. To these can be added places of

all sorts in villages and smaller cities where people congregate and discuss matters. If one will travel over the country, he will discover that the subjects that interest people in these casual debating clubs are different in every State. In New York the subject almost invariably would be stocks. It would be how securities are to be affected and the markets are to rise or fall by reason of events or legislation. In the mountain States west of Chicago mining and mines, actual and prospective, would command attention. What they are discussing are the mines which have proved good and that are promising, and which therefore they intend to keep, and those that are bad, which they hope to sell in New York before they are discovered. As we descend the Sierras to the Pacific Coast it would be the development of the country and what might happen if coal and oil and water were plentiful. In New Jersey they talk of the State and localities relieved of taxation by the commonwealth having become the hospitable home of corporations and of trusts. But in Ohio, whether in city or country, whether at the school recess or the interval between morning and evening service on Sunday, whether on the highway, in the tavern, or the store, the first and the foremost subject is always politics. Thus Ohio trains and breeds men for public life. They begin their success by having superior culture and then greater experience, and now they have added heredity. Darwin's theory that you could mate fantail pigeons with fantail pigeons until the pigeons would be nothing but fantails, applies equally well to the discussion and pursuit through several generations of theoretical and especially of practical politics. Soon after the campaign in the State of New York, when the city surprised us by such a tremendous Democratic vote and the country responded with equal emphasis for the Republican side and saved the Republican ticket, I was stopped on Broadway by a gentleman, who said, "Excuse me, Senator, but I feared, notwithstanding your success, you would feel greatly disappointed at the phenomenal majorities against your party in New York city." I said: "No. As long as we carried the State I am very happy." Then he said, "You are really not suffering because of the unexpected result at this end of the State?" I said, "Assuredly not." Then he said, "Would you mind loaning me half a dollar?" That man was a New Yorker. His discussion of great principles ended in a financial transaction.

After a quarter of a century of business one of the foremost men in the West came back to his old home in Maine. He wandered in the evening, as he was wont to do as a boy, to the village store. There, gathered around the stove, were apparently the same people whom he recollected as constituting this congress in his youth. When he had made himself known, one of them said, "Is it true what has been reported in this neighborhood that you are getting as much as \$10,000 a year salary?" My friend, who was getting much more, said, "Yes." "Well," said the spokesman, "that only shows what cheek and circumstances will do for a man." Here was your Yankee audience, whose subject is always the one who has made up his mind that New England was a good place to be born in, but out West was the better place to get a fortune.

When we consider that all other countries have schools preparing certain classes of citizens for public life and that in America our public men are all drawn from private occupations, we are impressed with the effect of our institutions upon our people. In Great Britain, for instance, from which country we have inherited most of our laws and customs, there is a hereditary branch of the National Legislature. A class set apart is educated generation after generation for government. The younger sons, on the principle of heredity and by choice, unless compelled to migrate to earn a living, also enter politics, making it a profession, and are found in the House of Commons and in all the departments. But here we see citizens go from the farm or factory, the workshop, or the professions, to the Legislature or the National Congress. Without previous training they accept diplomatic appointments and come in contact with the ablest and most experienced cabinets of the world. Now, compare the statesmen of other countries, who are the products of heredity, experience, preparation, and special assignment for public life during the first hundred years of our Republic with our own statesmen for the same period, and the contrast is one to make an American proud of institutions and opportunities which have brought to that high office the twenty-three Presidents of the United States, which have given to us Webster and Clay and Calhoun and Seward and Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley. It is no undue flattery, it is no exaggerated statement to place in this list of eminent statesmen John Hay, editor, author, and traveler. From journalism to

literature, from literature to the State Department, from the State Department to foreign chancelleries and from foreign chancelleries to the ambassadorship of Great Britain, he finds at last his proper place and appropriate sphere as Secretary of State of the United States. In all the history of our ministers in charge of foreign affairs none has achieved more conspicuous triumphs for our country and shed greater lustre on its diplomacy than Secretary Hay. Among those eminent men who have been his predecessors he will take high rank in history for what he has done for arbitration.

The most hopeful moral force in the world to-day is arbitration. With nations the alternatives are diplomatic agreements, war, or arbitration. The failure of the first has heretofore led to the second with all those horrors which forced from Sherman the epigrammatic characterization, "War is hell."

The barbaric test of physical combat between individuals was based on the belief that God would make the right win, but He evidenced His disapproval of this un-Christian conduct by holding aloof. The fact that the strong and the skilled always defeated the weak led by slow and painful evolution to law and justice. As law is respected force disappears in the righting of wrongs and adjustment of disputes.

Organized capital and organized labor are the present factors of development and civilization. When they are in harmony, peace and prosperity prevail. When they fall out, the social fabric is in danger of disintegrating, and if the dispute be sufficiently widespread and obstinate industrial operations will be suspended and society reduced to anarchy. They fight out their differences by strikes and lockouts, which is a return by these comparatively new and powerful forces to the medieval method of combat. The process of a trial of endurance, with the outbreaks of violence which necessarily are incident to situations where fierce passions and great distress go together, is barbaric and fraught with danger to the State, the Church, and the family.

The lesson of all past experience and the progress of civilization from its lowest to its present splendid development favors the substitution of arbitration for that crude and unscientific method. The Civic Federation is a movement in the right direction. But every moral and educational force in the country should be directed to a universal acceptance of arbitration. When

that humane and enlightened principle is generally adopted, the genius of the American people for solving problems affecting the public welfare will speedily perfect a scheme which will permanently establish that harmony between labor and capital without which no community can thrive or peacefully exist.

I must make a claim for New York on behalf of the origination of an international court to which all disputes between nations should be submitted and war avoided. At the time when the Venezuela question brought prominently to the front the Monroe Doctrine, during President Cleveland's administration, I had the honor to be the orator before the New York State Bar Association and to advocate arbitration for the settlement of international disputes. Our State Bar Association adopted a memorial to Congress urging the United States to take the initiative of establishing an international court of arbitration. The proposition started the discussion which resulted in the Hague Tribunal. When it seemed to have lost its authority, when this most beneficent promise of the twentieth century for the peace of the world was apparently passing into oblivion and "innocuous desuetude," the diplomacy of the United States induced the two greatest powers of the world, in their dispute with Venezuela, to agree to submit their differences to this court. Almost in an hour, certainly in a day, the Hague Tribunal was placed upon its feet. It assumed dignity, majesty, and power. It took its place among those great courts whose mission, once begun, never ends. Public opinion of the world, mightier than the verdicts of kings and princes and cabinets, will hereafter keep open the highway for all litigants, not to the field of battle, but to the Hague Tribunal. No diplomatic work was ever more skilfully, more happily or more successfully suggested or carried to completion than this by Secretary Hay. The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the removal of the obstacles that caused antagonism between Great Britain and the United States, the disappearance of friction in the Western Hemisphere, and treaties that make possible the building of the inter-oceanic canal will be among the legends which will be inscribed upon his shield.

Ohio and New York! The latest contribution of Ohio to the Republic was President William McKinley. The marvelous prosperity during his administration, the placing of the currency and credit of the country upon a sound and impregnable basis,



the prosecution of war with a vigor and humanity unequaled in history, the formulating of policies and principles to meet new conditions in colonial possessions and the Republic of Cuba, will remain its monuments.

The President of the United States is a New Yorker of New Yorkers. He has quickly won the confidence and affection of his countrymen. To the great powers of Europe encircling little Venezuela he has indicated the boundaries beyond which they may not go and in this assertion has given new vitality to the Monroe Doctrine. In refusing the complimentary and tempting offer made by Great Britain and Germany to be sole arbitrator and pointing the way to the Hague Tribunal he has done a great service for the peace of the world. In a domestic crisis of unprecedented acuteness and peril his quick apprehension of the situation and wise and tactful suggestions to the contending parties averted conditions, made most manifest by the situation to-day all over our country, which might have caused disturbances in our great centers of population little short of revolution. New York is proud of her President, Theodore Roosevelt!

BANQUET TO AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET IN HONOR OF THE AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE,¹ IN NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

MY FRIENDS: Mr. Hyde and myself are most happy to greet you here this evening. We are delighted that for a cordial good-bye and God-speed to the French Ambassador there should be present such a representative company of Americans.

The relations between France and the United States have been most picturesque for a hundred and fifty years. The romance chapters of the early settlement of our country are the voyages of Champlain, LaSalle, Marquette, and other Frenchmen whose adventures, skill, and genius discovered and mapped out lakes and rivers since developed into the magnificent system of waterways that has made possible the vast internal commerce of our country. In the battles for empire and territory in the seventeenth century, the English colonies stood loyally by the mother country and were her most efficient aid in wresting from France the domain of Canada. For this France bore no grudge against Washington and his compatriots; on the contrary, the French soldiers learned and respected the quality and character of the American troops. At the crisis of the Revolutionary War, when prospects of success were darkest, France recognized the independence of our country and formed an alliance for its maintenance. Second in our affections, next to Washington, is the memory of that brilliant young Frenchman who cast his lot at the beginning and continued with us until the triumph—Lafayette. Next is that great soldier, Marshal de Rochambeau, whose splendid army and cordial co-operation with General Washington brought about the surrender at Yorktown and the independence of the United States. Since then the relations between the two countries have been those of courtesy and friendship, rather than closeness and commerce. We are to celebrate next year the acquisition of the Louisiana territory from France, which has been of such incalculable benefit to our country. It gave us the mouth of the Mississippi and a vast domain out of which have been carved fifteen of our most

¹M. Jean Jules Jusserand.—*Ed.*

prosperous and powerful commonwealths. The terms of the purchase made the conveyance practically a gift from France, and France has loyally supported our title ever since. This commemorative exposition is to be the most important and significant of the long line of industrial fairs which originated in the desire to celebrate the discovery and development of the nation. It is desirable that among the first in welcome as well as in display at this new exhibition at St. Louis shall be the generous nation from whose transfer has come to us so large a contribution to the power, wealth and happiness of our country.

The current of diplomacy flowed smoothly on with occasional commercial concessions until the breaking out of the Spanish War. It was a matter of vital moment to the cost and continuance of that struggle that Europe should remain neutral. Hundreds of years of neighborhood, of intimate and racial relations, of common interchanges and extended commerce, a long and extensive border and financial obligations had created the closest ties between Spain and France. It is well known that in the war the people of France, like the people of the Continent generally, sympathized strongly with Spain. Happily France had at Washington a statesman and a diplomat whose intimate knowledge of our country and of our situation enabled him to keep his government so perfectly informed that official France remained absolutely neutral in the contest.

No task is more difficult than for a representative of a foreign power, whose people speak another language and whose traditions differ from the country to which he is accredited, to be other than simply the ambassador of his government to the capital where he goes. It is thus that the capable ministers of France, who have been sent to us for a hundred years, have had their relations mainly, if not solely, with the State Department and with the President. But the distinguished statesman and diplomat who is our guest to-night learned our language, absorbed the genius of our institutions and was touched by the spirit of our people. His activities were extended most acceptably in significant speeches at our great educational institutions, in the promotion of that study of languages which would bring the people of his country and ours closer together by each having a more familiar understanding of the other. He has appeared before our great commercial bodies and given the information for closer and more

intimate commercial relations between our two countries to the great benefit of both. He has been a welcome contributor to our journals and always in a way most instructive and beneficial. If the task of learning our language was difficult, he has performed a much more difficult thing for a foreigner among our people—he has won our hearts. Gentlemen, I propose the health of the Ambassador of France.

BANQUET TO AMBASSADOR OF GERMANY

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR,¹ BY
MR. EDWARD UHL AND MR. HERMAN RIDDER, IN NEW YORK,
APRIL 22, 1903.

MR. UHL AND MR. RIDDER: That great organ of German-American opinion—the *Staats-Zeitung*—through Mr. Uhl and Mr. Ridder has done more than any other influence to promote amicable relations and a good understanding between the people of Germany and of the United States. It was the famous dinner given to Prince Henry which brought together, as could have been done in no other way, the representatives of every department of American life to meet the brother of the Emperor, and to-night another step is taken in the same direction. These events emphasize the power of the press in our internal and international affairs.

George Washington was the father of his country and Frederick the Great the founder of the German Empire. As history goes, it was but yesterday they lived their great lives and performed their wonderful work. The press had little or no influence in this country during Washington's time, and none whatever in Germany. Popular opinion, which to-day is educated, aroused, and moved by the newspapers, found little expression either in its initiative or in its activities in the United States a hundred years ago, and there was practically no such thing as public opinion in what is now the German Empire. Fifty years afterward, matters had not changed much on the Continent, and John Randolph, a very eccentric man from Virginia, in a speech in the House of Representatives, thanked God that there was not a newspaper published in his district. To-day, however, the situation is reversed. Presidents and congresses, emperors and cabinets and parliaments are swayed by the press. International relations are harmonized or antagonized by this change. The editorials of the leading journals of any of the great powers which animadvert upon one of the family are reproduced the next

¹Baron Speck von Sternberg. He died at Heidelberg, Germany, August 23, 1908.—Ed.

morning in the foreign countries and the effects are felt in all governing circles. The ruler of a mighty country took me to task once very seriously and indignantly because of remarks on his life and conduct which had appeared in some American newspaper. That demonstrated to me that quite as important an adjunct as the dispatches to the Foreign Minister, in every ruler's household in the world, is the national and international newspaper clipping bureau. One can find in this morning's journals, in the extracts from the German newspapers of yesterday, how from a misunderstanding of one of those international courtesies, which mean so little to us and so much abroad, a fierce flame of antagonism against the United States is spreading among the German people. At the same time the utterances of our own press, during the recent Venezuelan difficulties, charging Germany with an aggressive attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine, stirred our people to a fierce demand for a more powerful navy. It is well known that these irritations do not exist in the official intercourse or understanding between the two countries. The German and American people can only be brought into harmonious relations, which should exist between them, by the press of the two countries. Sentiment counts for as much in the feelings toward each other of the peoples of different nationalities as in love. It is more important than facts. Lafayette's joining General Washington was so picturesque and romantic that it captured our imagination. A youth of twenty, his military knowledge could not have contributed much to the cause. His presence, however, on account of his position at home and close relation with the French king and court, was immensely helpful.

Baron Steuben was the disciplinarian of our Army. In the long and dreadful winter at Valley Forge he taught tactics to the ragged Continentals. The result of his teachings to both officers and men were seen on every battlefield of the Revolution. Lafayette stands next to Washington in the esteem of this, as he will of all succeeding generations, while Steuben is only known to the student of our history.

It is supposed that the Russian fleet which appeared in New York harbor during the Civil War, was sent by the Czar to furnish practical assistance in case Great Britain or France should intervene in behalf of the Confederacy. That belief finds practical expression in the most cordial and friendly feelings of the

American people toward Russia, notwithstanding there is so little in common between the two countries. There is every reason for close and amicable relations between Americans and Germans and none for antagonism. There are 4,000,000 Germans in our country who were born in the Fatherland. They are everywhere among our best citizens, contributing by their intelligence, industry, and good citizenship to the wealth and power of the United States. With the exception possibly of the Irish, there is no such representation of other countries within our border. Their loyalty to the Fatherland never interferes with their devotion to the American flag. Germans who come among us are adopted into our citizenship with the same rights as the native-born. They accumulate wealth and hold public office. There is no place under the Constitution eligible to one foreign born which they do not fill. On the other hand the German universities and professional schools make out of American students thousands of college professors, men of letters, artists, musicians and diplomats.

The interchanges of commerce are mutually beneficial. There is no border line across which there may be conflicts. Then where are we likely to fight or disagree? There is a German sphere of influence in Africa, but we are not interested in that continent. In Asia we are rivals for markets, but friends in insistence upon the open door. The rapid increase of the German navy means no menace to us, because we are not interested in what it is destined to protect, and Germany has no fear of our Navy that it may be aggressive in any sphere of German power. We ought not to fear nor to dislike but rather to welcome German immigration into South American countries. The chronic unrest and revolution, with their perils to life and property, prevent the fairest continent of the world from being so peopled and developed that it would be of infinitely more value to us than under present conditions. If there were a sufficient leaven of Germans in those countries, carrying with them German thrift, industry, respect for law and order and culture, to dominate the situation, there would be an agricultural and mineral development of immense value in commercial interchanges to the United States. Such settlements would promote civilization and peace. If we had upon our northern border a turbulent mixed race, we would be in constant hot water, because we could never keep the peace nor would we want to absorb the population. A virile, thrifty,

vigorous representation of our own stock in Canada is of infinite value to peace, to civilization and to trade on the long border line between our two countries.

Germany and the United States have become world powers almost at once—the United States as the result of the War with Spain and the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, and Germany by its recent rapid and marvelous command of the seas. There is a striking similarity between our President and the German Emperor. Both have youth, ambition, and genius. Both are devoted to the best interests of their respective countries. If they have eccentricities and activities outside of the routine of government, it is because they make more steam than can be worked off except by excursions into many fields. That the Emperor can find time to write plays, criticise music, and settle theological controversies, is a good thing for Germany on the theory, in which I believe, that variety rests and invigorates. Mr. Roosevelt, while one of the most active, energetic, and industrious of Presidents, is a better President because he recuperates as a mighty hunter, as a teacher upon the commencement platform, and to employers and to employees, and to mothers on the vital question of race suicide. President Roosevelt is the successor of three remarkable chief magistrates who made a lasting impression upon their country—Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley. It is the best evidence of his genius and wisdom that he keeps up the high standard established by these most able predecessors. Prince Bismarck said to a friend of mine that the German cradle was so prolific that industrial difficulties could be prevented only by colonization. The present Emperor has provided for the German cradle in a higher and more beneficent way. He found Germany with but few ports and outlets, with a weak navy, and with an insignificant merchant marine. The German people have responded to his initiative. They have given him a navy worthy of a maritime power, and the ships of commerce carrying the German flag are on every sea and in every port and present the highest evidence of ship-building skill. He induced his people to do this upon the principle, which has been demonstrated successfully in the experience of Germany, that commerce and markets stimulate the productive energies and bring out the resources of a country, so that increasing populations may be cared for com-

fortably at home, where they add to the strength and power of the land of their birth.

When I was passing through the South the other day, I saw in a local newspaper this statement: "The Rev. Mr. Fairweather, the great evangelist, having produced a religious revival in this town, whose spiritual uplifting will be long felt among us, left here yesterday in his famous gospel-wagon. On the canvas covering its sides was painted in large letters the motto 'God is love.' Tied on behind was a first-class bull dog, who showed all his natural teeth, in excellent fighting condition." So while all the rulers of the world are preaching peace and goodwill among nations, and praising the Hague Tribunal, they are feverishly pushing to perfection and greater power their naval and military armaments. Let us hope that as a better understanding between peoples progresses, and with more intimate knowledge of each other come more cordial and friendly feelings, the international wagon of the Gospel of peace will neither need nor carry a bull dog.

Let us hope that the German and American press will more and more labor to promote peace between our countries and peoples, and let us hope that the pin-pricks alluded to by the German Ambassador, and which keep up the irritation, may be relegated to the chamber of antiquities with the other instruments of medieval torture. Let us hope that the gospel of international peace may so perfect the world that the bull dog will not be necessary to prove that love is peace.

BANQUET TO AMBASSADOR OF JAPAN

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE JAPANESE SOCIETY TO
THE AMBASSADOR OF JAPAN,¹ NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1908.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: I was more than ordinarily gratified by the receipt of your invitation, and by the opportunity and privilege to come on to-day from Washington and join you in this greeting and welcome to the Japanese Ambassador. He is the recipient of that rarest of compliments and appreciation from his own countrymen of his superior merits as a diplomat, and that cordial regard of the country at whose capital he had already been as Minister for several years, which led the one to promote him to the most important place in its service and the other to welcome him as in the highest sense *persona grata*. During his residence as Minister no member of the diplomatic corps was more welcome at the Executive Mansion and the State Department than our guest. Social Washington was always glad to receive him as one of the most agreeable and tactful of the diplomatic corps. Japan could offer no better evidence of her sentiments of peace and good-will than she has in sending to us, now that the post has been raised from a mission to an ambassadorship, the gentleman who served her so well and made his country and himself so popular with our officialdom as he did in the minor place.

I have taken the deepest interest in Japan for more than forty years. No one has watched with more interest and sympathy her marvelous growth and development. Those of us who have lived in a country village can understand how the post-office is the center of its life, especially nearly half a century ago when communication was not so easy and rapid as to-day. Both news and opinions flashed from the post-office through the whole community. I was still residing at my birthplace, the old village of Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, then having a population of about two thousand; going into the post-office one day, forty-two years ago,

¹Kogoro Takahira who, when Minister to the United States in 1900-1906, signed, with Baron Komura, the Russo-Japanese Peace Treaty at Portsmouth, N.H., in 1905. He became full Ambassador in 1907 and was superseded by Baron Uchida in 1909.—*Ed.*

I saw from the unusual gathering and commotion that something had happened. The postmaster was submitting to the inspection of the crowd the only official document of commanding size and bearing the superscription of the Secretary of State that had ever passed through his mail or ever been received in the town. It was addressed to me, and when I broke the envelope I am not sure whether or not I read it first, for the taller members of the group had the advantage over my shoulder and around my arms. It was a letter from Secretary Seward saying that I had been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Minister to Japan, and requesting me to report at the earliest possible date at Washington, to receive my instructions and proceed at once to my post. I held the commission for two months, and did not go on account of the precarious health of my mother.

The wonders of the "Arabian Nights" or the flight of the imagination of Jules Verne in his "Around the World in Eighty Days," which a quarter of a century ago captivated the reading public who wondered that even a novelist dare stretch his imagination so far, have been surpassed by the solid realities in the improvement of communication and transportation around the world, and in the growth of Japan since the receipt of that missive by me in the Peekskill post-office forty-two years ago. Then it took six months to reach the island empire from the United States. Now it takes less than two weeks. Then it required nearly a year for a letter to go from New York to Tokyo and its answer to return, while within a few months I sent a cable to our Ambassador at the Japanese capital and had his reply at breakfast the next morning.

But most interesting is Japan. When I was appointed Minister to that country only a few ports were open to foreigners. The government was a feudalism as marked as in Europe in the reign of Louis XI. The army was made up of the retainers of the great feudal chiefs, and they were clad in armor and their weapons were spears and bows and arrows. The navy consisted of junks on the Chinese pattern. In forty-two years Japan has progressed by leaps and bounds and accomplished in every department of civilization, industrialism, and materialism as much as Europe in six centuries. From feudalism she has developed a representative government with a constitution and two houses of parliament. The country is gridironed with railroads and the

cities equipped with every modern appliance of electrical invention in transportation and lighting. From the hand-working of less than half a century ago she has become one of the most highly developed of industrial nations in the mechanical arts, and a dangerous competitor to every highly organized industrial country. She has based her military establishment upon German models and her navy upon English, and in the late war against a nation supposed to be invincible and with three times her population and resources, her triumphs were signal on both land and sea. She has adopted our educational system, with the common school, the high school, and the university. In diplomacy, both through her foreign office and her representatives at the capitals of the world, she is proving herself equal to all that has been learned in the schools of Metternich and Talleyrand, or the franker ways practiced by the United States.

History, whether it be the record of graver or lighter matters, is too little relieved with humor. The grave historian is afraid to use it. I am sure you will pardon me if I give you a brief description which may present an agreeable sidelight upon the procedure of appointments nearly half a century ago. I was not an applicant for this office of Minister to Japan, or for any office, and the appointment was a complete surprise. I knew nothing whatever about Japan, except what we had all read of Commodore Perry's expedition. When I came to Washington to present my resignation of the appointment as Minister, Secretary Seward asked me to see Mr. Burlingame. Mr. Burlingame had been our first Minister to China. He was a most fascinating and brilliant man and had impressed upon the Chinese Government the necessity of their establishing relations with the western nations of Europe and with the United States. The Chinese Emperor created a large embassy to visit all the great capitals and confer with the rulers of those countries. At the head of that embassy he appointed Mr. Burlingame. Evidently Mr. Burlingame had been posted about me, for when I sent my card to him at the Willard Hotel, the answer was, "come up immediately." The great man was shaving himself American fashion, and his wardrobe was limited. With his face profusely lathered and flourishing the brush oratorically, he turned to me suddenly and said, "I am amazed, sir, amazed that you should hesitate about going as United States Minister to Japan. It is an opportunity never

before offered to so young a man for a great and wonderful career." Then he would pause a moment while the razor took a scrape, and again applying the brush would resume, "Why, sir, all the nations of the world are seeking in this newly opened country to secure its commerce from each other, while you, with the favorable impression made by Commodore Perry, can win it for your own country across the peaceful bosom of the Pacific to the golden coast of California." "Do you think, sir," he cried, glowing with enthusiasm, waving now the brush in one hand and the razor in the other, "that you are going among a savage or a barbarous people?" "Why, sir, they had a literature which was classic when our forefathers were painted savages. Do you think, sir, you will have no society? Why, Great Britain, France, Russia, and other countries send their ablest men. One night you will dine with the British Ambassador, another night with the French Ambassador, and another night with the German Ambassador. You will discuss around the table and afterward the greatest questions of diplomacy, of international relations and international law, and it will be a university of the highest order, in which you will advance beyond anything that you could hope for in any other position in the world. And, sir, the Japanese Government would welcome you with a palace, with appointments such as you never dreamed of in your village or city life, and a garden that Shenstone would have envied. The attendants in that home will be perfect, and the girls the most beautiful in the world." I left the Ambassador to complete his shave, and was immediately surrounded by the horde of office-seekers who then made their headquarters at the Willard Hotel. On stating my interview, there was a grand rush to the State Department by every one of them to secure the appointment for himself.

Well, Mr. Ambassador, we all appreciate the delicate and difficult problems that confront you. We know also that with the reciprocal good-will which is so honest and earnest between Washington and Tokyo, between Roosevelt, Root, and yourself, all difficulties will be amicably and satisfactorily settled. The irritations which have arisen because of clashes upon the Pacific coast are not racial but industrial. Every nation has its own industrial methods and problems. With us in our democracy we have an absolute equality politically and before the law, and try to maintain as closely as possible an equality in comfort and living.

Any competition which lowers the wages and limits the opportunities of our workers cannot be permitted. If Japan were similarly situated, her people would feel the same way and her policy would be like ours. We welcome Japanese students to our military and naval academies. We are glad to have them in our colleges and universities. We cordially greet Japanese merchants wherever they may settle with their wares, and in denying to laborers immigration and entrance into our industrial field we are acting upon a policy of self-preservation which no one understands better than our distinguished guest, and no one else can so well explain to his own countrymen our position of absolute amity and good-will. We are the nearest neighbors upon the Pacific, and while we may be rivals for markets in the Orient, it must be upon the basis, "Let the best man win." Our great Secretary of State, John Hay, announced a principle and policy which are as firmly established with us as the Monroe Doctrine. It is the territorial integrity of China, the maintenance of her sovereignty in her own affairs, and the open door to her markets for all the world. I am sure from the recent utterances of our distinguished guest that Japan will be in accord with us in the maintenance of these positions.

We recognize fully the work and responsibilities of Japan in Korea. Her situation was much the same as ours in relation to Cuba, only more acute. It was absolutely necessary for this island empire with her progressive spirit that the near-by mainland should not be given over to barbarism of government which destroys civilization and makes a country an international nuisance and peril. It is a new practice of international law that whenever such conditions come legitimately within the province of highly organized and civilized countries, they have a duty to the world which they cannot avoid. Under the wise administration of one of the ablest and most enlightened of modern statesmen, the Marquis Ito,¹ Korea is no longer the hermit empire without government, but becomes a part of the orderly communities of the world. I believe that in this work of regeneration Japan will accomplish what we are trying to do in Cuba and the Philippines, and that a liberal policy toward international commerce will lead to universal industrial peace as well as to the development, progress, and happiness of the people of Korea.

¹Assassinated at Harbin, Manchuria, by a Korean, October 26, 1909.—Ed.

When the Isthmian Canal is completed, as it will be in six years, Japan will be incalculably the gainer. The United States and Japan will then be more than ever closely knit upon the Pacific and interested in the commerce from its shores. I hail it as the happiest omen for the peace of the world, for continuing relations of friendship between the United States and Japan, that she will have at Washington the distinguished scholar, statesman; and diplomat whom we have the pleasure of welcoming here to-night.

BANQUET TO LORD HERSCHELL

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET TO LORD HERSCHELL,¹ BY THE LOTOS CLUB OF NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

GENTLEMEN: When an American has enjoyed the cordial hospitality of an English home he is ever after craving an opportunity to reciprocate in his own country. He discovers that the traditional icy reserve and insular indifference with which the Englishman is popularly credited are only the shield and armor which protect the inhabitants of the center and capital of the activities of the Old World from the frauds and fools of the whole world. When once thawed out, our kin across the sea can be as demonstrative and, in their own way, as jocose as the untamed natives of these Western wilds. An eminent medical authority, in a learned essay on heredity and longevity, has advanced the theory: "That the emigrant from the British Isles to our shores, under the influence of our dry and exciting atmosphere, becomes in a few generation abnormally nervous, thin, and dyspeptic. Between forty and fifty he can arrest the speed with which he is hurrying to an untimely grave, if he will move over to England. The climate there will work upon his ancestral tendencies, and he will revert backward to the original type. Instead of his restless spirit reading the epitaph upon his tombstone in the United States, he will be enjoying life in the old country in the seventies and in the eighties, be taking his daily gospel from the *Times*, and, on gouty days, lamenting modern degeneracy. The converse must be equally true, and the Englishman who has passed his climacteric and is afflicted with inertia and adipose will find in the sunshine and champagne air of America the return of the energy and athletic possibilities of his youth. Thus the two countries, in the exchange, will exhibit a type which once safely past the allotted line of life, in their new environment, will keep going on forever. None of us want to

¹Baron Farrer Herschell (1837-1899), Lord High Chancellor in 1886 and in 1892-95, was sent in 1898 to represent Great Britain on the Joint High Commission to settle the disputes between the United States and Canada. He died in Washington while on this duty.—Ed.

quit this earthly scene so long as we can retain health and mind. The attractions of the heavenly city are beyond description, but residence there runs through such countless ages that a decade more or less, before climbing the golden stairs, is a loss of rich experience this side and not noticed on the other.

It is a singular fact that the United States have known Great Britain intimately for nearly three hundred years, and England has known little about the United States until within the past ten years. Eight years ago Mr. Gladstone asked me about the newspapers in this country. I told him that the press in all our large cities had from a half to a whole column of European cables daily, and three columns on Sunday, and two-thirds of it was about English affairs. He expressed surprise and pleasure and great regret that the English press was not equally full of American news. From ten to fifty lines on our markets was all the information British readers had about our interests, unless a lynching, a railroad smash-up, or a big corporation suddenly gone bankrupt commanded all the space required and gave a lively picture of our settled habits. English statesmen of all parties have been as well known and understood by our people for a quarter of a century as those of our own country, while beyond Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield, the British public never heard of our party leaders and public men. Such is the power and educational value of the press.

With the advent of Smalley, Norman, and others, sending full dispatches from the United States to the English newspapers, our press relations have become reciprocal. The American in England is as much in touch each morning with the happenings at home as the Englishman is in America with the affairs of Europe. This daily interchange of information as to the conditions, the situation, the opinions and the mutual interests of the two countries has been of incalculable benefit in bringing about a better acquaintance and more cordial sentiments between these two great English-speaking nations. The better we know each other the riper grows our friendship. The publication of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" was the dawn of a clearer understanding and closer relations. In my school days the boys of the village still played "Fee, faw, fow, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman, dead or alive I will have some."

An East Tennessee Union farmer, coming into Knoxville in

the early days of the Civil War, heard that Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners, who were passengers for Europe on an English merchant vessel, had been taken off by force by an American cruiser and brought back prisoners to this country, and that Great Britain had demanded their release. "What?" he said, in great astonishment, "Is that blasted old English machine going yet?" Now, and especially since the practical friendship shown to us by England during our war with Spain, the villagers cheer the *entente cordiale* between the two countries, and the Tennessee mountaineers and the Rugby colonists join in celebrating the Queen's birthday and the Fourth of July.

We have been for a hundred years evolving toward the mutual understanding of each other and the intelligent friendship which existed between the greatest of Americans, George Washington, and a great Englishman, Lord Shelburne. Shelburne, beyond all of his countrymen, appreciated the American conditions and position in the Revolutionary War, and was the first of foreigners to form that estimate of Washington, as the foremost man of the world, now universally accepted. It was for him that Washington sat for a full-length portrait, which now holds the place of honor in the house of another great and brilliant English statesman and warm friend of the United States, Lord Rosebery. On Washington's initiative, and Shelburne's co-operation, the two countries made the famous Jay Treaty of 1796.

The Government of the United States is, and always has been, a lawyers' government. All but three of our Presidents were lawyers, and four-fifths of our Cabinet Ministers, and a large majority of both houses of Congress, have always been members of the Bar. The Ambassador who framed and negotiated this treaty was that eminent jurist, John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In this treaty, for the first time, I think, among nations, appeared the principle of the settlement by arbitration of disputes between nations. Such was the temper of the period however, one hundred years ago, and such the jealous and hostile feelings between America and England, that it required a long time, with all the influence of Washington, to have the treaty ratified by the Senate. Jay was burned in effigy by indignant mobs all over our country, and Lord Granville, the British Foreign Minister, was denounced by the opposition in England as having been duped by Chief Justice Jay,

and the charge was one of the causes which led to the overthrow of the ministry of which he was a member. While that treaty has received little public notice, yet under it many cases which might have led to serious irritation have been settled, and notably, and most significant of all, the Geneva arbitration of the Alabama claims under the presidency of, and with the cordial support of the greatest soldier of our Republic, General Grant. The Bench and the Bar of the United States have always approved and supported the principle of the Jay Treaty.

The common law and the interchangeable decisions of the courts of the United States and Great Britain have been a continuing and freshening bond of union between the lawyers of the two countries. It was my privilege, in the midst of the Venezuelan excitement, to deliver the annual address before the State Bar Association of the State of New York. The subject I chose was "International Arbitration," and as a result of the discussion this powerful body, with the calmness and judicial candor characteristic of the profession, unanimously adopted a memorial in favor of settling all disputes between Great Britain and the United States by arbitration and in favor of the establishment of an international court of dignity and power. This action received substantially the unanimous approval of the Bench and Bar of the United States, and was met with equal warmth by our kin across the sea.

One of the best signs of our times, tending more to peace, humanity, and civilization than even the famous proclamation of the Russian Czar, has been, and is, the warm and increasing friendship between the great electorate—the democracy of Great Britain and the people of the United States. Sir Henry Irving told me last summer a story full of significance. It demonstrated that when the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States understand one another they are in many respects one people. One of the most brilliant and eloquent platform orators the world has ever known was Henry Ward Beecher. During the time of our Civil War, when the press and the upper classes of Great Britain were largely hostile to us, Beecher went abroad as a popular ambassador from the people of the United States to the people of England. Irving said that when Beecher spoke at Manchester the feeling among the operatives and artisans of that great manufacturing town was that if the North succeeded in

putting down the rebellion and in preserving the Union, in some way the cotton of the Southern States would be diverted and their employment gone.

We are not unfamiliar with that sort of politics by misrepresentation, in the United States. Irving said that at that time he was a young actor in a stock company at Manchester. Having secured a good position in the hall, he saw a maddened mob struggling to get hold of a handsome young man upon the platform, with the evident purpose of tearing him to pieces. The young man, Mr. Beecher, was protected by the leading citizens of Manchester and the police. It was half an hour before the crowd would listen to a word. The first five minutes of Beecher's speech set them wild again, and then Irving thought that Beecher would certainly be dragged from the platform and killed. By the exertions, however, of the gentlemen about the orator a hearing was finally secured and Beecher developed in his own masterly way the common language, the literature, and the ties of the two countries, the common origin of their liberty and the common freedom of their people, the interest which every man had for himself and his children in the perpetuity and strength of free government in the American Republic. The first half-hour was silence, the second half-hour was tumultuous applause, the next hour was unanimous and enthusiastic approval, and at the close the crowd insisted upon bearing upon their shoulders and carrying in triumph to his lodgings the orator whose cause they then understood.

The men of letters who write and speak in the English tongue have always been mutually appreciative and always friends. It began with the father of American literature, Washington Irving, who was held by the British critic as a second Addison. Longfellow and Hawthorne of a recent period, and Mark Twain of to-day, find appreciation and applause, find equal recognition and pride on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was not until we became involved in war with a European power that Americans appreciated the extent and the depth of this feeling of kinship among the English-speaking peoples across the Atlantic. A famous Scotch divine told me that when on the one hand Emperor William had sent his telegram encouraging Kruger in South Africa to fight England, and on the other the Venezuelan message of President Cleveland was interpreted on

the part of the United States as a challenge for a fight, he preached a sermon to a Scotch congregation. There are no other people so devoted and undemonstrative in the world inside the church as the Scotch Presbyterians. "But," said the preacher, "when I said that under no conditions would the people of Great Britain fight their kin in the United States and that if there was to be fighting it must all be from the Americans, there was wild applause, but when I said that if the German Emperor moved one step further in the hostile action indicated by his telegram, the British fleet would sweep his vessels from the oceans and British arms would capture all his colonies inside of sixty days, the congregation rose and gave cheers."

The War with Spain threatened the equilibrium of that delicate instrument known as the European balance of power, an instrument so delicate that it requires eight millions of soldiers and the waters of the globe covered with navies to keep it from getting out of trim. Every consideration of the association of centuries, dynastic considerations, and considerations of ambitions in the East, impelled the continental powers to sympathize with Spain. They proposed that all Europe should intervene, as was done in the Turko-Grecian War. Great Britain said, "No, we will take no part in any international action which is hostile to the United States." It was then proposed by the continental powers that they should intervene and Great Britain remain neutral. The reply of Great Britain was: "In that case England will be on the side of the United States." That ended the subject of interference in our Spanish War. That action promoted the peace of the world. That sentiment, flashed across the ocean, electrified the American people. That position, unanimously approved in Great Britain by the masses and by the classes, received such a recognition in the United States as only a great and generous people can give for a great and generous friendship. That action set the current of the blood of English-speaking people flowing in like channels, and was the beginning of the era of good fellowship which is to have the most marked influence upon the story of nations and of peoples in the future history of the world.

Our guest, Lord Herschell, typifies that career common to all Americans and which Americans delight to honor. He is the architect of his own career, and by the greatest qualities of brain

and character has successfully climbed to the highest office by which his country can honor and decorate a lawyer. The mission which brings him to this side is worthy of his great requirements and his broad and catholic judgment. With the irritations and vexations that naturally arise between Canada and ourselves permanently removed, there is no spot on earth where the United States and Great Britain can seriously clash. With our possessions stretching at intervals of two thousand miles for harbors and coaling stations, for six thousand miles across the Pacific, we face the doors of the various gateways of the Orient, closed by the great powers of the world, except Great Britain, and we hail the open door which she offers for the entrance into China and the East for the products of our farms and our factories.

But yesterday there were four great powers governing the world, dividing territories of barbarous or semi-civilized peoples, and ruling the destinies of mankind. They were Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia. To-day there are five. The last has come into this concert of nations by the unprecedented successes and marvelous victories of its hundred days of war. Two of the five—the United States and Great Britain—with the ties of common language and common law and like liberties, will work together naturally in this international development. They will not be, and they cannot be, bound or limited by a hard and fast alliance, offensive and defensive, like that which marks the Dreibund or the unknown relations between Russia and France; but there are relations, there are ties which are stronger than parchment treaties based upon selfishness, greed, or fear. They are the ties of blood, of language, and of common aims for the loftiest purposes for which peoples work and governments exist.

BANQUET TO BISHOP OF LONDON

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE PILGRIMS SOCIETY¹ OF
NEW YORK TO THE RIGHT REVEREND, THE LORD BISHOP OF
LONDON, OCTOBER 15, 1907.

MR. PRESIDENT, MY LORD BISHOP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :
We Pilgrims are delighted to greet our brother from England. The vigorous and inspiring work of the Bishop of London in the underworld of that metropolis has been known to us for years. Its breezy optimism and admirable results have been lessons for our own labors in similar fields.

We have all been deeply interested in the eloquent speech of our friend Judge Parker and the charming American spirit in which he alluded to his late contest for the Presidency of the United States as the candidate of the Democratic Party. When he said, however, that he would not, in any way except this, "talk politics" I was in doubt. I know he meant it, and I also know how uncontrollable is the habit. He must have had in mind the recent tragedies in the Republican Party when he made the remark, which it was only possible for a Democrat to make, that a little of the inspiring fluid taken in moderation did not alarm him. There was also one remark in the instructive and illuminating address which we have heard from the Bishop which never would have been made by an American in public life in these times of fervid agitation and legislation, when he frankly admitted he enjoyed riding in a private car and upon a pass.

We owe a debt to our newspapers for the enterprise with which they present every morning to their readers a photograph of the political, religious, literary, and scientific activities among English-speaking peoples. It does more than diplomacy or conventions or conferences to promote peace and bring us together. We have been for at least two decades as familiar with the daily walk, characteristics, life, and achievements of the statesmen, preachers, and scientists of Great Britain as our own. This prac-

¹At this dinner in compliment to the Bishop of London Mr. W. Butler Duncan presided. The speeches of welcome were made by Ex-Judge Alton B. Parker, Democratic candidate for President in 1904, and Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; the farewell by Senator Depew.—*Ed.*

tice has within the last decade entered English journalism, and now our kin across the sea know more about us than ever before.

We have become accustomed to having the ubiquitous reporter meet a well-known Englishman at the New York quarantine and demand in advance his views of the politics and characteristics of the people he has come to visit. There is a bit of Yankee shrewdness in this. He can say only nice things of those who are to be his hosts, and what he may say or write afterward does not count.

There is this difference between the American and the English reporter: The American wants ideas of our country; the Englishman never asks the opinion of the traveler upon anything English, but seeks information as to the prospects of our crops, our financial situation, the tendency of the stock market, and who will be the next President.

Ten years ago when I arrived in London I would receive a letter from the managers of the newspapers requesting a date for their representatives to call, and the reporters would submit their manuscript before publication. Now no American is safe on arrival either at Queenstown, Plymouth, Liverpool, or Southampton from the scribe and the camera fiend.

American literature and the stage of both countries have presented the Englishman as self-centered, unemotional, and unsympathetic on all occasions, tragic and otherwise. But I was fortunate in being present at the historic reception given this summer by the Pilgrims of London to Mark Twain. I never had seen the political idol of the hour in our country received with more spontaneous cordiality or more wild enthusiasm than was our great humorist by these representative Englishmen. The audience warmed to Mark in a way that melted him, and they caught on to his jokes.

Such gatherings as the one at the Savoy hotel in London and this at the Plaza here to-night surpass, in all that makes for the good fellowship that promotes the friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain, the anti-warlike and disarmament propositions at The Hague eloquently discussed, tentatively considered, and timidly suppressed or defeated.

Many years ago I met an enthusiastic fellow countryman in London who said he had postponed his return home in order to be on hand and witness one of the great events in history, when the Throne should be changed for the Presidency, the House of Lords abolished, and the Church disestablished. I said, "How

long have you postponed your trip in order to witness this cataclysm?" He said, "Six weeks." This American no longer exists, except among the very young.

A sweet girl graduate from one of New England's famous colleges who had been educated on Webster's oration at Bunker Hill and the histories of my distinguished friend, Senator Cabot Lodge, was this summer in London pleasing an eminent English statesman at a dinner one night by her freshness and brightness. He finally said to her, paying the highest compliment in his repertoire, "Well, my dear, you know we are one." She answered, "Nothing of the kind. We are one in no way except that you speak our language."

When we visit England we go to London, which is more than any other city the metropolis of the world. There we meet every variety of character and genius of the English, the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh. We also meet all there is of distinction of every race and nationality in the world. It is a liberal education, dissolves provincialism, and promotes the common citizenship of this old earth. But we in this country have many capitals. To understand us the stranger visiting our shores must see them all. Their differences are illustrated by an old story, and I have found that the older the story the fewer there are who have heard it. The Boston man in Heaven said to Saint Peter, "I see nothing here which is better than Boston"; while the Chicago man remarked to his guide in the other world, "I had no idea that Heaven was so much like Chicago," and the guide grimly answered, "But this is not Heaven."

The foreigner who stays in New York sees the people in our country through glasses before one of which is terrapin and the other canvasback duck. These unequaled native delicacies are American, but they are not the United States.

It is the habit of all people to compare the distinguished men of other countries with those of their own. The highest compliment an Englishman can pay to an American is to say that he resembles in charm, tactfulness, and talent for affairs the peacemaker of Europe, who has done more than all the diplomats to avert war and advance the best interests of his own kingdom, King Edward. The German exhausts his vocabulary of compliment when he says that our President is remarkably like the Kaiser. I think we will all admit that there is a general and

remarkable resemblance in the characteristics of the Kaiser, President Roosevelt, and the Lord Bishop of London.

It is seldom that the world stands still even for an hour in these busy days of the universal intercommunication of intelligence, but the feat of Joshua when he commanded the sun and moon to stand still has been recently surpassed. For nearly a week the British Premier's movement against the House of Lords did not interest Great Britain. The trusts, predatory wealth, and the stock market received no attention in the United States. We were on tiptoe of anxious inquiry on both sides of the Atlantic to discover who won that game of lawn tennis. The world was relieved when the Bishop with charming frankness said, "I did." But we can assure him and his countrymen that in this contest with our President there are other fields of activities yet to be tried. I am quite sure the Bishop has not shot a bear.

Our guest has come to us on one of the most important missions. As history goes we are not an old nation, but there are events in the story of our growth which exceed in their results the evolution of the ages.

Three hundred years ago the first English colonists settled at Jamestown and brought with them their Church. The Bishop comes with a message from the ancient Church to her daughter in the United States and lays upon the altar of the sacred edifice erected three centuries ago in the wilderness of Virginia the Bible presented by the King. We may differ widely in our interpretation of the Bible; some may doubt its inspiration, but all will admit that it has been the great welding power in the civilization and comradeship of English-speaking peoples. On both sides of the Atlantic it carries through life the best inspiration and tenderest memories of kindred, family, and home. All literature has not contributed so much as this fountain of noble and lofty expressions and of English undefiled. But the most valuable and cherished message which the Bishop has brought is the Bishop himself. The principles enforced in his sermons and his healthy activities in the public interests are singularly in touch and harmony with American thought and work.

In bidding him farewell with our best wishes for a pleasant voyage, we hope his visit is only an introduction preceding many returns. We were interested in what we read of him, but the better we know him the more we want of him.

LOTOS CLUB DINNER

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW BY
THE LOTOS CLUB OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Language is inadequate to voice my appreciation of your compliment. When President Harrison tendered me the position of Secretary of State, as the successor of Mr. Blaine, a member of his Cabinet said: "You ought to take the office, Mr. Depew, even if to do so you have to surrender the positions of trust which are the accumulations of a lifetime, while if General Harrison is not re-elected you may be in only a few months and have no opportunity to gain reputation or fame as a Foreign Minister, because you will have your name on the list of Secretaries of State." A reception and dinner by the Lotos Club puts the recipient's name on a noble list without involving any sacrifices whatever. For nearly a quarter of a century I have been a member of this club, and the recollections of the famous men whose coming has made famous nights, if written, would add another and the most interesting volume to the *noctes ambrosianæ*.

The Lotos has no politics, no creeds, and no dogma. It stands for the catholicity of brains and the universality of good fellowship. It is a citizen of the world and claims fellowship with men and women of every race and nation who possess these qualities. Here have come from the department of music Gilbert and Sullivan, and Offenbach and Paderewski and the De Reszkes; from fiction, Canon Kingsley and Conan Doyle, and Wilkie Collins and Mark Twain; from poetry, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sir Edwin Arnold; from history, James Anthony Froude and others; from journalism, Whitelaw Reid and Charles A. Dana and Murat Halstead; from statesmanship, in its best and purest expression, William M. Evarts; from the stage, Irving and Barrett and Booth. But why prolong the list? Bohemia embraces all who participate in the cultivation of art and the advancement of the truth, from Shakespeare to his humblest interpreter, from the writer whose name is writ large on the tablets of fame to the one who anonymously preaches his sermon day by day,

In recalling the past and its delightful memories, we cannot help both lamenting and rejoicing in the evanescence of fame—rejoicing because except for the disappearance of those who occupy the stage there would be no room for the rest of us. When we entertained Canon Kingsley, "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" were the models of the schools and colleges, the conversation of the dinner-table, and the ornaments of the drawing-room. Now only the student reads the works of Charles Kingsley. Offenbach brought to us opera bouffe and Tostée. Never was there such excitement about the lyric stage. The American public were captured by being shocked. Everybody went to see Tostée to be shocked, and her suggestive singing was denounced from the pulpits and filled the newspapers with indignant editorials and communications. Guilbert comes here and sings songs on a moral plane as much below Tostée as Tostée was below Patti, and the American press and public pay little heed and care little about it. Is it because we have grown worse or better? It is because we have become both better and stronger, as well as more cultured. Offenbach found us in that provincial condition where the professor of virtue is a peeper at vice. Guilbert found us in the cosmopolitan state where we might for a while tolerate filth and vulgarity if it was the highest art, but unless it was the highest art we would stamp it out and starve it out, and if it was the highest art we would speedily demand that art should not be degraded or insulted by depraved uses. When Gilbert and Sullivan were welcomed their tuneful melodies were the folklore of the country. We had "Pinafore" banged at us on the piano before breakfast, thundered at us by the bands on the streets; we were tortured by the hand-organ playing it, our friends humming it, even in church, and rasping fiends whistling it. It was the song and the nuisance which spared neither age, nor sex, nor condition in life. There is not a gentleman present to-night who could whistle or sing a bar of "Pinafore." But there is a general appreciation and understanding of the noblest works of the greatest composers which at that time had scarcely an existence in this country.

At the time of the craze for Kingsley's works I was in England, on the coast where the plot of one of his great novels is laid. A stately hall of Norman ancestry, a grand dame presiding grandly at the most hospitable of boards; and a guest remarking

upon the beauty of the situation and the invigorating breezes from the sea, the grand dame said: "Yes, all that is true and makes this place attractive beyond almost any other. It has, however, one drawback. When alone at night we cannot help thinking that only the Atlantic Ocean separates us from the dreadful American savages."

Provincialism and isolation from the world produce magnificent enthusiasms. The effort of higher civilization and universal knowledge is to repress it. Enthusiasm is like the thunder and the lightning which clear the atmosphere and give new vigor to life. In lamenting the disappearance of its manifestations I often wonder if the passion is lost. I saw the Seventh Regiment march down Broadway to protect the Capital at the beginning of the Civil War and receive a popular ovation which set the heart beating and the blood throbbing so that in the ecstasy of the hour it was difficult to breathe or live. I felt as a boy the wild and contagious feeling there was for Henry Clay. We have all of us been carried along on the waves of emotion which after the end of the civil strife swept against the unmoved and immovable figure of General Grant. But where are our enthusiasms of to-day? We are in the presidential year, the year of all others for idols and idol worship, the year when the politician becomes a statesman and the statesman becomes endowed in the popular imagination with supreme qualities, and yet the American people are calmly analyzing instead of frescoing, they are doubting instead of accepting without question as prophet, sage, leader and saviour a chosen favorite, and they are subjecting them all to the frightful processes of the cathode rays. All of these are unquestionably the results of more universal education, of the universal reading of the newspapers, and of electric touch day by day with all the world. And yet, without lamenting the good old times, I believe that a people should be stirred at least once in a generation by a Peter the Hermit enthusiasm which sinks the commercial considerations that now control all the transactions of life, and sacrifices everything for an idea or a name. It is that which makes patriotism and patriots; it is that which creates heroes and statesmen. They are carried to the heights where they lead, and the multitude follows as much by the uplifting applause and inspiration of the people, whose enthusiasm condenses in them as by their own superior genius and acquirements.

When Governor Seymour, one of the finest types of the American gentleman that ever lived, was defeated in his last race to succeed himself in the gubernatorial office, I met him in Albany, and supposed, because I had been six weeks on the stump speaking after him every night and attacking his positions and himself politically, that there would be, as the girl said about herself and her lover, "a distance and at the same time a coolness between us." But he greeted me with the old-time cordiality, and then said: "You are a young man and I am an old one; you have a talent for public life, have got on very fast and undoubtedly can make a career. But there is nothing in it. I have seen during my thirty years of activity in politics the men go up and down State Street to the Capitol, who concentrated upon themselves the attention of the people and seemed destined to become famous. One by one they were dropped by their party, disappeared from public view, lost touch with their business or profession, and died in obscurity and poverty. In the War of 1812 there were three men who performed a signal service on the frontier, and the State so appreciated their deeds that the Legislature sent a special commission to bring their bodies to Albany, and the remains were met there by all there was of power and authority in the Empire State, and the Governor, the Judges, the State officers, and the Legislature marched in procession and buried them in the grounds of the Capitol, and now no one knows what part of the Capitol grounds they were buried in, what were their names, or what they did." In building the new Capitol their remains were found. While there is much philosophy and infinite truth for the average man in the old Governor's advice, yet there are exceptions in exceptional times when enthusiasm should again inspire effort and fame be a secondary consideration.

It is a curious trait of this period that we are inclined to take nothing seriously. A story goes further than an argument and a joke captures more than a speech. It matters not whether it be a crisis in national affairs, a critical time in finances, disturbing contentions in the Church, or the varying fortunes of party leaders, the public find comfort somewhere by a presentation and universal acceptance of a humorous or ludicrous side of the situation. We apply this process in the humanizing of the deified heroes of the past. To hit a Populist Senator and get a horizontal view of a great statesman, they tell the story of the Senator being shaved

by an aged colored barber at the Arlington, and remarking to the barber, "Uncle, you must have had among your customers many of my distinguished predecessors in the Senate—many of the men now dead who have occupied the great place which I fill." "Yes, sar," said the barber, "I'se known most all of dem. By the way, Senator, you remind me of Dan'el Webster." The gratified statesman raised in his chair, and, placing his fingers upon his head, said: "Is it my brow?" "No, boss," said the barber, "it is you' breff." And yet the processes of humor seem to have destroyed wit. Or has publicity done it? We hail with intense delight the autobiographies which give us the table gossip of the wits of preceding generations: we treasure their epigrams and their *mots*. But now, when every newspaper, even the staidest, and every magazine, even the most solemn, has its humorous column or chapter, we hear no more epigrams, immortal witticisms, or new and humorous presentations of current incidents, either in society or at the dinner-table. What are the Sydney Smiths and Douglas Jerrolds, the Tom Hoods and the Richard Brinsley Sheridans, doing now? There are plenty of them in every American city. They are found upon newspapers and in the professions. I think it is the spirit of commerce again, and the trail of the serpent is over us all. Jokes have become marketable, witticisms command a high price, and humor is a source of daily livelihood. The story which is either painfully or slowly constructed, or the breath of genius, when told at the most private of dinners to-night, is in all the newspapers to-morrow. In other times the author would have been a welcome guest everywhere, that there might be heard from his lips a repetition of his creation; but now he is either a writer, and cannot afford to treat his friends to such expensive entertainments and lose the authorship, or the dissipation by publication of a story or a joke or a humorous suggestion in embryo prevents the subsequent processes by which it becomes an immortal contribution to the gayety of nations.

I do not know why you should have selected Washington's birthday on which to pay me this honor. There are no resemblances between the Father of his Country and myself, unless, in my capacity as a railroad man, you connect me with him from his first venture in what has grown to be the great system of transportation, because Parson Weems, in his delightful and

simple story of Washington's life, says that, when a small boy, he took a hack at the cherry-tree.

This February, for the first time, both Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays have been made legal holidays. Never since the creation of man were two human beings so unlike, so nearly the extremes of opposition to each other as Washington and Lincoln. The one an aristocrat by birth, by breeding and association; the other in every sense and by every surrounding a democrat. As the richest man in America, a large slaveholder, the possessor of an enormous landed estate and the leader and representative of the property, the culture, and the colleges of the Colonial period, Washington stood for the conservation and preservation of law and order. He could be a revolutionist and pledge his life and fortune and honor for the principles which, in his judgment, safeguarded the rights and liberties of his country. But in the construction of the Republic and in the formation of its institutions and in the critical period of experiment, until they could get in working order, he gave to them and planted in them conservative elements which are found in no other system of government. And yet, millionaire, slaveholder, and aristocrat in its best sense that he was, as he lived, so at any time he would have died for the immortal principle put by the Pilgrims in their charter adopted in the cabin of the *Mayflower* and re-enacted in the Declaration of Independence, of the equality of all men before the law and of the equal opportunity for all to rise. Lincoln, on the other hand, was born in a cabin among that class known as poor whites in slaveholding times, who held and could hold no position and whose condition was so hopeless as to paralyze ambition and effort. His condition, so far as surroundings were concerned, had considerable mental but little moral improvement by the removal to Indiana and subsequently to Illinois. Anywhere in the Old World a man born amidst such surroundings and teachings and possessed of unconquerable energy and ambition and the greatest powers of eloquence and constructive statesmanship would have been a socialist and the leader of a social revolt. He might have been an anarchist. His one ambition would have been to break the crust above him and shatter it to pieces. He would see no opportunity for himself and his fellows in social or political or professional life. But Lincoln attained from the log cabin of the poor white in the wilderness the same position which

George Washington reached from his grand old mansion and palatial surroundings on the Potomac. He made the same fight unselfishly, patriotically, and grandly for the preservation of the Republic that Washington had done for its creation and foundation. Widely as they are separated, these two heroes of the two great crises of our national life stand together in representing the solvent powers of the inspiring processes and the hopeful opportunities of American liberty. The one coming from the top to the Presidency and the other from the bottom to the Presidency of the United States, the leadership of the people, the building up of Government and the reconstruction of States, they grandly illustrate the fact that under our institutions there is neither place nor time for the socialist or the anarchist, but there is a place and always a time, notwithstanding the discouragements of origin or of youth, for grit, pluck, ambition, honesty, and brains.

Gentlemen, in the good fellowship of Bohemia, in the genial encouragement which reckons every man for what he is and not for what he has, in the glorious associations and atmosphere of our country, I wish you all long life and happiness and the Lotos immortality.

BANQUET OF MISSOURI LAW ALUMNI

ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET OF THE LAW ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF
MISSOURI, IN ST. LOUIS, JUNE 13, 1896.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me very great pleasure to meet my brethren of the Bar of Missouri. Though not in the active practice of the profession, the many and important questions which come before me for review or decision keep me in constant touch and interest with the law.

Our associations are as national, as broad, and as liberal as the authority of the Constitution of the United States and the jurisdiction of the courts. The law is the only one of the professions whose members will both criticise themselves and accept criticisms from others with cheerfulness and equanimity. Any one who has tried it often, as I have, will discover a singular sensitiveness among the clergy, the doctors, and the journalists. No one can be faithful to his calling and have in it that loyal pride which makes for success without being jealous of its rights and privileges and proud of the distinction it confers. But it is never wise to take one's self or one's pursuits too seriously. All professions but ours resent raillery, ridicule, or fun at their expense, or doubting suggestions of their infallibility. We, however, care little for the shafts of envy, of malice, or of sport. We submit, without response, to things that are said about us, and the judgments pronounced upon us by lay or professional brethren, in the serene consciousness that clients must continue to contribute to our support, and that neither individuals, nor corporations, nor municipalities, nor states, nor nations can get along without us.

It was a magnificent array of noble barons and gallant knights who, upon prancing chargers and in glittering armor, gathered upon the field of Runnymede. But they could only poise their lances and shout their battlecries for declarations of the principles of liberty which had been prepared by the lawyers, and when the Great Charter had been drawn up by these learned in the law, these mighty nobles were compelled to affix their signatures by a mark and stamp their seals with the hilts of their swords.

The early Puritan period has furnished to eloquence and poetry a halcyon picture of Arcadian peacefulness. "For one hundred years," cries the speaker, "these communities lived with no judges to puzzle and no lawyers to vex them." At the risk of the charge of iconoclasm I must break that venerable image. They had courts, but they were ecclesiastical ones, and they had lawyers, but they were the Puritan ministers. Doubtless these learned clerics conscientiously and justly settled neighborhood disputes between individuals, but the peace of communities and the rights of their citizens rest upon broader foundations. They hanged witches, they expelled Baptists, they banished Quakers, they drove Roger Williams, the most enlightened man of that period, into exile in a wilderness; they demonstrated that under a theocracy, as under an oligarchy or a despotism, liberty can not be maintained except by the eternal principles of law, and a learned body of men to interpret and courts to enforce them. We will select as types of the Puritan period and the period of the development of the law, the Rev. Cotton Mather and Oliver Ellsworth, both educated for the ministry, both men of genius, culture, and acquirements. Cotton Mather, in passing judgment and inflicting sentences, created conditions which virtually destroyed civil and religious liberty, while Oliver Ellsworth, having become learned in the law and having adopted it as a profession, prepared the judiciary article of the Constitution, devised the system and procedure of the Supreme Court of the United States as it exists to-day, and in an illustrious career as its Chief Justice began the formation of that body of law which has promoted justice and enlarged liberty in our country.

We are accustomed to pay superlative tribute to the great soldiers of our country. Washington and Greene and Schuyler and Gates, of the Revolutionary period; and General Scott and General Jackson and Commodores Decatur and Perry, of the War of 1812; and Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, are all embalmed in the richest rhetoric of our history, the most stirring pages of the schoolbooks, and the most glowing periods of our eloquence. In lesser measure we glorify the statesmen of the Republic.

It is the story of our nation that its origin and development have been due to a few great leaders. We have little written, and less understood, of the large debt we owe to a few great lawyers. Alexander Hamilton was the most brilliant and constructive

intelligence of his own or of almost any age. He was the leader of the Bar of the United States. With prophetic vision he saw the possibilities of the limitless expansion and power of this country and the impossibility of its development unless it became a nation. The Colonial statesmen were jealous of the rights of their colonies and unwilling to surrender the autonomy of their commonwealths to a central government. With infinite tact, and with marvelous condensation of language, Hamilton captured the assent of the discordant members of the young Confederacy to a Constitution which created a Republic bound together as they thought by a rope of sand, but tied, as he knew, in bonds of indissoluble and indestructible union. The task of interpreting the delphic utterances of Hamilton into a lucid exposition of national power and grandeur fell upon that other leader of the Bar of his time, Chief Justice Marshall. When he decided, in 1803, that the Supreme Court of the United States could annul a statute passed by Congress and signed by the President, he prevented the possibility of the usurpation of power by the legislative or executive branches of the Government, or both combined; he safeguarded liberty, life, and property against legislative anarchy or legislative communism. When he decided, five years later, that the Supreme Court of the United States could declare invalid the acts of the Legislatures of the several States in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, he linked the States together by a chain of law which could only be broken by revolution. When, still later, he held that this same majestic tribunal had jurisdiction over and could bring before it the warring commonwealths of the Republic and render judgment upon their differences, he made impossible organized war between the States. We pass down another generation and the conflict which Hamilton foresaw and furnished the broad language to cover, which Chief Justice Marshall gave the law to decide, of the rights of the States and the powers of the Federal Government, became a political question of the first moment. Then again the leader of the Bar, in a speech in the United States Senate, unequaled for the felicity of its diction, the power of its logic, the sustained and lofty grandeur of its thought, proclaimed the doctrine of "liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever." This great lawyer was Daniel Webster. His speech went into the schoolbooks, it formed the declamation for the coming citizens, soldiers, and statesmen

of the Republic, and created a deathless and passionate love for the Union. Another generation came upon the stage, educated and enthused by the eloquence of Webster, and another lawyer, supremely great as such, though too much in politics to be a leader of the Bar, had devolved upon him the supreme task of supporting the idea of Hamilton, maintaining the decisions of Marshall, carrying out the doctrines of Webster, and of so concentrating the resources of the country for its defence and the powers of the Union for its maintenance, that he might hold the Republic together by the overwhelming force of arms and cement it with new and eternal ties by justice and forgiveness, and, "with malice toward none and charity for all," this majestic work was performed by Abraham Lincoln.

The great minds of other countries and of centuries preceding our Republic saw the dangers to liberty of the concentration of judicial authority in the executive or the Legislature. Montesquieu pointed it out clearly when he said, in effect, that if the executive has judicial power it is tyranny, if the Legislature has judicial power it is tyranny. To advance the judiciary to the point where it could be absolutely independent of the throne and of Parliament, of the executive and of Congress, is impossible in older countries. Whether it be a limited monarchy as in England, a republic as in France, or an autocracy as in Russia, the traditions of the throne will not permit the judiciary to curb its authority. Whether it be a Parliament as in Great Britain, a Senate and House of Deputies as in France, or a representative body, as in any of the continental countries, there is in them, and especially in their upper house, a heredity of feudal authority which will not brook the judge criticising its action or nullifying its laws. Fortunately for us our ancestors, trained and educated in the best traditions of civil and religious liberty, approached the problems of government without the heredity of monarchy or feudalism. They had neither classes nor privileges. It was possible for them to declare in principle and formulate in practice the idea of Montesquieu and the philosophical statesmen of preceding generations. They could create the executive with its powers, the legislature with its authority, and make a written Constitution, and organize a court which could say to congresses and to presidents, "this Constitution is the supreme law, and your acts must conform to its provisions or they will be null and void and

of no effect." In this innovation in government and power of the court we have the preservative principles of American liberty and the perpetual continuance of American opportunity.

Every decade, almost every year, has its problems for solution, and its critical time. It is the mission of the Bar, and one which it has always fulfilled, to forecast or to meet these dangerous situations. This is a lawyers' government, its Constitution was framed by lawyers, all but three of its Presidents have been lawyers, all but five of its Vice-presidents, seven-tenths of its Cabinet Ministers and the majority of its Congressmen, Senators, and members of State Legislatures have also been lawyers. The lawyer is a man of peace, but he is also a man of action. His courage is exhibited both in resisting popular clamor and in leading patriotic enthusiasm. He formulated the demands which led to the Revolution, and when nothing but war could secure them, he enlisted in the Continental army. The lawyers did their best to settle the controversies between the North and the South, but when only the bloody arbitrament of arms could decide the contest, in proportion to their numbers more lawyers enlisted in the Union and Confederate armies than came from any other vocation or calling.

The questions which the profession is especially to meet to-day are many, and one of them is that the law shall not be degraded by unworthy practitioners. With all that may be said against the lawyers, fewer of them are rascals, fewer defaulters, fewer faithless to their duties, than the members of any other profession upon which devolve obligations and trusts. The weaknesses of humanity enter into our calling as into every other, but wherever the profession has been degraded it has been by the Legislature lowering the standard and admitting to the Bar those who had neither the character nor the learning nor the equipment to interpret the law, to protect the weak, to remedy wrongs or to enforce rights. Cheap law and cheap lawyers not only degrade the profession, but they promote litigation and let loose a horde of incompetent and unworthy practitioners to prey upon the community. The standard of admission to the Bar should be made higher and higher, so that those only who are worthy can be admitted. We should devote our efforts to the simplification of procedure. It is a standing disgrace to the civilization and the intelligence of the United States that there are more hom-

icides in our country in proportion to the population than in any other civilized nation. It is not due, as is believed by foreigners, to a contempt for law, to a want of authority in the courts or integrity in juries, but to the fact that obsolete and worthless rules of pleading and practice defeat justice. A man's life is more precious than the life of him who takes it. That the murderer should escape because there may be a technical flaw in his indictment throws the community in a rage back to those first principles of natural justice, where, there being no law and no courts, the murderer was tried by his neighbors and upon proof was executed with no other appeal than that which might be made to the Supreme Judge of the Universe. We should brush aside these technicalities, which bring the law into contempt, protect murderers, and make life cheap. When the Appellate Court decides cases upon their merits, upon the guilt or innocence of the accused, there will be substituted in this country for Judge Lynch the supreme authority of the law and its appointed or elected administrators.

Lawyers can generally be trusted when they become judges. The history of our country demonstrates this assertion, and the history of Great Britain, from which we derive our law, establishes this principle. Coke, as Attorney-general, was subservient to the Crown, but as Judge defied the King and sustained the sovereignty of the law. This reformation must be brought about, not only for the peace of communities, not only to promote respect for the law, but that in foreign countries there may not be the universal impression that all our judges go by the name of Lynch.

The domestic relation is the most sacred in a civilized community. Home is the sweetest word in the English language. He who assails it is an enemy of his country, and the statute which weakens it is destructive of social order and of domestic happiness. We should strive to bring about that uniformity of law which would give in every State the same rules for divorce. We should so legislate, if necessary by Congress, under the provisions of the Constitution, that a State or territory may not, for temporary gain, say that the sacrament of marriage can be sacrificed upon a whim and without notice, and compel older communities, which recognize in their statutes the sacredness of the obligation, to obey this travesty upon morals and upon law.

Steam and electricity have made possible the accumulation

of great fortunes and the formation of powerful combinations. The world has not adjusted itself to these circumstances, and sudden and violent disruptions of industrial conditions produce distress, doubt and distrust during the processes of reorganization. It will require all the courage, patriotism and ability of the lawyers, in public and private life, during this tentative and critical period, to guard both against assault and encroachment upon individual enterprise, opportunity and liberty, and the delusive dangers of socialism and anarchy.

I know of no more charming member of the community than the old lawyer. I studied with a judge who, as I left his office, had completed the eighty-sixth year of his life, and the sixty-fifth year of his practice. The old lawyer is the custodian of the secrets of the community. If he has been true to his profession and to his best instincts and teachings, he has been the benefactor of the village, or the town, or the county in which he has spent his life. He has settled family disputes; he has reconciled heirs to the provisions of wills; he has adjusted satisfactorily to all, and to the prevention of family feuds, the distribution of estates; he has prevented neighborhood vendettas on boundary lines; he has brought old-time enmities into cordial friendships; he has made clients and money by being honest, faithful and true. The secrets of his register, of his safe, and of his memory are the skeletons of the family closet of the whole neighborhood. But the process of modern cremation does not more perfectly destroy the human frame than does this lawyer's fidelity to his oath keep out of sight these family skeletons.

The law promotes longevity. It is because its discipline improves the physical, the mental and the moral conditions of its practitioner. In other words it gives him control over himself, and a great philosopher has written that he who can command himself is greater than he who has captured a city. The world has been seeking for all time the secrets of longevity and happiness. If they can be united, then we return to the conditions of Methuselah and his compatriots. Whether I may live to their age I know not, but I think I have discovered the secret of Methuselah's happy continuance for nearly a thousand years upon this planet.

He stayed here when there was no steam and no electricity, no steamers upon the river or the ocean propelled by this mighty

power, no electric light, no railways spanning the continent, no overhead wires and no cables under the ocean communicating intelligence around the world, and no trolley lines reducing the redundant population. He lived not because he was free from the excitements incident to the age of steam and electricity, but because of the secret which I have discovered, and it is this: Longevity and happiness depend upon what you put into your stomach and what gets into your mind.

My brother lawyers of Missouri, those of you who have been long at the Bar, and those who are just entering upon the practice of the profession, it is with great pleasure that I can step aside at your invitation, from the political excitements and the party passions which call me here as delegate to the Republican National Convention, and meet you in this social communion and happy interchange of those fraternal greetings which lawyers can always extend to each other.

DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL EVANS

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LOTOS CLUB TO REAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, NOVEMBER 2, 1907.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It is a rare pleasure to escape even for an evening from the troubled waters of finance to the safe and peaceful waves upon which our Navy gloriously floats; and, speaking of trouble, it is the distinction of the Admiral that he has never avoided it anywhere and has always beaten it.

There is a story current in Washington which probably is not true but so characteristic as to be generally believed. The officers of the Navy are always religious on Sunday morning. Wherever they may be on shore or afloat they go to church. It is reported that Admiral Evans, being in New York, entered a fashionable church near his hotel and somehow escaped the watchful sexton and seated himself comfortably in the corner of one of the best pews. The owner and his wife coming in discussed with each other in great indignation this intrusion of a stranger upon their sacred preserves. The pewholder finally wrote on his card, handed it to his wife, who nodded her approval, and passed it on to the Admiral. It read, "Do you know, sir, that I pay one thousand dollars a year for this pew?" The Admiral promptly wrote underneath and passed it back. "You pay a damned sight too much. Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N." I am sure when the recording angel grasped the situation that in his laughter at the discomfiture of the Pharisee his tears blotted out the expletive.

We have Pharisees in the Church, in the professions, in business, in public life, and sometimes even in journalism, but I never have known a distinguished officer of brilliant record, either in the Army or the Navy, who claimed that he was better, or braver, or greater than his associates and who did not most generously accord to each his full meed of merit. "I am holier than thou" is happily not one of the characteristics of those honorable professions the Navy and the Army.

On the worst day of the panic when money was impossible

for the millionaire or the working man to get, I walked into a book store. Books are luxuries and not salable in panics. I was the only prospective customer. The salesman finally forced upon me a series of volumes I did not want, nor would any one else, when I heard a fellow salesman whisper to him, "I think the proper thing for you to offer the Senator would be the works of Charles Lamb." In no stress of weather during his long life has our open-minded, open-hearted, and red-blooded guest ever been a lamb or fooled by a lemon.

The point of our compliment to-night is to the men who do things. We have passed many an evening in this club honoring gentlemen who speak or write things. In the last analysis those whose business it is to act save the day. It was the speeches of Adams, Otis, and Patrick Henry that brought on the Revolutionary War, but it was Washington and his Continental army who won the battle. It was Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and Wade preaching anti-slavery in the North and Jefferson Davis, Toombs, and Benjamin advocating secession in the South that brought on the Civil War, but it was Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and the Grand Army on land and Farragut and Porter and the Navy on the seas that saved the republic.

We have just passed through a crisis surpassing in perils to business that of '57, of '61, of '73, of '84, and of '93, all of which I witnessed. The internal interchange in production and manufactures in the United States surpasses that of all the rest of the world. Less than five per cent. of it is done with money and more than ninety-five per cent. with credit. In this fabric of national credit is every bank, every railroad, every manufactory, and every department of capital, labor, wages and employment in the country. For two days it seemed as if it might tumble about our ears and the consequence be more disastrous than any ever before known upon this continent, but the day was saved by the pluck, courage, and genius for affairs of the men who do things.

The late William C. Whitney, when Secretary of the Navy, happily and farsightedly inaugurated the beginning of the building of a fleet which should be commensurate with our position and power among nations. This has progressed under the influence of Roosevelt until now we are nearly, if not quite, second among naval powers. A navy is to protect the coasts of its coun-

try and its commerce. Our coast on the mainland is practically impregnable, our distant colonial possessions are dependent upon our Navy, but we are alone among the great industrial peoples in having no across-ocean mercantile marine and no foreign commerce under the American flag. The merchant ships of Great Britain and Germany sailing on every sea would in case of war be convoyed by battle ships, cruisers, torpedo boats, and torpedo-boat destroyers. From the mercantile marine of these countries would be drafted into their navies as auxiliaries a vast fleet of merchant vessels equipped with every modern appliance, and especially constructed for naval purposes. We would have practically none. We are compelled to rely on alien vessels to coal and supply the fleet about to sail for the Pacific under the command of our guest. I remember when a youth the pride felt by every American boy in our clipper ships, which surpassed in speed all others and gave to us a position equal if not superior to any upon the ocean. I remember when iron succeeded wood how the Collins line of American steamers, still in the front as to speed and efficiency, maintained the pride and power of the American flag on the seas. But when the policy of the United States was changed and our mercantile marine was dropped by our Government, while that of European countries was sustained, our flag disappeared in foreign commerce. It was once our proud boast that there was no port in the world where we were not honorably represented, and now the American traveler can belt the globe, and go in and out of its oceans and seas, and in and out of the ports of Asia, Africa, and Europe without once seeing from the masthead of the crowded shipping the emblem of his country. The supremacy of the seas has gone to England in the *Lusitania*, to Germany in the *Deutschland*, and to France in the *Savoie*.

The tradition and glories of the seas have come down through countless generations. Nothing so much interests peoples of every country as achievement upon the waters. A hundred thousand Englishmen cheered the *Lusitania* when she started upon her trial trip and thousands of Americans applauded her when she had won the trophy and docked in New York. But she was a British vessel built with the assistance of money contributed from the treasury of the British Government. The *Mauretania*, still larger and still faster, was cheered last week upon her trial

trip by hundreds of thousands of English and Irish, and she too, when arriving in New York and winning the trophy for speed and superiority, will be hailed by thousands of Americans. The Germans are building still larger and still faster vessels and the competition if successful will receive the applause of the Germans and the cheers of the Americans. But, where are we? Even Norway and Belgium are our superiors. We are a protectionist country protecting every article in which is invested capital or labor, but we are free traders on the ocean. England is a free-trade country, but recognizing that commerce is her life blood she is protected to the backbone upon the seas. Foreign nations can construct and run their ships at nearly one-half less than we can because of our higher wages, and they have subsidies besides. Money to the amount of less than the cost of a single battleship annually contributed to our mercantile marine would make us equal in cost of building and operating with other countries, and American energy, enterprise, and genius could be relied upon to do the rest.

Our post office advertises that letters for South America will be mailed by the steamers leaving on certain dates for English ports, there to be transferred to English vessels for South America.

Secretary Root made a most brilliant and successful expedition among the southern republics and did more for our diplomacy with them than any statesman in our history, and yet except for better and more permanent political relations it will be barren of results, because trade follows the flag and our flag does not go between North and South America except upon a few ships to a few ports.

We glory in our Navy, but some of us at least cannot help mourning that one of its most useful purposes, the promotion, extension, and protection of our commerce, can have no possible place in its operations. Oh! for the return of the day when Americans can be proud and happy because the position of their clipper ships has been regained by their steamships.

This dinner is a hail and farewell to the gallant Admiral upon his voyage to the Pacific Ocean. The commotion which this expedition has created, and the discussion it has aroused all over the world, is one of the eccentricities of the times. We have three thousand miles of coast on the Atlantic, and its harbors are

familiar with our fleet. We have many more miles on the Pacific and most of the harbors have never seen an American battleship, or known the inspiration and education of an American man-of-war at their docks. Midway in the Pacific are our Hawaiian Islands and nearest to the Orient the Philippines. China, the great market of the future for industrial countries producing a surplus from their workshops, feels more friendly to us than to all others because in the matter of the indemnity which was exacted for the losses in the Boxer War the United States alone kept only what was due and honorably returned the balance. The Chinaman, as all know, as a merchant is the most honorable trader in the East. His word is as good as his bond, and nothing reaches or impresses him so much as commercial honesty in other nations and peoples. And yet, if these pessimists are right, the harbors on the Pacific coast whose boys and girls might be inspired with patriotism by the presence of an American fleet must not see the flag. Honolulu and the Philippines, which can only be protected and maintained in case of trouble by an American fleet, must not know by observation that we have one. And the Orient, which believes only what it sees, must not be reminded of the fact that the United States is second among the naval powers of the world. Why! Why! Can our fleet sail only on the Atlantic Ocean? Why must it not sail on the Pacific Ocean? The answer is because it would offend the susceptibilities of the new power in the East—Japan. In the first place, I believe that the Japanese statesmen are too sensible and too well informed to have any such feeling, or to desire trouble with the United States. In the next place, where any fleet of any friendly nation goes, ours can go if it likes, and it is no one's business but our own. Curiously enough there is precedent in our history as the youngest among naval nations for warning us off different seas. We were told during the Revolutionary War that if we attempted to have a navy our ships would be treated as pirates and their officers hanged. And yet the idea was defeated gloriously and decisively by the father of the American Navy, Commodore Paul Jones.

Just before and after the beginning of the nineteenth century, or say a little over a hundred years ago, the Moors of Morocco, Algiers, and Tripoli warned us that they would be deeply offended if our navy entered the Mediterranean. They then insisted that our merchant ships should pay tribute for navigating that sea.

As a result we paid eighty thousand dollars to Morocco for this permit and forty thousand to Algiers for the release of American seamen who had been captured and held as slaves, and an annual tribute of twenty-five thousand dollars besides, and then we presented to the Dey of Algiers a ship of war which cost us a hundred thousand dollars. When the subsidy for 1800 was sent in the frigate *George Washington*, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, the Dey ordered his own tribute to the Sultan of Turkey, consisting of slaves mainly, to be taken on board and carried to Constantinople, and that the American flag should be hauled down and his own hoisted in its place. The American consul made Bainbridge agree to this, and that splendid naval officer swore that if he ever again was asked to undertake such a mission he would deliver it at the mouth of his guns. The American spirit was at last aroused and our navy let loose. It was not long before Bainbridge, Decatur, Hull, and Rogers forever settled the question of the right of the American Navy to sail over the Mediterranean the same as the ships of war of any other nation.

In 1812 Great Britain disputed the equal privileges of the United States upon the Atlantic Ocean. Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and Decatur, and Hull, and Bainbridge again on the Atlantic, established forever the unquestioned right of the American flag on its ships of war, and on its merchantmen to be unmolested on the Atlantic. And now in this year of Grace one thousand nine hundred and seven, after a century of preparation, of production, of progress, and of power, it is proposed to close to us the Pacific, in which we have as great interest as any other nation. Gentlemen, there will be no war. After this expedition the American Navy will be able to sail where it is ordered, and when the United States Government thinks it expedient, without any question being raised on any pretext of sensitiveness or hostility.

The President of the United States sends to the Senate for confirmation his appointments of judges of our courts, ambassadors, ministers, and consuls. He sends also for confirmation his appointments and promotions of officers of our Army and Navy. the wisdom of these appointments is often questioned in the Senate. But there was an announcement in the paper this week which pleased every member of that body without regard to

party. It was that the office of Vice-admiral would be created and the President would send in to fill that supreme commission the name of our guest of to-night, Rear-admiral Robley D. Evans.¹

¹Unfortunately this was not done, and Rear-admiral Evans was sent round the world with a rank inferior to that of many naval officials whom he was obliged to meet.—*Ed.*

DINNER TO GENERAL MILES

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, AT THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1898.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: New York gives cordial greeting to the commanding general of the American Army. New York's welcome is the applause of the United States. This metropolis surpasses all other cities in the character of its population. The sons of every State in the Union are living amongst us, while our foreign population is larger than that of many of the cities in the lands from which they come. New York is, within its own corporate limits, the second largest city in the world. If we add the population which naturally belongs to it, across the North River on the shores of New Jersey, it is the largest city in the world. Within this room are gathered gentlemen from the North and the South, from the East and the West and from the Pacific slope. So better and more significantly than would be possible under any other circumstances this great Republic honors to-night her foremost soldier.

So many governors are here and they have spoken with such boastfulness of their several commonwealths that my frankness as a New Yorker compels me to speak "plain." The Governor of Massachusetts in his eloquent address, after claiming for the Pilgrim State the origin of most of the institutions which make our country free and great, says with a deprecating gesture, "Massachusetts does not claim everything." He evidently does not know the tendencies of his own State. The Governor of Ohio having told us that all the men who have been generals or would have been if they had had an opportunity, and all the men who have been presidents or ought to have been, and all the greatness in every department of public life hail from Ohio, compels me to repeat what I said many years ago at an Ohio dinner after hearing its orators, that if Shakespeare had written his famous plays in our time he would have said, "Some men are born great and some in Ohio."

We meet to-night in honor of a soldier. It has been only once

in a generation that the fame and services of a soldier have commanded the attention of our people. This is the first time since the Civil War, which closed thirty-three years ago, that the soldier has been sufficiently in evidence to receive decoration and applause. We are fond in our literature and our oratory of drawing sharp contrasts between the old world and the new. We compare the governments of Europe with that of the United States and the peoples of Europe with the citizens of our country. In these comparisons we always find much that is gratifying to our pride and our patriotism. The difference is widest in the military conditions and military and naval preparations of America and of Europe. With the exception of Great Britain, in every European nation every man is a soldier for the first three years of his majority, and by conscription, while here we have nothing but voluntary enlistment. The peace establishment of Europe is 8,000,000 men; that of the United States, with 70,000,000 population, is only 27,000.¹

A meeting of American sovereigns, where every voter is recognized as a sovereign, would be a phenomenal gathering. A few years ago there was a meeting of the crowned heads of Europe. It was small, select, and brilliant. The sovereigns were attended by the great officers of their armies and their statesmen, who had been also or were at the time soldiers. The Czar of Russia proposed as the one sentiment of the evening, "To Our Order, the Soldier." The toast was both accurate and comprehensive. Every throne in the Old World has been carved by the sword. With the exception of Great Britain's, they rest upon bayonets, while the chief magistrate of the United States is the choice of 14,000,000 independent citizen voters, and at the end of four years surrenders his place and power to the people.

When General Grant made his famous tour of the world, he was received at every court with the most distinguished consideration, not as an ex-President of the United States, but as a great captain, who had commanded large armies and won more victories than any soldier of that period. He became wearied of the continued pomp and ceremony, and when the day arrived for presentation to the King of Sweden he escaped somehow from the American minister, the royal coach, with its gorgeously

¹This was in 1898. Under the Acts of Congress of 1901, 1907, and 1908, it is provided that the enlisted strength of the Army shall not exceed 100,000 men.—*Ed.*

appareled horses, its outriders and its royal guard, and appeared at the palace in his tourist's costume—the costume of an American tourist at that. He paralyzed the flunkies in attendance by figuratively ringing the front door bell and sending in his card. The king received him the same as if he had come in royal state. This very sensible sovereign said afterward, "General Grant, as the foremost soldier of the age, is the chief of our Order, and therefore whatever ceremony he prescribes for his own reception is the right and proper method of according to him our hospitality."

I was in London last summer during the Jubilee days of Queen Victoria. I saw that wonderful and historic pageant, which illustrated the devotion of her people and the glories of her marvelous reign. The kings and princes, the generals and statesmen of the world were in that procession. Brilliant beyond language were the costumes, the uniforms, and the decorations they wore. The sole exception was our own ambassador who, by regulations framed during a primitive period of isolation and provincialism, was compelled to appear in the early morning in this brilliant throng in a dress suit. If the regulations prescribed that he should appear as Daniel Webster always did, in a blue frock coat with brass buttons and a buff vest, that would be an American uniform; or in the close-buttoned frock coat, black trousers, and high standing collar—the traditional uniform of the American orator on State occasions—that would be American. But the dress suit in the morning is in touch with no American habit of club, drawing-room, farm, ranch, mine, business office, social function or State ceremony. However, the regulations of the State department do not apply to the officers of our Army and Navy. General Miles, in the full and effective uniform of the commanding general of the American Army, rode among princes in the procession and sat his horse amid the royalties and marshals and generals of Europe at the review at Aldershot. His commanding figure and soldierly presence filled every American with honest pride both for our little army and that it had such a distinguished and admirable representative on the famous occasion. A Russian grand duke, whom I knew, came up to me in great excitement and fairly shouted, though shouting is very bad form in Europe, not anything about the parade or the procession or the significance of the event, but simply, "I have seen your American gen-

eral." Here to-night on this side of the ocean we are also glad with our cheers to see our American general.

Our wars have come but once in each generation since the formation of our Government. The hero of our Revolutionary War, which closed in 1783, was General Washington. The gratitude of the people made him twice President of the United States, and he lives with imperishable and growing fame in the affections of his countrymen. The hero of the next war, which closed in 1814, was General Jackson, also twice President of the United States and the titular saint of the Democratic Party. Between 1814 and 1846 the country was at peace. The soldier was unknown in our civil life. It became fashionable to deride the Army and to speak slightly of the Navy as of no use to a country situated like ours. The humorist, the caricaturist, and the satirist selected for their subjects training day and the State militia. The service was dropping into contempt. The war with Mexico developed instantly the military spirit of the Republic. The whole country was filled with warlike enthusiasm and anxiety to participate in the fight. We had two heroes from that war—General Scott and General Taylor. General Scott missed the presidency in consequence of his unfortunate letter of acceptance of the nomination beginning, "I have just risen from a hasty plate of soup." From that line has become crystallized into a phrase that situation in American public life when a man has tumbled by his own folly into political defeat or oblivion, that he has "fallen into the soup." General Taylor became President of the United States.

Another generation passed, and we had the Civil War, which closed in 1865. This contest was a supreme demonstration that peace does not decrease the military ardor, the vigor, or the patriotism of the American citizen. It was a battle of Americans against Americans, in which a million volunteers lost their lives. The hero of that war was General Grant, who became twice President of the United States. Then we had long peace from 1865 to 1898. The American jingoes who are perpetually seeking occasions for war, when no better reason offers, base their action upon the argument that the virility and manhood of a people degenerate unless kept alive by conditions that compel them to fight frequently for the honor and the flag of their country. Some of them have insisted for years that this period had arrived,

that patriotism and self-sacrificing courage were yielding to gross materialism, and unless we had our war we would speedily see the decadence of the nation. But no sooner had war been declared against Spain than a generation which knew nothing of scars or of the battles, the glories, or the fury of the fighting of the Civil War, rushed to the recruiting offices to enlist as volunteers in numbers ten times beyond that named in the call for troops. Napoleon said, "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar." Scratch an American, and you find a fighter. The inheritors of an ancestry which for generations have never yielded to a foe, have avenged wrongs, have vindicated right, have fought and died for their own liberty, and, more, have fought and died for the liberty of others, have to-day, as they will have under the inspiring spirit of liberty for all time, that dominant spirit which makes their country powerful, keeps their institutions pure and permanent and enlarges their own freedom.

I am delighted with the tribute which our Governor-elect, Colonel Roosevelt, has paid to-night to the regular army. We never fail to give a full and deserved measure of applause and recognition to the volunteer soldiers. We have not sufficiently recognized the superb service and fidelity of our regular army. During the civil strife it was this small and invincible army which prevented the Government from being overthrown until the volunteers had been drilled into soldiers. They held aloft the standard which never fell, never retreated, and around which rallied the raw troops. At the close of the Civil War this army, which was always at the front, had dwindled by losses in battle to scarcely a regiment. At frontier posts, at forts on the coast, and in encampments the regular army is always drilling and working. It becomes and remains one of the most complete fighting machines in the world. The intelligence of its soldiers puts the man behind the gun who in all emergencies, where commands fail because commanders are shot, can take the initiative and hold the field or rush the battery. We must give more care and more skilled attention to this great arm of our service and raise it to the standard required by the conditions of our country and the numbers of our population. I do not mean a great standing army, but I do mean one which will be universally recognized by our people as of reasonable and respectable size and efficiency.

A singular illustration of the importance of the Navy in the

new conditions forced upon us by the victories it has won and its conquests in the Western Hemisphere and the Pacific Ocean is furnished by comparing the consideration it received in former wars and its present prominence. While Washington lives forever as the hero of the first war, Paul Jones is seldom mentioned; while General Jackson lives as the hero of our second war, we hear little of Decatur and Perry and the other great naval commanders; while Grant lives as the embodiment of our Civil War, we hear little of Farragut, Porter, or Paulding, but the historian of this war is likely to put the Navy ahead of the Army, and in the popular imagination of the future which will crystallize the war in its heroes, Dewey will stand beside Miles. The fame of Miles will live because of his brilliant record in the Civil War and in campaigns against the Indians, and because our military successes in the war with Spain, were largely due to his plan of campaign and his broad and comprehensive strategy.

DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO ADMIRAL SCHLEY BY THE BROOKLYN CLUB, NOVEMBER 25, 1898.

MR. PRESIDENT: It is a wonderful privilege to live in a period of the national exaltation of one's country. It enlarges the vision, broadens the opinion, and clarifies the judgment of the people. It promotes pure and unselfish patriotism; it lifts the entire population to a better view of the plane upon which nations are maneuvering for ascendancy. It gives to individuals a nerve and brain tension which make the dullest sensitive to the music of the national anthem and enthusiastic over the victories of the Army and the Navy. The older generations have had this experience both in the Civil War and in our war with Spain.

Prior to the Civil War we were a provincial people. We were isolated from and ignorant of the rest of the world to an extent now difficult to comprehend. There was a greater difference between the civilizations, the opinions, and the conditions of the South and the North and a more acute antagonism than between the United States and Great Britain. An almost impassable gulf of irritation and misunderstanding lay between New England and the West. The Civil War gave us our first definite views of the Republic as a nation. It crystallized in popular sentiment the scheme of Hamilton and the argument of Webster. The habit acquired by battle, by victory, and by defeat of recognizing one flag, one constitution, and one government made us for the first time in our history one people. The supreme exaltation of that hour and those years sunk every private interest, every family tie, every association of labor, of business, or of the professions into the one purpose of sacrificing all if necessary for the salvation of the Union. The theories of State rights, of secession, of nullification, and of divided loyalty as between one's State and the Nation were forever settled at Appomattox, and from that field the inhabitants of this country became one and all Americans.

It is a singular evidence of the recrudescence of the fighting

spirit of the American that our wars have always been precipitated and compelled by a generation which knew nothing of war, by a generation which had been born and lived in times of peace. This experience easily refutes the well worn argument that peace and prosperity enervate a people. If we reckon that the citizen could have little recollection of public events before he was ten years old and if we add thirty years to that it will include nearly two-thirds of the population. The Revolutionary War closed in 1783. Our next war was that of 1812, twenty-nine years afterwards, which closed in 1814. The next war was that with Mexico in 1846, after a lapse of thirty-four years. The next was the Civil War in 1861 after thirteen years of peace. The Civil War ended in 1865 and thirty-three years afterwards, in 1898, began our conflict with Spain.

Ours is a people's government and these wars have been a people's wars. We differed during this period from the nations of Europe because all their great conflicts have been brought about by their rulers for dynastic purposes or territorial aggressions. When a resistless fury impels a free people to fight it is for right, justice, and liberty. It is often on sentiment, and to crystallize that sentiment into law, national or international. The war of the Revolution was fought to establish a principle repudiated by statesmen, and existing only as a theory in philosophy, "that all men are created equal, with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The Civil War was fought because this sentiment had not been crystallized in the Constitution or in the laws or in the life of the nation. From 1812 to 1814 our American Navy was making that glorious record which it had equaled and then surpassed in every subsequent struggle. It fought then under Decatur and Perry and Bainbridge to make the seas and the oceans free highways for American merchantmen and to make American territory every deck, armed or unarmed, over which floated the Stars and Stripes. It fought from sixty-one to sixty-five to make the land free over which floated the Stars and Stripes for every race, color, and creed that had once gained its citizenship. This time its heroes were Farragut, Porter, and Paulding. It fought once more in 1898 to free the people of Cuba from the intolerable tyranny of Spanish rule. And the genius of its admirals and commodores and the gunnery of its men drove the Spaniard and his flag from the

Western Hemisphere and won a new empire in the Pacific Ocean. The heroes of this war are the popular idols of to-day. To-night we honor Schley; some other night it will be Sampson, and some memorable night it will be Dewey.

I have already said that the Civil War lifted us to a height where above local prejudices or patriotisms of South or North or East or West we became first, all of us, American citizens. Our Spanish war raised us still higher so that we can see the world revolving beneath. We can view in our mind's eye the continents, the islands, and the oceans, and the place of the United States and its new possessions among the nations of the earth. Almost in a day our people have become easily familiar with the struggle of the western nations of Europe to divide Africa and conquer Asia, and, the purposes of this feverish haste. It is the pressure of over-crowded inhabitants and of over-production; it is the necessity, sharpened by want, misery, and the possibilities of starvation and revolution, for new markets. In this conquering of tribes and nations, in this overthrow of the governments of peoples of distant countries, in this seizure and spoliation of the lands of nations which are governing themselves, we have no part. We are rescuing oppressed peoples and giving them the protection of our flag. Our sacred mission for Cuba has been sanctified by the blood of our sons and the victories of our arms, and it must be carried through. Porto Rico is the key to the Gulf of Mexico, to the mouth of the Mississippi River, and to Cuba, and must be maintained and fortified as the key to waters which are virtually our inland sea. We have suddenly awakened to the fact that we are not only the greatest exporters of food products, but that our manufactories are already both turning out annually more than our markets can consume and that their perfection is such that American manufactures can successfully compete with those of the older nations of Europe. Cuba and Porto Rico under orderly government are to become increasingly the consumers of our goods. The fertile Philippines with American law, order, and justice are to progress to a larger appreciation of self-government, to be enormously rich in their increased productiveness and to require from us, and especially from our Pacific Coast, vast quantities of the products of our soil and mines. The Philippines' harbors and dock yards will be the coal-ing stations, the warehouses, and the depots for our navy and

our merchant marine. From this coign of vantage we are within easy reach of the open and ever wider opening doors of the Orient. No matter how rapidly our population within the United States may increase, no matter how much American energy, genius, and inventive skill may add to our productive power, the American Navy has given to us the position which removes the causes for the fears of congestion that are already threatening us and, protecting our merchant marine and keeping free the sea for our commerce, has prepared the way for an exhaustless demand for all that enriches our country, increases its power, supports its population, and promotes the happiness and prosperity of its people.

The historian in writing this glorious chapter of American history, this marvelous campaign, which in a hundred days altered the map of the world and made the United States one of the five great powers of the earth, will give the place of honor to the American Navy and a distinguished niche in the temple of fame to Admiral Schley.

DINNER TO JUSTIN MCCARTHY

SPEECH AT A DINNER TO JUSTIN MCCARTHY, ESQ., M.P., BY THE
IRISH PARLIAMENTARY FUND ASSOCIATION, AT THE HOFF-
MAN HOUSE, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: The first of my ancestors reached this country about two hundred and fifty years ago; many of them came afterwards; and the result is that I am able to stand successfully in the presence of every nationality as one of kindred blood. But none of the national organizations to which I am related, so far as I know, have spent the day in creating a resolution and alleging that it passed four years ago, relating to Home Rule in Ireland. It was only a Welshman who was equal to such a stretch of the imagination. One of my ancestors left Ireland a hundred and twenty-five years ago—and I left it three weeks ago. He never returned; but I expect to take my seat in the strangers' gallery of the Irish Parliament, unless I shall be elected a member from County Cork.

It affords me an unusual pleasure to begin the festive exercises of the winter by joining in a welcome to our distinguished guest of to-night. With his versatility, his marvelous capacity to move in many ways—and all acceptable to his friends and to himself—he seems to me to be, more than any other man on the other side, peculiarly an American. He has impressed himself upon the American people as a literary man, by possessing that facility which secures from them a reading. In his romances he seems to be reciting history, and his histories are romances. But we welcome him here to-night, not because he has touched that chord which is responded to by every cultivated American—and every American is cultivated—but because he represents a principle in which every American agrees with him. In England, during the recent canvass and election, a Tory Member of Parliament said to me: "Does anybody in America take any interest in the question which Mr. Gladstone has precipitated upon us, except the Irish?" I said to him: "There are no cross-roads in the United States where the question is not watched with the same eagerness

with which in a presidential canvass candidates and questions are talked about. There are no cross-roads in America where the Irish question is not to-night. There are no cross-roads, hamlets, villages, or cities in this country where a silent vote is not being cast day by day; and the only difference between an ordinary presidential election with us and this election is that our voices and our votes are unanimously on one side." "Well," he said, "that is because you are not informed." I said to him: "It is because we are educated on that question, and England proper is not." The principle of Home Rule starts from the town meeting, starts from the village caucus, starts from the ward gathering, reaches the county board of supervisors, stops at the State Legislature, and delegates imperial power only to Congress. The whole genius and spirit of American liberty is Home Rule in the locality where it best understands what it needs, and that only in general matters shall the central Government control. With all our English speaking race, whatever may be its origin or its commingling with other races, there is at bottom a savage spirit—a brutal spirit—by which we seek to gain what is necessary to our power or to our interests by might, and to hold it no matter what may be the right. Under the impetus of that spirit, the English-speaking race have trod upon rights and sacred privileges until they circle and virtually control the globe. We ourselves in our own country are no strangers to the spirit, in the manner in which for a century we trampled upon the rights of the slave, in the manner in which we to-day trample upon the rights of the Indians. But, thank God, in the evolution of the moral principle of human nature, in the enlightenment belonging to the race of which we are so proud, in the exercise and the power of the Church within and without, there has grown up within our race a conscience to which an appeal can be successfully made. It is the appeal to that conscience which came within seventy-five thousand votes of carrying the election for Home Rule for Ireland during the last campaign. Except for faith in one man, that election would not have shown many votes for Home Rule in England, for the English people—and I met them everywhere—are not enlightened, not yet educated. I know the common, middle-class Englishman. Whatever may be the prejudice aroused against him in Ireland, or in this country, he is a hard-headed, a conscientious, a moral, and

family-loving man. All he needs is to be enlightened as to what is right and what is wrong, and he rises to the emergency. He had followed Gladstone for a quarter of a century, and when Gladstone said: "This is the right," believing it not to be the right he still followed Gladstone. When Gladstone and those who are behind him have educated him, within two years from to-night he will turn around and say to the Tory Government, to the Union-Liberal Government, to the Liberal Government, to the Radical Government: "Justice to Ireland, or you cannot stay in power."

Now I thought I would talk with these people. A Yankee does not amount to much if he does not ask questions. And I am a Yankee—that is, an Irish Yankee. I said to a Tory of some note: "Why do you oppose Mr. Gladstone's bill?" "Why," said he, "because it would confiscate, through an Irish Parliament, all the land in Ireland, and the Protestant minority would be crushed out and driven from the Island." I said to a Union-Liberal: "Why do you oppose Home Rule in Ireland?" "Why," said he, "because it would lead to the disruption of the British Empire; and that is precisely the question presented in your Rebellion and Civil War." I said to the English manufacturer: "Why don't you help Ireland by taking over your capital and developing her industries and great national capacities?" He said: "Because the beggars won't work." I said to an English squire, who is alive to-day, but who is simply the mummied representative of his ancestors of the fourteenth century: "Why are you opposed to Gladstone and Home Rule?" "Why," said he, "because the Irish are children, and must have a strong hand to govern them." Well, gentlemen, all those questions are answered successfully either in America or Ireland to-day. The fact that the noblest, the most brilliant, the most magnificent contributions to the forces of human liberty, not only in Ireland but in the world, which have been given in the last century, have come from the Protestant minority in Ireland, answers the question of Irish bigotry. Through that ancestor who left Ireland a hundred and twenty-five years ago, I come from that same Presbyterian stock represented to-day by Parnell, and which dared to take its chances with Home Rule among its fellow-citizens. What have the Irishmen in this country done? Whenever they are freed from the distressing and oppressing influences that have borne

them down for centuries in their country, they do work. They have built our great public works; they have constructed our vast system of railways; they have done more than that: they have risen to places of power and eminence in every walk of industry and in every avenue open to brains and to pluck. The only complaint we have against them is, that they show too much genius for government and get all the offices. I have some ambitions myself, and I am for Home Rule in Ireland, because I want these fellows to go back to give me a chance.

I read in one of the leading papers this morning—I shall not say which for fear of exciting an irruption here on this platform, but it was the *leading paper*—that the Prime Minister of Austria, a member of the Irish Peerage, under some name which I now forget, had been engaged through his agent in evicting some hundreds of his tenants. It seemed to me to preach the most pregnant lesson of Irish difficulty and Irish relief. The Prime Minister of Austria, as all the world knows, is a man of pre-eminent ability, of extraordinary power in the management of international questions, of profound and magnificent patriotism—to Austria. But engrossed as he is in the great question of how the peace of Europe is to be preserved with the position of Russia on one hand and Germany on the other, how is he to perform his part as an Irish citizen toward the people dependent upon him for support or encouragement, for that sympathy which should flow between him who holds the land, and him who tills it for a price? The world has come to recognize that property has its obligations as well as labor. The world has come to recognize that he who has, if he would enjoy, must reciprocate with those who have not, and with those who are dependent upon him. But as all wealth springs from the earth, and as all national prosperity comes from the soil, if there is in any country—as thank God there is not in ours—a system by which the tenant's title goes down from generation to generation, unless the lord is there in his castle—so that between the castle and the cottage there is an indissoluble tie, in sickness and in health, in poverty and prosperity, each sympathizing with the other's woes, each sharing in the other's joys—he has no place in that land, and the law should say to him, not: “We will strip you of your possessions without price”; but “with a price that is fair, we will give them to the tillers of the soil.” I was the other day—three weeks ago—in

an Irish city; and as I was passing along the street, I saw on the lintel of a door the emblems of mourning. There came out two solemn looking persons whom I judged from their conversation to be the doctor and his assistant. They walked along seeming to feel very bad over the misfortune that had befallen the family or the falling off of their revenues, but when they reached the opposite corner of the street, they turned, and one said to the other: "Mr. O'Flynn, we did the best we could." "Yes," says he, "Mr. O'Brien, and it was a melancholy pleasure." Now I have attended a great many funerals in my life; I expect to attend a great many more; and there are many obsequies to which I go which afford me a melancholy pleasure. I feel melancholy in outward aspect out of respect to my surroundings, and have great pleasure in the event; and the funeral of the passion and the prejudice of England, which for ages have cursed Ireland, I shall attend with a melancholy pleasure.

The difficulty about Ireland and the United States is, that while Americans have talked—as we all have to talk upon the stump and platform, some of us for votes, and some of us because we feel it, about the rights and wrongs of Ireland—the difficulty with us has always been that we did not know what Irishmen wanted. We have reached an age when sentiment is gone. We are no longer a sentimental people. We have come to a period when passion can no longer be torn to tatters, unless there is a foundation for the cloth. When we believe a people to be suffering from tyranny and injustice, then we can be full of sentiment in our sympathies, and intensely practical in our assistance. In the divided councils of the past we could not learn what the Irish wanted for Ireland, but the full lesson has been taught us by the same great leader who has consolidated the opinions and the purposes of his countrymen—Charles Stewart Parnell.

I doubt if the justice and strength of Mr. Parnell's position would have been so thoroughly understood, and so unanimously approved, by the American people, except for the conversion and resistless advocacy of an English statesman who has for years held the first place in our admiration and respect. Americans recognize genius everywhere, and neither race nor nationality is a barrier to their appreciation and applause. Beyond all other men in the Old World, one Englishman of supreme ability, of

marvelous eloquence, and varied acquirements, has fired their imaginations and enthusiasm—William Ewart Gladstone.

During the fifty years he has been in public life, there have been other English statesmen as accomplished and eminent in many departments of activity and thought; many whose home and foreign policies have received equal, if not greater, approval from their contemporaries; two hundred years from now none of them will be remembered but Gladstone. His fame will rest upon the great achievement of having saved the Empire he loved from a policy based upon ignorance and prejudice which would have destroyed it, and the greater triumph of having liberated a noble people, for centuries oppressed, who will forever keep his name alive with their gratitude.

DINNER TO SECRETARY ROOT

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE LOTOS CLUB OF NEW YORK TO HON. ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF WAR,¹ MAY 9, 1903.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE LOTOS CLUB: We meet to greet and to welcome with all our hearts our distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, the Secretary of War. In the thirty-odd years of the existence of this club, its members have come to play many parts. Its reception is a decoration which has been bestowed upon men of distinction in every walk of life. For the evening the Lotos members are of the faith and profession of their guest. If he be a statesman, so are we; if a general or an admiral, so are we; if a man of letters, an artist or an actor, we line up as near his standard as possible. If he be a governor or mayor, we breathe the gubernatorial atmosphere and have the air and manners of power. But it is only for the night. On the morrow, we are our normal selves again, but the celebration lives in the annals of the club and in happy remembrance of the guest. To this rule, however, there are exceptions. It is when one, whom we have known and loved for years, whose career in its upward course we have watched with eagerness, admiration, and pride, who in the full fruition of his fame and his success accepts our invitation and is again one of us. An evening with him is one of our red-letter nights and never forgotten. It is our celebration as much as it is his. However much he may enjoy the tribute, we feel that we share in his triumph and the victories he has won.

There have been many Secretaries of War in the history of our country. It would be an interesting speculation if we were all to be placed upon the stand, how many of them we could recall. There are two who stand out with as great prominence as Carnot among the War Ministers of France. Those two are Stanton and Root.

¹Elihu Root was Secretary of War in 1899-1904, and Secretary of State in 1905-09. In the latter year he was elected United States Senator from New York to succeed Senator Thomas C. Platt.—Ed.

It was my fortune to be brought into contact with Secretary Stanton under conditions which revealed his merits and his defects. He was one of those imperious and commanding natures of superior executive ability and unlimited courage who associates brutality with power. He possessed qualities which, in the desperate struggle for the nation's life in the Civil War, were necessary as a complement to those of President Lincoln. A citizen soldiery, a volunteer army of two millions, commanded by officers untrained to war, to the discipline of the military service, to obedience and subordination, which are the essentials of an army, must necessarily have, both among those who hold commissions and those in the ranks, many who will be guilty of serious military offences. The marvel is, as we read the record of the Civil War, that with an army hastily gathered, under such conditions, there were so few. President Lincoln with his kind heart was always ready to pardon any offence and would never sign a decree of death. Stanton held every one guilty for the slightest infraction of discipline and insisted upon the severest punishment. Powerful politicians, as United States Senators, or Members of Congress, or Governors of States, might prevent the punishment or dismissal of an officer on the plea that he should be tried again if they appealed to the President, but with the Secretary of War it was fatal. It was these qualities of the great Secretary which weeded out incompetency and encouraged efficiency, and finally made the armies of the East and the West the most magnificent bodies of troops of modern times, and invincible.

At one of General Sherman's birthday dinners, given by himself to himself, when reminiscence among the great fighters of the Civil War who were present was the delight of the evening, one famous commander said: "Sherman, I had the greatest difficulty in maintaining discipline in my army, because President Lincoln, if the decision of the court-martial ever passed the Secretary of War, always remitted the sentence or pardoned the offence. How did you manage?" The reply of the grim general was, "I always shot them first."

In the presidential election of 1864, the New York Legislature assigned to me, as Secretary of State, the duty of collecting the soldiers' vote. I spent the summer in Washington on this business and frequently met both President Lincoln and the Secretary of War. The best recollections of my life are the

hours I was privileged to spend with the great President and listen to his talk and his stories. The most disagreeable were my interviews with Secretary Stanton in the effort to secure from him the information by which I could get the vote of the soldiers of New York. After being treated very rudely many times, I finally very insistently, as the time was short, demanded an answer. He very curtly said that the New York soldiers were scattered in armies, divisions, brigades, regiments, and separate companies all over the country, that the revelation of where they were located and where the ballots might reach them might be revealed to the enemy and was information of the kind which he would never permit to be given. He dismissed the subject with an oath and a bang. I said, "Sir, if President Lincoln fails to carry New York because the soldiers cannot vote the fault will be yours." He said, "It is a matter of indifference with me how New York votes, Sir, my business is with the Army." Whatever of reputation for good temper, or amiability, or conservative language I had accumulated up to that time was then lost. Rushing down the hall of the War office to catch the train to explode in the New York papers, I met Elihu Washburn, the fast friend of Mr. Lincoln. He stopped me, wanted to know the cause of my excitement, and I told him my struggles for three months. He said, "Have you ever mentioned this to the President?" I said, "No." "Well," said he, "you do not understand him. While Lincoln is one of the greatest Presidents the country has ever had, if not the greatest since Washington, he is one of the best politicians we ever produced in the West. He would take a carpet bag and go on foot and collect those votes himself if necessary. Wait here until I return." A promenade of an hour up and down the hall with officers flying hither and thither was relieved at last by an officer saying, "The Secretary desires to see you." I have rarely been received with more cordiality, kindness, and politeness than I was by Mr. Stanton on this, my twenty-fifth or thirtieth, visit to the Minister of War, each of which had been more disagreeable than the preceding, after the visit which either the President had made to him, or he to the President, and in an hour I was in possession of all the needed information and on my way to Albany to prepare the papers for the soldiers' vote of New York.

Now if Root had been Secretary of War at that time, he

would have been quite as careful as Stanton, but his methods would have kept the State official his friend. He would have referred him to General Corbin to be disciplined and chastened. Corbin would have sent him to the Bureau of Information, which would have spent several weeks looking into the subject and then reported that they had no authority. The State officer would then be led to Colonel Sanger, who would have overwhelmed him with politeness, invited him to dinner and given him everything but the information. By this time Secretary Root would have discovered that the President was anxious about New York and wanted the vote to be had at all hazards. Then he would have sent for the State officer, and the State officer would have received a list of the New York troops, their location and the methods of reaching them under conditions which, for the rest of his life, would make him feel under an obligation to Secretary Root and would rank him among the best friends of his life.

History is seldom, if ever, an impartial recital of the facts. It is never an impartial revelation of the underlying causes on which the facts rest. The standpoint of the historian inspires the story. We are very near the Spanish-American War and yet our people are hopelessly divided upon what ought to be in our immediate recollection transparent and open to everyone. That war came unexpectedly. In thirty-seven years of peace the country had become wholly unprepared for war. We had neither guns, ammunition, uniforms, nor material, and yet an army of 250,000 men, all volunteers, was mobilized in a few weeks and placed in the field. In a hundred days the war was over. It was ended by an astonishing series of victories on land and sea. Then upon the country devolved a responsibility greater than had ever fallen in all our conflicts, or any conflict of any nation in modern times. It is natural that mistakes should occur and blunders be made here and there, and that there should be gross incompetence in the haste of such a campaign. But yet, as we look back after six years, it is simply marvelous that the mistakes and the blunders and the incompetence were so insignificant. But an anxious people always hold some one in the administration responsible. Blame was centered upon Secretary Alger and I wish to say here emphatically that time will vindicate him as completely as did his fellow citizens of Michigan in evincing with

rare unanimity their appreciation by giving him the best place in their gift—the senatorship from their State.

It was in the difficulty which was very acute, present and future, of finding a Secretary of War who would be equal to the immense responsibilities that had come upon the office by our freeing of Cuba and our acquisition of Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines, that President McKinley turned to Elihu Root. I heard him say, "I want a great lawyer who is also a man of large administrative and executive ability, who is wise as well as able. Unsettled constitutional questions are before us and action must be had before the courts can decide. We must govern Cuba until she is capable of taking care of herself as an independent republic, we must restore order and peace and establish courts and provide an administration for Porto Rico and the Philippines solely under presidential authority and responsibility. The work will tax the strongest man and the solution of these problems as they arise the best legal brain in the country." He feared that the man whose qualities he outlined—and there could be but very few such—would hesitate before sacrificing a proud place at the head of his profession, with all its honor and emoluments, to assume a position which promised little except an approving conscience, patriotic effort, and boundless criticism. There never was any doubt in the President's mind as to who that man was and there never was a happier occupant of the White House than when Elihu Root wrote accepting the offer to become Secretary of War.

Well, gentlemen, the rest is history. Cuba, assisted step by step, and every step inspired from the War Office, has assumed her place among the nations of the world. Porto Rico has become one of the most happy and prosperous of colonies. Peace, order and justice have succeeded insurrection and anarchy in the Philippine Islands. The methods pursued by the administrations of President McKinley and President Roosevelt under the advice of Elihu Root have been ratified by Congress and approved by the Supreme Court of the United States.

General Washington, who so marvelously foresaw and forecast the needs of his country for the future, endeavored to have the militia or national guard of the several States so organized that it might be subject to the call of the National Government as part of its army in time of need. Many times since Presi-

dents have endeavored to bring about this result so essential to a great power. It has always been defeated by the bogy of State rights and centralization. During the last Congress this dream of Washington's materialized largely because the Secretary of War enlisted the Confederate brigadiers against the ante-bellum statesmen. The Confederate brigadiers had served gloriously under the flag in the war with Spain and had thus lost the inherited prejudices of their section. Our army is the best and most intelligent in its material in the world, but has been handicapped because its organization could not be based upon the plans which have been worked out by the most advanced military governments. It has remained practically unchanged since the ragged Continentals won their glorious victories in the Revolutionary War. But war, like every other pursuit in these strenuous modern days, must be ruled by scientific methods. The leaders must be men of both training and genius for their profession. Troops cannot be successfully placed in the field nor properly organized, drilled, and led to victory except by that rare combination of trained ability and born adaptability which in every department of effort brings success. Modern methods of organization have always failed by appeals, on the part of the old timers who want no changes, to the prejudices against foreign methods and monarchical precedents. Happily in the liberalization and enlargement, which have come from our growth and contact with all peoples of the world, we are adopting more and more every year in our administrative policies the idea first advanced by John Wesley and enlarged by Henry Ward Beecher when they said, in introducing tunes from the opera and concerts for hymns in the churches, that the devil was not entitled to the best music. With that happy faculty of putting things so lucidly that there can be no different conclusion by fair-minded men, the Secretary of War, after three years of effort, finally succeeded during last winter in procuring legislation by which our Army will be governed by a general staff and promotions come from merit as well as seniority. Under the old rule a captain with capacity for commanding a company and none for larger responsibility, might in course of years become a general and paw the air under the illusion that his head had grown to a general's size. In active work thousands of lives might be lost and plans go astray before his incompetency was discovered. But under the new system as

each advance of grade is made, record and examination test the fitness of the candidate.

To-night we can welcome, can cheer and honor to the extent of our ability, our old friend Elihu Root and glory in his distinction, but his place is fixed forever in the history of our country as one of the greatest of its war ministers.

DINNER OF NEW YORK'S WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY NEW YORK'S WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS, AT DELMONICO'S, DECEMBER 22, 1891, MR. DEPEW PRESIDING.

GENTLEMEN: The New York Commissioners are very glad to welcome you here to-night. The National Commission for the creation and promotion of the Columbian Exhibition consists of three members from each State. The New York members, Mr. Thacher, Mr. Allen, and myself, have invited you to meet us, not on account of the general interests of the Exhibition, for its success as a whole is assured, but to consult with you as to the proper provision to be made for such a representation of our State at the Exhibition as will be worthy of its position among our sister commonwealths. Unfortunately with us the question has been obscured by political claims and considerations which have not entered into the councils of other States, and which have no place, legitimately or illegitimately, in the consideration of the duties which devolve upon us.

This Exhibition is destined to be not only the most phenomenal presentation of the industries, the arts, the sciences, the education, and the civilization of this and other countries, but its character is in all respects purely national. The success of the Columbian Exhibition must not be impaired or retarded by local ambitions or jealousies anywhere. So far as New York is concerned she has none. She has not acted in this matter before because the time had not yet arrived. She is now prepared to do her part in her own imperial way.

Whenever a new State is organized there is always fierce competition among rival cities for the position of capital of the commonwealth. When the selection is made controversy is forgotten, and the fortunate place becomes thereafter the center of the official and legislative life of the State. New York was the first capital of the United States and continued so for many years. The South and the West contended fiercely for a change, and of

course as the result of the controversy New York lost. Nevertheless she still remains the first city of the continent and the center of its enterprise and financial strength. Her size and grandeur always have and always will unite all places to dispose of her as the most dangerous competitor before indulging in their own rivalries. But since Washington became the capital New York has been proud to be represented there by her ablest statesmen, and to do her part to promote the glory and grandeur of the Republic.

The great West beyond the Alleghanies, which has made such marvelous growth in the last half-century in population and agricultural and industrial wealth, demanded and received the World's Fair for the city of Chicago, in itself the most phenomenal exhibit of American energy, enterprise, and civilization. Whether the exhibition had been at New York, Chicago, St. Louis, or San Francisco, it would have been, as it is now, the plain duty of each State to do its best to promote an enterprise which means so much for the industrial, agricultural, and educational interests of our country.

The Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was a worthy celebration of the completion of the first hundred years of our independence. The country was still staggering under the bankruptcy of the fearful panic of 1873, but the exhibition placed our business upon its feet and infused life and health into our credit. It distributed to the remotest corners of our country that instruction which materialized into new sources of employment and development, and brought into circulation millions of dollars which otherwise would have lain dormant or idle.

The exhibition two years ago at Paris saved the French Republic from political destruction by turning the commercial distress, which was prevalent throughout France, into happy and prosperous times. Three hundreds of millions of dollars, or more, were in that instance released from savings-banks and stockings, or brought in from other nations to swell the tide of French profit and progress.

Our Columbian Exhibition comes at a most opportune time. The unprecedented crops which our fields have produced this year, and the equally unprecedented demand for our food products abroad will give us for twelve months an exhilarating period of prosperity. Farm mortgages will be paid off, new

enterprises will be started, old railroads will be extended, and new ones will be constructed. Values will rise in the market price, everybody will be richer, and in accord with the spirit and temper of our people, credit will be strained to the utmost to realize the largest returns from these phenomenal commercial opportunities. In the ordinary course of financial experience, over-trading and over-confidence, with probably different relations another year between the farm and the markets of the world, would be followed by a corresponding collapse. But this great industrial exhibition at Chicago will take up the frayed threads of opportunity, too lavishly employed, and weave them into new cables to draw the car of American progress. The vast movement of peoples over railways, the stimulus given to business at cities and railway centers, the hundreds of millions of dollars brought into active use which would otherwise be unemployed, will save us as a nation from the dangers which threaten, and crystallize into permanency thousands of enterprises which otherwise would fail from lack of confidence or capital.

The citizens of Chicago are to be complimented and congratulated on the courage and forethought which have characterized their local preparations for this grand event. They have already expended ten millions of dollars of their own money, and their patriotism and resources are not yet exhausted. But the expense of this national enterprise should not be wholly borne by the locality where Congress has placed it. The nation should do its part to second the efforts of the citizens of Chicago to make this Exhibition surpass in every respect any ever yet held in any country.

The grounds devoted to the Fair are more than three times greater in area than the acres of the Paris Exhibition in 1889. The buildings are more numerous and very much larger than those which astonished visitors at the French capital. The floor space in these magnificent structures will be five times greater than at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and double that of the Paris Exhibition. The cost of the preparations for the Centennial was about five million dollars, of the French Exhibition about ten millions, but for the Exhibition at Chicago it will be seventeen millions. The buildings themselves will be an industrial exhibition of the highest character. They are designed by the most distinguished of American architects. In proportion

and grandeur they excel the famed structures of other lands. By modern invention and plastic art, the architect is enabled to impress upon the eye all the effects produced by the genius of Phidias and Praxiteles.

Our exhibition will be unique and distinct from its predecessors at London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, in its superb recognition of woman and her work. A structure equal in size and appointments to any except the Machinery Hall at Paris, and designed by an American girl, will demonstrate by its architectural beauty the advance of women in this field, and the departments housed in this superb structure, where woman's work will be displayed, will fitly show what the United States has done to ennoble and dignify womanhood, and give her an opportunity to make her way in the arts and industries.

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, Morse's telegraph comprised almost the sum of our knowledge of electricity; but a building at Chicago twice as large as Cooper Institute, devoted entirely to electrical appliances and inventions, will demonstrate by the advance in one department the enormous progress of the country in every department since then.

At the time of the Centennial Exhibition we had 45,000,000 people; now our numbers reach the grand total of 64,000,000. Then we had thirty-seven States, but we have since added seven stars to our flag. Then the product of our farms in cereals was about \$2,200,000,000; now it is over \$4,000,000,000. Then the output of our factories was about \$5,000,000,000; now it is over \$7,000,000,000. Such progress, such development, such advance, such accumulation of wealth and the opportunities for wealth—wealth in the broad sense, which opens new avenues for employment and fresh chances for independence and for homes—have characterized no other similar period of recorded time.

It is an insult to the intelligence of our State to ask what should be the place of New York in this grand Exhibition. First in population, in manufactures, and almost in agriculture; first in all the elements which constitute a great and growing commonwealth, her place in the emulous and friendly rivalry of sister States in this grand Exhibition should be that which nature and the enterprise of her people have given her.

Our markets are West, our competitors are West. We must remove any prejudice that may exist against our trade, and then

command the markets by the superiority and cheapness of our product. The opportunity is before us to suffer great loss, or gain incalculable advantage. But aside from material considerations, New York has never failed, when patriotic effort was demanded, to respond with volume and enthusiasm which sustained her imperial position. In the presence of this representative body, speaking for them and through them for the people of the Commonwealth, I can say to the country East and West, North and South, "New York will be at the Columbian Exposition, and she will be there in the full grandeur of her strength and development."

The Columbian World's Exposition will be international, because it will hospitably welcome and entertain the people and the products of every nation in the world. It will give to them the fullest opportunity to teach us, and learn from us, and to open new avenues of trade with our markets, and discover materials which will be valuable in theirs. But its creation, its magnitude, its location, its architecture, and its striking and enduring features will be American. The city in which it is held, taking rank among the first cities in the world after an existence of only fifty years, is American. The great inland fresh-water sea, whose waves dash against the shores of Jackson Park, is American. The prairie, extending westward with its thousands of square miles of land, a half-century ago a wilderness, but to-day grid-ironed with railroads, spanned with webs of electric wire, rich in prosperous farms, growing villages, ambitious cities, and an energetic, educated, and progressive people, is purely American.

The Centennial Exhibition of 1876 celebrated the first hundred years of independence of the Republic of the United States. The Columbian Exhibition celebrates the discovery of a continent which has become the home of peoples of every race, the refuge for those persecuted on account of their devotion to civil and religious liberty, and the revolutionary factor in the affairs of this earth, a discovery which has accomplished more for humanity in its material, its intellectual and its spiritual aspects, than all other events since the advent of Christ.

ELECTION OF McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK TO CELEBRATE THE ELECTION OF MCKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT, NOVEMBER 7, 1900.

GENTLEMEN: In the twenty years of its existence the Republican Club has had many interesting celebrations. There never has been within its walls such a happy assemblage as gathers here to-night. In all the years of my presidential campaigning, including that for Mr. Lincoln in 1860, I have never known such universal satisfaction with the result. The sigh of relief, as well as the cry of gladness, comes from foes as well as friends. The burial of the free silver fallacy, the escape from a debased currency and from industrial agitation by new theories and strange policies, and the assurance of a continuance of present conditions with capital, with labor, with business, with employment, with new enterprises in process of completion and others under consideration are welcome alike to the victors and the vanquished.

An old man up the State said to me: "I am a Democrat and follow the party regularly, regardless of results. I would not vote for McKinley if I knew the election of Bryan would ruin the country; I would not vote for Bryan if he were on the Republican ticket, and would vote for McKinley if he were on the Democratic ticket." In their heart of hearts there are millions of such blind partisans in our country to-day who are secretly rejoicing and giving cheers without noise.

It is a matter of pride and congratulation that we enter upon the twentieth century with so gifted, wise, and experienced a statesman as William McKinley. The American, wherever he may be, anywhere in the world, can point to the Chief Magistrate of his country as the best type of his countrymen.

There never has been a candidate for Vice-president who contributed so largely to the success of the ticket as has Col. Roosevelt. His picturesque personality and incisive speeches have been an important factor in our victory.

New York State is a business corporation with seven millions of stockholders and vast interests to be managed. The people this time have elected for their Governor one of the most experienced, level-headed, and successful business men of the State. I predict for his administration an unqualified success.

Genial, able and popular, Woodruff disputes by his majorities the old boggy of a third term.

Every campaigner, after the battle is over, loves to recall its perils and its fun. At one of the stations where our special stopped for a meeting and a speech, the local committee had a six-pounder and a gun squad. The captain of the squad stood at the foot of the car platform, and as the crowd cheered he would raise his hand as a signal for the gun to fire, so that the cheering was emphasized by the roar of artillery. After a while a boy came running from the gun squad to the captain and said:

"Say, Captain, how much longer is Senator Depew going to speak? We have only four cartridges left."

Overhearing the observation, I limited the points which were likely to elicit applause to the contents of the caisson.

While my experience at Cobleskill was novel and had never occurred to me before and was symptomatic of the results on certain minds of Mr. Bryan's appeals to the unsuccessful or those who were told that they had not got their fair share of the present prosperity, there is still a bright side to the incident. After forty minutes of struggling for a hearing I said in the highest register of my voice over the crowd, so that all heard it, that they were endeavoring to prevent a reply to Mr. Bryan, who left the town as I entered it, and to prevent free speech by the weapons with which Samson slew the Philistines.

There was quiet for some moments while the shouters were asking their Republican neighbors what the weapon was with which Samson slew the Philistines, in what book it could be found and who was the author. I understand that since my visit there has been such a diligent reading and searching of the Scriptures among the hills and valleys of old Schoharie that there is likely during the winter to be a great religious revival there among Democrats.

The nineteenth century was ushered in by the election of Thomas Jefferson. The twentieth century is ushered in by the election of William McKinley. There is a singular repetition of

history at this conjunction of the centuries. Jefferson and Burr, the Democratic candidates, had beaten the Federal party. The contest was thrown into the House of Representatives. Burr immediately made an effort for the Presidency as against Jefferson. It rested with the Federalists who should be chosen. Jefferson represented the solid principles of the Democratic Party. Burr was a shifty politician, who stood for every ism, every fad behind which there was any number of votes, no matter how crude the ism or how dangerous the fad. His object was to be President. The Federalists hated Jefferson because it was due to his genius, statesmanship, and superb party leadership that they had been driven from power. At the critical moment Alexander Hamilton and Bayard, of New Jersey, neither of whom liked or were on cordial terms with Jefferson, advised their party associates to elect the author of the Declaration of Independence. Their argument was that Burr, while his success might help the party, would be dangerous to the country, while Jefferson was a patriot and a statesman and stood at least for sound money and its stability, which were the safeguards of national credit and individual prosperity.

A hundred years go by, and, while Mr. Bryan is an infinitely better man in every respect than Aaron Burr, yet he represents theories, isms and fads which are dangerous to the national credit and the business of the country. So, the tables reverse, the real descendants of Thomas Jefferson, in the political line, the genuine Democrats of the Jeffersonian school, the brains and distinction of the Democratic Party, act as did the Federalists a hundred years ago. They temporarily leave their organization, sacrifice their party allegiance to the maintenance of the national credit and the credit of the national currency, and become an important, if not the important, factor in the event which we celebrate—the re-election of William McKinley.

Jefferson's first act after his inauguration was to purchase from France the territory of Louisiana; his next to organize a government for that vast domain and to restore order within its limits and to extend the blessings of American institutions over its people. They were a people foreign in language, in race, and in ideas to the people by whom they had been absorbed. The first act, one hundred years afterwards, of the administration of Mr. McKinley, will be to restore order, to give a stable govern-

ment, and to extend American institutions over the Philippine Islands. The people of the United States have emphatically ratified the treaty of peace with Spain. They have determined that the Philippine Islands are incorporated in the territories of the United States and are to be held such forever.

There are twelve hundred islands, twelve tribes of inhabitants, differing in race and in language. On one island alone and a section of one tribe is there a revolt. All the rest have gladly accepted, and are adjusting themselves to American conditions. We want to give to the President immediately the means and the authority, in the speediest way and by overwhelming force, to crush out the rebellion in the Philippines. It is easy for a few agitators and revolutionists in a tropical country, where there are no roads, to hide in swamps and forests and mountains, and march in small bands to attack isolated companies of troops, to levy tribute upon villages, and to commit robbery and outrage upon farmhouses.

With the rebellion suppressed, as it must be by the strong hand and overwhelming force, and within the shortest possible space of time, will come pacification of the islands. After that the benefits to the Filipinos themselves in law and justice, which they never had before; in free speech and a free press, which they never had before; in schoolhouses dotting the islands and carrying American education; in municipal governments of their own and native police; in a gradually enlarged share in the general government of the islands, will, with marvelous rapidity, transform that people from semi-barbarism and semi-civilization into progressive and enlightened citizenship. American enterprise will run railroads and trolley lines which will carry with them an enormous development, while American capital will explore the mineral resources and bring out the productive possibilities of the territory. Before the close of McKinley's administration the Philippines will be a prosperous, happy, and peaceful community and a large and enlarging market for American productions.

The acquisition of Louisiana by Jefferson made the Mississippi an American river from its source to its mouth. It made possible the settlement of the West and the Northwest. With the possession of the western coast of the American continent from Bering Sea to the Mexican line, with coaling stations dot-

ting across the Pacific to the Philippine Islands, with Manila within four days of Hong Kong and the coast of the Orient, behind which are two-thirds of the population of the globe, who are to be the purchasers of the overproduction of the highly organized nations of the earth, the Pacific will become an American lake, and with all this will be that development of the merchant marine, which will carry under our own flag the products of American industry.

DINNER BY LOTOS CLUB

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO GOVERNOR ODELL,¹ BY THE
LOTOS CLUB OF NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1901.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I am impressed with the unity of our country, its great distances, and their easy annihilation by my experience of to-day. At noon I was urging upon the President, at the White House, the necessity of securing the success of his administration by appointing the proper man to an important office. The patriot was waiting in the ante-room burning with anxiety to serve his country. To-morrow morning will reveal whether Mr. Roosevelt has appreciated the importance of my suggestions. I threw over a dinner in Washington where I was to meet some of the most charming ladies of the Capital to be here to join in this demonstration in honor of our Governor, and to meet the most charming men in New York.

The Governor's admirable speech to-night is an illustration of his ability to do whatever he sets out to accomplish. He had avoided the field of after-dinner oratory until his election a few months since. I remember when he began he limited his effort to a minute and a half and regretted the minute. Now he speaks with the ease and grace of the practised artist, and fascinates his audience by a clear expression of his opinions and purposes which conceals nothing and reveals nothing.

I was brought up on Governors. I formed the habit early. Forty years ago, when a youth, I was elected Secretary of State. In the first half of my term Horatio Seymour was Governor and in the last half Reuben E. Fenton. With this Albany residence and association I have known intimately all our Governors since 1860. I cannot recall them all.

A Mr. Wickham for many years enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest graduate of Yale, and was received with all the honors at our Alumni dinners at New Haven. When he was ninety-seven, his nephew, at that time Mayor of New York, gave

¹Benjamin Barker Odell, Jr., was Governor of New York in 1901-05.—*Ed.*

him a reception, and among the guests was a distinguished gentleman past sixty to whom the old man said, "My dear boy, I know all about you; your mother was one of the bridesmaids at my wedding; not to my present wife, but my second wife. That was a long time ago, that wife was a fine woman, and her maiden name was—well I have forgotten."

I have known more than a thousand citizens who wanted to be Governor, many of whom I helped. The only man who ever tried to run away from it, and whom the people will not allow to, is Ben. Odell.

I was on my way on the train to our State Convention at Saratoga many years ago. The nominee had been generally agreed upon. To my surprise the late John Russell Young brought me a peremptory message from Horace Greeley that the nomination belonged to him and I must present his name to the Convention. Mr. Greeley lived in my Assembly District and was my friend. I sent word to him there was no chance, but the answer was "try." I jumped on the slate with both feet and it bent and cracked a little; the air of the Convention was black with hats and rang with shouts and cheers for old Horace, but when the vote was taken the machine won. Though he was crazy for the office, this was his contradictory and philosophical way of taking his defeat. He said to me when I next met him: "The man who wishes to be Governor is a damned fool. No one can recall the last ten of them." But he had a pain in his heart just the same.

Well, my friends, we have a Governor every two years in our State, and it may be that the task of recalling the last ten would be too hard for any of us. I venture to predict that five hundred years from now when the country will have produced an average of twenty Presidents in a century, there will be but one President remembered in each cycle and all the rest will be forgotten. One President whose genius meets the crisis of the century will represent it. So with Governors: a few will stand out in the history of the State and in the memory of its people whose wisdom and courage have given the best government.

If I may indulge in further gubernatorial reminiscences, I will speak of Governor Seymour. He was an elegant and accomplished gentleman, with a high-bred manner which never unbent, and he was always faultlessly dressed. He looked the

ideal of an aristocrat, and yet he was and continued to be until his death the idol of the Democracy. I was a looker-on at the Democratic Convention at Albany assembled to nominate his successor who had already been selected by Dean Richmond, the party leader. One of those smooth and plausible gentlemen who resemble in their ways Bret Harte's Chinese hero, Ah Sin, arose and blandly remarked, "It is well understood, Mr. Chairman, that Governor Seymour will, under no circumstances, accept a renomination. His personal affairs, long neglected in the public service, make it impossible, and we have no right to urge him. But I express the opinion of the entire Democracy of the State that we should, with acclamation, extend to him the compliment." The delegates, most of them in their shirt sleeves, yelled their approval, and then waited for the Governor and the declination before proceeding to business. In about twenty minutes the Governor, never so handsome, never so perfectly tailored and barbered, never so lofty and serene, appeared upon the platform, acknowledged the honor, dwelt eloquently upon the principles and issues of the hour in language far above his audience, and then accepted the nomination. That crowd saw how beautifully they were done, and worshipped him, while Dean Richmond's language was never printed.

Vallandigham came to Albany to make a speech during Seymour's term. His secession sympathies made him a dangerous friend for an ambitious man. The local committee insisted that the Governor should speak. State Senator Charles Cook, one of the most level-headed of men, a Republican but a friend of Seymour's, said to him, "Governor, I suppose you must speak, though you had better not, but speak late and without notes. When later your utterances to-night become troublesome, you can deny the accuracy of the report, and your version will be accepted; but a written speech, such as the present case calls for, will defeat you for President," and it did.

Governor Tilden often took me into his confidence. He knew it was safe and he sought candid opinions from the opposition. He asked me to be present when a powerful politician and Democratic Mayor was demanding the discharge of the New York Central freight agent in his city, because this officer, an active worker in the party, had carried the caucuses and district conventions and defeated the Mayor and his friends for dele-

gates to the National Convention. The Governor was all attention and sympathy, and promised the Mayor he would attend to the case at once. When the indignant gentleman retired, the Governor said to me, "Do you know this agent?" I said, "Yes; he is a very good man." The Governor replied, "I formed the same impression when I sent for him last week and he spent the evening with me, and he did his work remarkably well."

We don't do that sort of thing in these days. There has always been friction between the party power and the Governor. It is characteristic of the situation and cannot be avoided. It began with the first Governor of our State, that hard-headed old Hudson River man, George Clinton. He quarrelled with Washington, and it took all the talent and diplomacy of Alexander Hamilton to patch up a truce. We do differently now. We have conferences, and when the conference is over, if the Governor is a hard-headed Hudson River man, he has his own way.

We have forty-five States in the American Union and each one has a Governor. But the newspapers of all our commonwealths never discuss the actions or opinions of any Governor outside their boundaries except the Governor of New York. I see at Washington the papers from all over the United States. Outside of their local affairs and the President, their dispatches and comments are about Governor Odell. They appreciate the present power and great political possibilities that are in this level-headed Hudson River man.

In Washington the other evening, among a party, all of whom were distinguished in some department of the public service, the question arose, "What is Fame?" It has been often asked in all ages, but definitions do not agree. I believe fame comes to him who is not looking for the verdict of posterity. The cosmic dust which will materialize into the entities of the future will create a generation of different opinions, environments, necessities, and ideals from ours. The posterity poseur is playing to an audience he cannot know and which cares nothing for him.

But the self-centered, virile man who lives, acts, and thinks in the present, and does his best according to his lights in the work of to-day, with little thought of yesterday or of to-morrow, and gives his whole mind and strength to making better what comes his way to do, will be a power for progress and light in

his time, and if the field is large enough, will win that consideration from the future which is fame. Governor Odell lives up to this idea.

One of our Governors, a successful man of business but who had given little attention to public affairs, said to me when I was spending the day with him at the Executive Mansion at the close of the session, "Chauncey, you do a great deal of thinking on many subjects, while I have given my time wholly to one. I wonder if it affects you as it does me. These bills are dumped in here by the Legislature by the bushel. To try and understand them makes my old headpiece swim, and stirs me up otherwise. The harder I try to think the more I feel as if I were on the ocean in a heavy sea, and I am a mighty poor sailor." Now, in doing his duty in his great office, Governor Odell neither loses his dinner nor his head. He has the confidence of the State and the attention of the country. If, as we hope, that attention shall in the future, for he is a young man, materialize into a call of the great constituency for a President, it will be seconded enthusiastically by the Empire State.

DINNER OF YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE
CLASS OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 8, 1903.

GENTLEMEN: It gives me great pleasure to meet you here to-night. Yours is the most famous and the most talked about of Bible classes.¹ There have been classes for the study of the Bible since the publication of the book of Genesis. I have no doubt there are more circles in the Christian world united in their several churches or localities for this purpose than are engaged in any other research or pursuit. In this age of association and combination, if some master mind with a supreme talent for organization should create the machinery by which the Bible classes of the world could act in concert the imagination can hardly grasp its influence. In this world everything works for good or evil, everything moves up or down. There is no place where an individual or an idea can stand still. Every study must be measured by its informing and expanding power. There have been many criticisms about the study of the Bible, but I never heard one which clearly defined any harm that could come from it. If no harm, then the results are necessarily good. I read recently an article by a very eminent man of letters who declared that while the Bible in earlier and more primitive days was read for spiritual guidance that now it is studied mainly for its literary style and with a cold, calculating, and critical eye as to its historical accuracy. It is safe to say that if this practice ever prevails there will be no more Bible classes. It is the uplifting power, the inspiration, the consolation, and the comfort which the Bible gives when read with the eye of faith which makes possible a continuance in the growth of Bible reading and study. The necessity for the class is often illustrated by the ignorance on this subject of well-informed and able men. Listening, as I do, to so many speeches, I often hear phrases of Shakespeare ascribed to the sacred book and quotations of the Bible assigned to Shakes-

¹Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Leader.—*Ed.*

peare. I remember many years ago the Governor of one of our States in an ambitious proclamation appointing Thanksgiving day, speaking of the abundant harvests, remarked that, "in the sublime and beautiful language of sacred writ, 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer.'" It is said that within the course of a few weeks he was unable to enter the executive chamber because of the number of Bibles which had been sent to him from all parts of the country.

Your organization, however, has become famous because you have invited discussion upon every subject which would interest young men and stimulate and encourage them in their careers. You have not confined your inquiries to the fields of the clergyman, but have requested men of letters and of law, politics, and of travel to speak upon the subjects with which they are familiar.

There are many and well-worn maxims and axioms delivered to youth which are as familiar to them as to the sage who speaks. We sometimes, however, can find valuable suggestions if we will stray into bypaths aside from these broad highways of light and truth. "Be honest" is good enough advice, but there is a phase of honesty little thought of. It is not difficult for young men who have been properly brought up, who have had the advantages of home and schools and churches, to administer faithfully a trust or to keep from stealing. Honesty reaches further than accountability to others. It is more an acquired habit than a natural faculty. No one can attain to true standards who is not honest with himself. Lincoln said, "You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." Growth is retarded, a stand-still is reached and degeneracy begins when we try to fool ourselves. A client of mine, a man of wealth and generous purposes, retired from business and settled in the village of his birth. The town was poor, and its roads were bad. At a public meeting it was decided that it would bring population, manufactures, and trade if the streets could be improved and the approaches to the depot made more sightly. The limitations of the village charter prohibited the expenditure desired. My client said: "I will advance the money and trust to your securing an amendment to the charter from the legislature for my repayment. I want to do all I can to aid you in putting this village in the attractive condition which its situation calls for."

The work was done, and the results more than justified the expenditure. The village rang with praises for his generosity and public spirit. The amendment to the charter passed the legislature, and the question of the appropriations to repay this liberal-minded gentleman was submitted to a popular vote at the next election. Nearly every voter was a taxpayer. The appropriation was defeated ten to one in the secret ballot, and my client lost his money. Of the 1,000 voters the 900 who voted against this payment were in their ordinary dealings with their fellow men, where a ledger account was kept, scrupulously honest. Most of them were church members and in their domestic relations and in their private life lived up to the standards of their faith. They were accountable for their act only to their consciences, as no one else knew their vote. They had called upon their friend in a public meeting to advance the money, and if they had answered publicly to a roll call would all have shouted to return him the loan. In voting secretly against paying they evidently manufactured a justification which fooled their consciences; nevertheless the justification was dishonest, the act was dishonest, and if they had, before saying their prayers, squarely faced their own conduct and sat as a jury upon their own act the verdict would have been that they were thieves.

When the question was acute after our Civil War whether we should pay the creditors of the nation, whose loans had enabled us to save the government, in gold or in a depreciated currency, which meant the repudiation of half of the debt, statesmen of the highest distinction, newspapers of the widest circulation, and public speakers of the greatest eloquence and reputation gave splendid reasons why this form of repudiation was honest. It required several campaigns of education and instruction before the country placed itself by emphatic majorities upon a high plane of public honesty. If every one of these distinguished statesmen, orators, and writers had been intelligently educated in the Bible class upon fundamental principles, the party of repudiation would never have had advocates who could persuade themselves that their attitude was honest. But there are more subtle methods than these of undermining character by dishonesty, a dishonesty where the practitioner fools himself into the belief that there are occasions where the end justifies the means. The Machiavelian policy in diplomacy is the science of

lying for one's country, but I doubt if a great nation or a small one was ever benefited by a liar. Practical politics is permeated with the idea that success is largely dependent upon pretending that you do not want what you are seeking and that you are friendly to the aspirant whom you are knifing. Men of the purest character who would scorn to be untruthful or dishonest in business are reckoned superior politicians because of their skill on these lines. If their honesty were built on Bible teachings, they would be incapable of this method of self-delusion and paralysis of conscience.

Every age has had its standards to which have been attracted ambitious youth. The knight errant of the Middle Ages and the Crusaders are brilliant examples. The Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* in what they sought and found rise to loftier heights than the knight errant and the Crusader. They came not to kill with the sword, but to make alive with civil and religious liberty. We, who are enjoying the political and material results of their sacrifices, have constructed a new ideal. Some call it prosperity, others success, but there is danger to all the youth of the country becoming its worshipers. The blind pursuit of this cult destroys spirituality, narrows the intellectual horizon, numbs the study and pursuit of the humanities, and concentrates every faculty and energy upon the accumulation of money.

We must cultivate a larger horizon. We must learn that success has other meanings than great wealth. There will always be men phenomenally gifted with a talent for accumulation. It is useless for those who have not like faculties and judgment to compete for the prize of being considered among the possessors of the largest fortunes in the world. Unless a man narrows his work and ambitions to the one object of an enormous fortune and succeeds before he dies in being reckoned among the few who are the world's largest holders of its wealth he has failed in his efforts. Simply as a rich man and nothing else he is of less account in proportion to the number of his fellow citizens who have more than he possesses. The \$1,000,000 man has no rank or place or consideration in the \$10,000,000 class, and the \$10,000,000 chap is a little fellow in the \$50,000,000 or \$100,000,000 circle. But every one who has secured a modest independence is a success; the rest is accumulation. A home which is owned, be it ever so humble, is independence. An income that

will enable one to live within that home is a larger independence. It is a wise use of time and mind, of industry and talent, to become as far as possible independent of the world and provide for those who may be left behind, but it is supreme folly to attempt to rival and reach great fortunes and sacrifice all the pleasures of life and all its opportunities in the many directions open for enjoyment, culture, and education for that purpose. There are 80,000,000 of people in the United States, of whom probably 10,000 are millionaires, but there is no country in the world where happiness is so widely distributed, where there are so many comfortable homes and cultured people. There are many ideals of success and prosperity, and every one, in some measure, is equipped to pursue them.

I met at the house of one of the richest men of the world several years since that most brilliant and attractive statesman of our period, James G. Blaine. When Blaine left, the host said, "There goes the biggest fool I know." I asked, "Why?" He said: "Instead of giving his time and mind to business, where he might accumulate a fortune, he is devoting the whole of his talent to be a Member of Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Secretary of State, United States Senator, a party leader and possibly President of the United States. What do they amount to anyway?" I said to him: "My friend, your faculties are of the kind which have made you one of the richest men of the world. With or without your money you could not be President of the United States, nor Secretary of State, nor Speaker of the House of Representatives, nor leader of one of the great parties of the country. If Mr. Blaine should live a thousand years he could not accumulate your fortune. Your distinction is that you have got what he cannot acquire. His distinction is that he has what you can never reach." We must remember that this would be a ghastly world if there were not many standards of distinction. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun present ideals of success; so do Lincoln and McKinley; so do Beecher, Storrs, Channing, and Theodore Parker; so do Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison; so do Greeley, Weed, and Bennett; so do Irving, Longfellow, and Hawthorne; so do the explorers who have discovered new countries for over-crowded populations, the inventors who have added immensely to the sum of human comfort and happiness and eminent workers in philan-

thropy. We may not reach their heights and attain their fame, but we can find education, growth, and hourly increasing pleasure in camping on their trails. Happy the man who beyond the work which furnishes him with subsistence and independence has the industry and initiative to pursue the lines which interest him, who can become friends with the authorities on those subjects in his library, who can make the authors of the past and present his familiars, who in some pursuit for which he has special talents can improve a leisure which will give to him that which makes millionaires, statesmen, generals, authors, journalists, inventors, men of affairs, a sense of superiority both honorable and gratifying and the sweet enjoyment of the incense of power.

DINNER OF THE AMEN BRETHREN

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE AMEN BRETHREN, APRIL 4, 1902. SUBJECT, "SENATOR PLATT AND THE AMENS."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I think I am the oldest in years of service among the active members of "Amens." Few know the origin of this remarkable organization. To most of its members it is supposed to be a creation of recent years and at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But it had its birth more than forty years ago at the Astor House. Thurlow Weed, who had been for many years, and still continued, the State leader, made that famous inn his headquarters.

The tremendous issues of the Civil War, the enormous amount of political patronage in the army, in the navy, and in the revenue service which grew out of that strife, compelled Mr. Weed to move from Albany to New York. The Republican State Committee, in some form, was continuously in session. Room No. 12, Astor House, was as famous in its day as 49 Broadway is now. It is almost impossible in these peaceful days to grasp the situation from 1861 to 1865. In the lobbies of the Astor House, waiting to see Mr. Weed, were politicians from all parts, not only of New York, but of the whole North—officers in the army and navy seeking promotion or assignment, and patriotic and ambitious young men looking for commissions. The crowds in the lobbies were so great that it was almost impossible to get in or out. The currents of hope and of despair, of realization and of disappointment, were always flowing through this wonderful aggregation of anxious and ambitious humanity. The only cool, collected, unmoved members of the group were the representatives of the press. The Astor House was the center of information on the subjects then interesting to the newspapers. The fortunes of politicians were there made and unmade, careers were begun or ended, measures were made possible or defeated, and the reporter found himself so loaded with matter that his difficulty was selection, not copy. They established a headquarters of their own on a bench where they could survey the pano-

rama, and from which they could gather in those whose stories would be most interesting. Upon that bench all the crucial questions arising out of the war, all the capabilities of the worthies who in such numbers filled the public eye for a time and then disappeared, and the critical situations of the country with foreign nations, were candidly and fearlessly discussed. The President and Cabinet Ministers, Senators and Representatives, Governors and Legislators, Generals, Admirals, and Commodores were placed upon the rack of incisive investigation and subject to judgments which have been mainly verified by time. We were not called the "Amens" in those days, nor did that corner have any particular designation, but it contributed more of practical philosophy to current opinion and more real information to the curious and anxious than any other place in the United States. Even the great editors of the time, like Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond, might be seen gathering inspiration or news in that wonderful crowd.

The history of the "Amens" and the "Amen Corner" is indissolubly connected with the career of the distinguished gentleman whose name and fame are my subject to-night. In all the many assignments given to me in the forty-five years I have been upon the platform none could be more pleasing or agreeable than that of discussing, or not so much discussing as recalling, in a company of friends, the services to the party and to the country of the distinguished gentleman who is the Republican party leader in our State and my colleague in the United States Senate, Senator Platt.

Senator Platt and I imbibed politics and the love for it with our earliest nutriment, and our interest and activities in it have grown as the years have onward sped. I was on the stump the year that I became a voter, and so was our friend. I was doing the part of a campaign orator and he was the chief of the campaign glee club. The wild extravagances, the uncontrollable enthusiasm, and the deep convictions of those earlier efforts caused the young speaker to be widely distributed around the State, but the speech amounted to little in those days unless it was assisted by the glee club. In fact the glee club largely drew the audience and held it to hear the songs which they would sing at the close of the meeting. The favorite song of that day was "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave; his soul is

marching on"; but the very heights of ecstatic applause were reached when Brother Platt's fine tenor voice rang through the arches of the building or the trees of the woodland of an outdoor meeting, carrying the refrain, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, while John Brown's soul goes marching on."

I count it a greater good fortune in my career than anything else connected with it, I may say than all things else connected with it, that I was projected into public life almost immediately after graduation from Yale, and in relations which gave me the opportunity to know more or less intimately all the characters who have come upon and passed off the stage in the last forty-five years. Including and beginning with Mr. Lincoln, for whom, as Secretary of State of New York, I collected the soldier vote of the State and with whom I had frequent consultations on many subjects, I have known more or less intimately all the Presidents of the United States. I wish I had the time to tell of their different methods of receiving public men and applicants for office and to differentiate what might be called their executive habits of thought and of action and to assess from personal contact with each their contributions for one-half a century to the public life of our country. But our subject this evening brings us more to the consideration of party leadership, its characteristics, its personnel, and its results.

When Senator Platt and I came upon the stage of action in early youth Thurlow Weed was the State leader. Nominally the leadership was the famous triumvirate and partnership of Seward, Weed, and Greeley. But Seward knew nothing of practical party management and cared nothing for it. It was the pride of Mr. Weed to supply the political sagacity in the management of men, of caucuses and of conventions which should keep in national public life, for the glory of our State and the good of the country, the best brain we had in the commonwealth. Greeley thought he was a great political leader and he might have been if he had been ever sure of himself, but he was one of the poorest judges of men and in that way often deceived, often misled, and often led to change his opinions. But Weed possessed that cool judgment, that unselfish interest in the success of his party, that concentrated belief that the only possible good government was through his party, that keen judgment of men, their methods, their characters, and their qualifications, that almost prophetic

touch with current opinion and its possibilities which are the essentials of leadership. With the dissolution of the firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley by the famous proclamation by which the junior members retired, party leadership for awhile lost its significance. Then suddenly Mr. Greeley received an almost unanimous call to lead the party in the State. The first convention which he attended bowed absolutely to his will, but, as illustrative of the uncertainty of his judgment, he sent for me some weeks before the convention met and desired me to take a position upon the State ticket. I had determined then to quit public life, but not public activities, to pursue my profession, and if possible secure an independence. He pressed the matter, however, with such vigor and earnestness that I finally consented, though it meant the abandonment of my professional career. He then set about a canvass which was successful in securing from practically the whole State an endorsement of the suggestion on my behalf which he was urging with such earnestness and enthusiasm. On the morning of the convention an interview with two gentlemen, who understood his mind and methods, but who were not practical factors at all in party politics, led to his suddenly deciding that some one connected with the Army must be chosen and sending around an order for a change of program just before the roll was called. It was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to me, but created widespread distrust of his qualities as a leader. In less than two years Greeley's power was gone. This experience and many similar ones happening to others which I have witnessed in State conventions have long been an object-lesson of the results which might follow if we departed from the procedure of our grand old Constitution, which has worked so well for over a hundred years in the election of United States Senators to represent the sovereignty of the States in the Senate. Under the specious name of election by the people it is proposed to substitute the whim or caprice of a State convention, with localities fighting for the many places on the ticket, and in session for one day, which keeps no records and whose members take no oath, for the deliberate judgment of Senators and Representatives in the lower house of the State Legislatures who are nominated in the conventions of their parties for this purpose, are elected upon this issue and act upon their oath of office, and after public discussion

and in the light of publicity make or mar their future careers by the permanent record of their votes.

Two years after Greeley was retired one of the most astute and able politicians this State has ever produced gathered together the broken threads of party management and wove into one harmonious whole an organization more compact and aggressive than any we had ever known before, and that was Governor Reuben E. Fenton. Fenton called around him the young men who had displayed capacity for public life, gave them positions in their several districts, and thus speedily created what is now called a machine. Then came a struggle which led to many differences, many bitternesses, many estrangements, and sometimes the loss of the State, and that was the effort of Roscoe Conkling to dethrone Reuben E. Fenton. Mr. Conkling succeeded in wresting from Fenton the national patronage and securing to himself the favor and confidence, as against Fenton, of the Grant administration. For twelve years he led the party and dominated it with one of the most brilliant, aggressive, and autocratic leaderships ever known in any party or in any State. When he retired from public life, and in resuming the practice of his profession gave up all interest and activity in politics, the party in the State for some years was governed by a syndicate of gentlemen who had not for a long time acted together, and whose opinions and interests were so diverse that harmony was impossible. It was from this chaotic condition that these strong and masterful men, who were either jealous of or antagonistic to each other, gradually came to recognize and defer to the judgment, the sagacity, the skill, and the judicial consideration of Thomas C. Platt. They found him always with an open ear and an open mind always ready to hear every suggestion. When the case had been fully presented by those who had formed their judgments in the different localities from the different environments and different inspirations and aspirations, he, as a court of last resort or appeal, rendered decisions which were universally accepted, and the success which followed almost invariably justified their wisdom.

Mr. Platt's leadership has differed from that of most of his predecessors in a recognition of rising ability and giving its possessor his opportunity without the fear of losing thereby any of his own prestige or authority. He has been as true to his friends in their adversity as in their prosperity. His strength

and hold upon public men, upon politicians in and out of office, and upon active workers of the party is that his word has always been his bond; is that there is no record of that characteristic so common in public men of his ever having gone back on a friend, or upon an enemy if he had made up with him and given him his word. One significant instance of that is part of the history of our State. In the Senatorial canvass of 1880 Mr. Conkling's organization was so strong that he had practically two-thirds of the Republican members of the Legislature. He was very hostile to Mr. Garfield, who had just been elected President, and especially to Mr. Garfield's Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, with whom he had an irreconcilable quarrel. President Garfield and Mr. Blaine insisted upon my entering the canvass. Mr. Conkling favored Mr. Crowley and sent Gen. Arthur, who had just been elected Vice-president on the ticket with Garfield, to Albany to conduct Crowley's canvass. It was a remarkable evidence of Senator Platt's skill and popularity that, notwithstanding this, he equally divided the Conkling forces. He said to me one day, "You do not expect to be elected, what are you in this canvass for? You must understand that if there was any chance, by any break, of your election, either Mr. Crowley or I would retire and a Conkling man would succeed." I frankly told him why I was in the canvass and at whose inspiration, and that all I was there for was to secure the election of a Senator who would support the administration. He instantly and very frankly said, "I will do that." With his usual frankness he repeated that to a meeting of my friends. That night he was elected. It was a time of the bitterest and most vengeful political strife, and Garfield and Blaine, carrying out ante-presidential promises, as well as their own wishes, sent Judge Robertson's name to the Senate for Collector of the Port of New York. It was owing to the wild passions created by this controversy, and which went beyond our State limits over the country, that the addled fanatic Guiteau assassinated Garfield. Notwithstanding a pressure greater than any other politician ever had to endure from his party friends and his party leader, Senator Platt adhered to his promise, would accept no excuse or reason for varying from it, and carried into effect the purpose which has been the active principle of his public life, that he would resign rather than break his word.

Public life is full of officials unequal to their positions, or

who have proven unfaithful to their trusts. I do not think there can be found in the records of recommendation for positions, small and great, in the State or Federal service, such a list of men who have proved to be all that the office required, and so few who have been disappointments, as in the selections made on the recommendation of Senator Platt. Many of those whom he has chosen have been bitterly assailed prior to their appointment or election, but in almost every instance their administration has justified the accuracy of his judgment and the wisdom of his choice. Look at the Governors of the State of New York who have been selected after a most careful scrutiny and discussion mainly upon his judgment during his leadership. Each time the situation was critical, as it always is in our State, for failure or success. But the State is proud and the country is proud of the names and the fame and the administrations of the Governors of our Commonwealth, Levi P. Morton, Frank S. Black, Theodore Roosevelt, and Benjamin B. Odell, Jr.

Much as we may deplore the situation, nevertheless there seems to be no escape from the necessity, in the conduct of a campaign, for collecting and spending large sums of money. That is true whether it is the canvass of the regular party or of reform organizations. Reliance is placed upon headquarters to furnish the funds for campaign literature and its distribution, for public speakers, for halls, for committee rooms, and the large staff necessary to conduct modern political business. The funds thus contributed are largely collected by the party leader, because of confidence in him, and their custody and disbursement are mainly with him. This is a wicked world, and one phase of its wickedness is suspicion of the methods and conduct of everybody. One phase of its wickedness is the easily made charge, so difficult to refute, of corruption and dishonesty. But so clear has been the conduct of Senator Platt in these matters, so transparently has he wisely expended the money collected, encroaching on his own funds in addition, that no enemy, however bitter, no newspaper however reckless, has ever charged him with appropriating for his own purposes a dollar of these voluntary party contributions.

Happily Brother Platt and I have lived together in the political family for nearly one-half a century, with a few of those differences, never acute enough to be lasting, which will occur in all

well-regulated families and add to their harmony. I never have derived more pleasure from any association than that with him in the United States Senate. Colleagues, as a rule, in that distinguished body are jealous of one another. There is keen rivalry, either for general distinction or position in the Senate, or, more especially, leadership at home, often publicly seen and more often thinly veiled. But the Senator and I find the great interests of the greatest of States furnish opportunities for work and necessities for labor in our separate departments where we can supplement each other in that cordial confidence which makes political life a delight, its work a pleasure, and its triumphs happiness.

I am sure that not only we, the "Amens," who are here to-night, not only our guests, not only the men who love politics because they love public work in every school district in our State but public men of all parties all over the country from the President down, unite with us to-night in the greatest good wishes for the health and long life of Senator Platt, and a long continuance of his activities in the public service.



DINNER OF THE AMEN BRETHREN

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE AMEN BRETHREN, NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1904.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Except in the municipality of the city of New York, and under the auspices of the brethren of the Amen Corner, a gathering like this would be impossible. We are here of all shades of opinion and politics to congratulate the Mayor¹ and to wish him God speed. Many of us did our best to prevent his achieving the honor, and with equal heartiness we now congratulate him upon his success. We know that if he gives the city a popular government it will be unfortunate for our party, and so while we express unlimited confidence in him, we have an abiding faith in the limitations which will be drawn about him. The charming personality of the Mayor, his open-mindedness and courtesy to opponents, won him an enviable popularity in the House of Representatives. It made him easily the best candidate Tammany could have selected.

But in saying "amen" with the Amens to-night, we of our house do not give it a scriptural significance. The "amen" of Scripture means either thankfulness because what we wanted has come to pass, or of hope that we shall gain all we petition for. But the "amen" of the brethren of the Amen Corner means only that we accept cheerfully what we cannot help, and give no pledges for the future. This original organization should do something other than the usual. It is a common practice to compliment, by feast and flowers, the lucky man who is "It." The belle does not need more bouquets; she is overwhelmed already with flowers and candy. But I should like to attend a dinner given to the "Has beens," not only to the few who acknowledge the situation, but also to those whose time everybody, except themselves, understands has passed. It would be an interesting collection of vitalized mummies, and under the inspiration, electricity, and ozone of the night, they would all think they had returned to life, and possibly, like salt injected in the veins, this stimulation might revivify some of them.

¹George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York in 1905-1909.—*Ed.*

History runs in parallels. It loves to repeat itself. A hundred years ago DeWitt Clinton resigned from the Senate of the United States to become Mayor of New York. It was because the mayoralty of this city was a greater honor than a United States senatorship. That is not so now. A century elapses, almost to a year, and Colonel McClellan resigns from the House of Representatives to become Mayor of New York. It is because the mayoralty of this great city is a bigger place than membership of the House of Representatives. Such is its consideration, not only at home, but also abroad. Mr. Gladstone once said to me, "I met recently a most interesting, informed, and able countryman of yours." There were about twenty Congressmen in London, and I said, "Was he a Member of Congress?" "Oh, no," he said, "he held a much more important place, he was Mayor of New York, Abraham S. Hewitt." Mr. Hewitt had been a member of Congress as well as Mayor of New York. He was one of the most useful and distinguished as well as one of the most promising mayors the city ever had, but a politician stands upon slippery places. He lost the stake he had been a lifetime attaining, on the question of raising or hauling down a flag on the City Hall. The lesson may be a useful one to our young Mayor in his political aspirations, and endorses the old motto upon the four gates of the ancient city. Upon the first was "be bold," upon the second "be bold," upon the third "be bold," and upon the fourth, "be not too bold."

A Mayor must not be too confident of himself. I had occasion frequently to visit Mr. Havemeyer while he presided over the destinies of this town. I always found him alone in his office. He said to me one day, pointing to the crowds hurrying up and down Broadway and through the Park, "You see those people rushing to and from their business out yonder? None of them ever come in here to see me, none of them ever even look this way. It is because they know the old Dutchman is taking care of their interests, and so they can be absorbed in their own affairs without having any anxiety about the City." He thought that this would lead to a re-election with substantial unanimity. His name was not mentioned by either party, and he dropped out of sight with a sickening thud. Which is another lesson—that the Mayor should keep himself, his office, and his applaudable deeds constantly before the public. More than that he should

be looking out for his own chances. The great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, wrote for the guidance of the younger members of his profession for future generations the famous couplet,

"Six hours to sleep, to law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix."

Of course I would not limit the hours that our Mayor spends in prayer. But in a great city like this he cannot give eight hours to nature. The parks do not furnish sufficient opportunities and the streets afford none. But he can follow the old lawyer's advice by a pursuit to which at least eight hours a day should be given out of regard for his future, a calling which can be practiced both in the city and in the country, and that is, building and mending his fences.

The first few months of a Mayor's term are given to protestations on his part of a public life of reform, and to advice from everybody. Unlike most public men who give forth fervid utterances that they will be good, the city believes Colonel McClellan means it. He cannot follow all the advice. It is too contradictory. He is informed that those mayors succeed themselves and go to higher places who take the public daily into their confidence, and then he remembers Low. He is told that safety lies only in silence, and then he recalls Van Wyck. The best thing for any man in public life, in my judgment, is to be himself. The public knows him better than he thinks, and while he might fool himself he cannot fool the people.

There is a great future for the Mayor of this greatest city of the Western Hemisphere and the second greatest city of the world, if he is equal to the occasion. Presidencies, vice-presidencies, and governorships, all are before him. The Mayor of New York is on trial always before the whole country and our city government is the object lesson which furnishes the editorial and the political campaign speech. Now if the Colonel can convince Dr. Parkhurst that the town is shut tight at the same time that the east side knows that it is wide open, if he can satisfy Jerome that the rattle of chips is no longer heard in Manhattan or the Bronx, and at the same time sees to it that the sporting voter has latch keys to doors which the police do not know, the Mayor's future will be brilliant.

We have all read the prediction of a very eloquent and powerful preacher, made after election, that beginning with the first not a theologian, but I have always supposed that the only way of January, New York would be "hell with the lid off." I am in which hell could be purified was to lift the lid, on the principle so successful now, which cures consumption by open air and sunshine, that the rays of the great luminary of the day penetrating the infernal regions and the air of heaven circulating through them, while the ventilation carries off heat, sulphur, and smells, ought to produce conditions where pleasures are accentuated and pain is relieved.

Of all the choice bits of wisdom in the form of advice that the Mayor has received none certainly would be more potent to him than that which came from the only President the Democratic Party has had in forty years, the Sage of Princeton. It was in a communication to a banquet, which has become historic, in an epistle which will be known down the ages as the letter of "vexatious indisposition." In that letter Mr. Cleveland informs the Mayor that the success of the Democratic Party in the presidential campaign of this year depends entirely upon the kind of government he gives the city of New York. I wondered when I read that letter of more or less cordial sympathy with the festive crowd to whom it was addressed whether there could not be detected between the lines a personal anxiety as to the effect of the government of the city upon the fortunes of the Democratic Party in the country. For we have a great poetic authority which says, "saying she would ne'er consent—consented."

However, my friends, this gathering to-night illustrates a phase of political life which exists scarcely anywhere under free government, except in the United States. It is the camaraderie of politics. It illustrates the friendship and the good fellowship of those who do their best for their candidates and their party because they think them the best for the country, the State, and the city, and yet who do not permit the passions of the conflict to impair personal relations. On the contrary, the political leader or candidate who discovers in his opponent a foeman worthy of his best efforts, a foeman who fights open-handedly and squarely, when the battle clouds roll away and peace comes, as a rule finds no better or truer friend than the man with whom he fought. So we here to-night, staunch enemies and loyal

friends, under the broad and charitable banner of the Brethren of the Amen Corner, pledge health, long life, and prosperity to Mayor George B. McClellan.

JUBILEE OF ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS

SPEECH AT THE JUBILEE DINNER CELEBRATING THE ELECTION OF
ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS, AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW
YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1904.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The voice of the spellbinder is no longer heard in the land. His occupation as public instructor and savior of the Republic is over for four years, unless he can continue his usefulness in the public service. He finds it difficult to resume the hum-drum of daily life after spending his nights on sleeping-cars, his days addressing multitudes—after being the conspicuous figure of marching processions, of torchlight parades, of fireworks, and booming cannon. I met a Democratic friend of mine who was purchasing of a boy vender in the street Wagner's "Simple Life." He had been both a speaker and a candidate, and I asked, "Why this investment?" His answer was, "I badly need its teachings, and after the expenses of my canvass it has come down to my figure in being sold at five cents."

The campaigns of 1896 and 1900 were organized and conducted with signal success by the most extraordinary and able political leader who has ever forged to the front. He came almost out of the unknown to carry into a political canvass the principles which had made him one of the leading business men of the country. His courage and tactfulness in defense, his resourcefulness in attack and his comprehensive grasp and control of situations everywhere were marvels of management. We have known but one Mark Hanna. The standard which Hanna set seemed impossible of attainment by any successor. But in the selection of that successor the choice fell upon a young man who possessed abundant experience in public life and in knowledge of public men, and who had so impressed himself by his administrative and executive ability upon those in power that he had risen rapidly from a clerkship to the portfolio of a Cabinet minister. As silent as Grant, as quick and resourceful as Sherman, with an intuitive knowledge of the States and their leading men, with

a close touch with the people and their opinion, intent upon the one purpose of carrying every Northern State for his chief, we hail to-night the victor, the Chairman of the National Committee, George B. Cortelyou.

For twelve years, covering three successive campaigns, the most difficult and responsible place on the National Committee, the office of treasurer, has been held by a New Yorker. He brought to the position the credit and experience of a successful merchant and the breadth of view and charity for the opinions of others of a statesman. He assumed risks which would have paralyzed less capable and confident men, and the party owes as the result of these three great canvasses a monumental debt of gratitude to Cornelius N. Bliss.

Political speaking is both a faculty and an art. Its cultivation requires years, and it cannot be acquired in a moment. We had two conspicuous examples in very able men. The judicial candidate for President, following the habit of a lifetime in the Appellate Court, instead of making popular speeches, handed down decisions which were reversed by the highest tribunal in the world, the American electorate. The other distinguished jurist, following the methods of a trial judge, was instructing the jury, who, rejecting guidance, interpreted in their own way both the law and the facts. When we consider the enormous interests involved and the ardor and excitement of the campaign, this election is unique in the general satisfaction which has followed the result. The triumph is so great that "on the one side we omit cheers, and on the other there are no tears." It has been one of those rare collisions where, after the first shock, the passenger finds the train moving on swiftly and safely as before, with his limbs and nerves and baggage secure. There are a sublimity and a grandeur most impressive in the spectacle of 14,000,000 voters governing themselves without rancor or riot and with peace and good-will.

To-day in Russia is going on a revolution which may be one of the milestones of history. One hundred and thirty millions of people are appealing to their autocrat for a share in the government. For the first time in the history of the empire the appeal is listened to and considered. It seems singular to us, with our experience, that hesitancy and fear should be its attendants both in the palace and among the bureaus which govern the country.

However well intentioned the ruling class may be, it sees behind any concession to the democratic spirit the destructive forces of socialism and anarchy. But the United States is the living and overwhelming proof of the safety and wisdom of a self-governing people. Every day in the year people discuss the action of their representatives and the measures of government. One day in the year they abandon their ordinary vocations to select their President and Vice-president, their Congressmen, their Governors, and their Legislators. One day in the year they instruct those whom they elect in the policies which they must pursue and the laws which they must enact, and give to them rules of conduct in domestic and foreign affairs for four years. The next day victors and vanquished accept the result and work harmoniously side by side, alike resuming the industries which mark the peaceful progress and prosperous development of a free people. The farmer's gun at Lexington echoed round the world. For the first time in the history of humanity it carried to subject peoples the lessons of civil and religious liberty, of the equality of all men before the law, and the inspiring principle of our glorious Declaration that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed, by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." From the close of the successful struggle which was inaugurated by the farmer's gun at Lexington until this election, the world has cared little about the domestic affairs of the United States. We were too isolated. We were of too little account upon the ocean. We were too absorbed in the vital question of slavery, which threatened the virility of our free institutions, and a civil war which endangered their existence—too much absorbed in financial, industrial and agricultural recovery from the most wasteful war of modern times.

But in 1904 the cabinets of the great powers were more deeply concerned as to the verdict of the American people than in domestic issues in other nations. The equilibrium of Europe is so delicate that it is maintained only by increasing armaments on the land and navies upon the seas, by force equaling force. The demonstrated power of the United States in the Spanish War suddenly opened the eyes of foreign statesmen to this new factor, which, without injury to itself, could upset the European equilibrium.

For the first time in our elections, not only the press of Great Britain, but also of the European continent, teemed with despatches and discussions of the candidates and principles in the electoral contests of the United States. We were watching the returns on the bulletin boards on the night of the election with eager interest, but Cabinet Ministers in foreign capitals were equally intent. The frightful slaughter at Port Arthur, with a half million of men facing each other at Mukden for a death grapple for the possession of Manchuria, which belongs to neither, but to China, attracts and horrifies the world. But the fourteen million ballots cast in peaceful controversy over candidates and principles on the eighth of November in the United States settled questions of domestic and foreign policy of more moment to eighty millions of Americans and the commerce and diplomacy of nations than any other event which has occurred in the twentieth century. The verdict is accepted as of monumental consequence, when peace reigns in the East, to the competitive industries and markets of the world. It is an unprecedented vote of confidence in the one American whom they know and respect more than any ruler in Christendom. It is an emphatic affirmation of the principles of the protection of American industries and the retention of our home market for our own people in the interests of our own labor and capital. It is a clear authorization to the Government to retain the Philippine Islands, to carry out in letter and spirit the obligations assumed by the treaty which ceded them to us and to hold them as a base for that entrance upon the markets of the Orient by our products and our people which has been secured from competitive nations by the superb diplomacy of Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay. It is an instruction for the continuance by the Government of those internal improvements upon our rivers and our harbors and upon our desert lands which shall improve our commerce and add to our homes and to our agricultural wealth. Upon three of the gates of an ancient city was engraved the motto, "Be Bold"; upon the fourth, "Be Not Too Bold." With the minority beaten almost to a standstill, and disintegrated at that, the responsibilities of the victor are greater than ever came to a triumphant party. Our motto must be: In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty. We who have been taught the trade by a century's practice of protection can add to or modify the details of its administration

in the way which will improve its efficiency and maintain its popularity.

Mr. John Morley, distinguished in letters and in statesmanship, and also for having always, no matter how much it threatened his public life, the courage for the utterance of his opinions, has spoken to us recently in the most friendly way upon the benefits of our defeat and the blessings of free trade. He says that of twenty-two years in Parliament he has been eighteen years on the wrong side of the Speaker's chair. But he considers the chastening influences which bear upon the minority are of more value than the inspiring effects of party triumphs. This part of his admonition to Americans is not for those who are gathered here to-night. But he said last Friday evening that he left to us the lesson of the emperor to whom was submitted the controversy of the Neuchatel creed, whether or not there was eternal damnation, and who decided that those who wished to be eternally damned might stay eternally damned. He meant that this was the choice of the protectionists of the United States. Well, my friends, if protectionist United States is hell, it is very different from what the theologians have described. It has mighty good society and abundant prosperity, homes, and happiness. I am inclined to think, when we look at industrial conditions in Great Britain under free trade and in the United States under protection, that our distinguished guest has lived so long in his own country and become so accustomed to surroundings there as heaven that when he gets into the other and real place he does not recognize his blissful environment. A preacher and a deacon were discussing the departure of a deceased member of the congregation who had benefited the world by leaving it. The layman said to the preacher, "I think we ought, if possible, some time to let him know what we think of his life, but," he continued, "unhappily, parson, when you get to heaven you will not find him there." "Well," said the parson, "deacon, then you tell him."

Washington was elected unanimously, and Monroe, in a phenomenal era of good feeling, when parties had practically disappeared, received almost the entire electoral vote. Since then the fury of the fight has pervaded every canvass and minimized the triumph. But now the people of the United States, by the unprecedented majority of over 2,000,000, have given a vote of unlimited confidence and a free hand to Theodore Roosevelt.

The habit of politics, which is American, has made our public service both at home and abroad remarkable for the ability and administrative capacity of those who have been changed suddenly from the professions or business to official positions. Good habits and good reputations are common in American public life. It is the achievement of Theodore Roosevelt that he has been distinguished in every office which he has held. As a young member of Assembly he received more notice than the veterans. As Police Commissioner of this city he attracted the attention of those interested in municipal government all over the country. In the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in which place is obscured so much of supreme ability, whose merits are never known, he became, in the public eye, almost the whole Government. There were divisions, brigades and regiments in Cuba, but in the popular mind and imagination the war is centered in Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. The virile and intelligent manhood of the country has said of him as President, "He is the ideal American." He will live up to and lead policies and measures of the Republican Party, but his administration will be so broad and liberal that he will be the President of all parties. Following the admonition of Washington for national strength to command international respect, he has promoted the rapid construction of the navy until we are to be the second great power upon the seas. At the same time he has made the most valuable contribution of the twentieth century to the peace of the world by saving the tribunal at The Hague. The admiration and respect of the world and the affection and confidence of his countrymen are the unique distinctions of Theodore Roosevelt.

DINNER TO SENATOR PLATT

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO SENATOR PLATT AT ALBANY, N.Y.,
JANUARY 10, 1897. SUBJECT: "THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It is always a pleasure for Republicans to meet with each other. It is especially gratifying when we assemble to-night under the joyous and hilarious conditions of a successful presidential canvass. The party of progress is now the party of victory. After four years of the trial of other principles and of no principles the country has turned again for relief to the time-honored policies of Republicanism, the policies and the measures under which our Republic has grown great and rich beyond the dreams of its founders. It is a verification of the immortal lines:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
While Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

I am very glad to be with you and join in your cordial congratulations to the guest of the evening upon the signal honor which with rare unanimity the Legislature has conferred upon him. I have been in political accord or discord—more accord than discord—with Mr. Platt for a quarter of a century, but during the whole of that period there has never been any break or disturbance of our personal friendship. The scene to-night recalls a memorable day sixteen years ago. Garfield's administration had come into power, and Senator Conkling, the leader of the organization in our State, was on unfriendly terms with the President, and had not spoken for years to his Secretary of State, James G. Blaine. It was in the air that the administration was to be antagonized by New York. Vice-president Arthur came to Albany with a candidate for United States Senator, claiming also that he represented the leader, and Mr. Platt appeared on his own behalf and equally divided the organization's force. I

did not want to be United States Senator. It meant ruin to a professional and business career which I meant to make a success, and the election would have been a personal calamity. But Mr. Blaine came to New York with a message from the President insisting that I should take the field. My friends held the balance of power. I was a candidate only to represent the Garfield administration. I said to Mr. Platt, "You can have my strength if as Senator you will support the President." His answer was, "I have done my best to elect a Republican President, and as Senator I will support him." Mr. Platt was nominated and elected. The disagreement between the administration and Senator Conkling which had been anticipated came about, and Mr. Platt had to face the difficult question of going with his organization under the commands of its autocratic and imperious leader, or of keeping his pledge. The pledge was not a bond, nor letter, but the word of a man whom I believe never broke his promise; and rather than break that promise he resigned from the Senate and surrendered his commission. This little incident reveals the secret of his success in politics. In the general break-up which followed the senatorial canvass every representative in the State had the same opportunities, the same constituency, the same future for effort and work as the guest of the evening, and the result demonstrates he has made his own career. There are only two elements which permanently win with a politician, one is that he is mighty careful about making promises but always keeps a pledge; the other that he stands by his friend in prosperity and adversity, and the harder the luck of his friend and the more he is jumped on the firmer his support. I entered politics immediately upon graduating from Yale, when, as a callow youth, I was a member of the Legislature. The best school of politics in the United States is the Assembly of the State of New York. As Secretary of State, also in my youth, thirty-three years ago a Republican Legislature, distrusting a Democratic Governor, devolved upon me the collection of the votes of the New York soldiers in the armies in the field during the Civil War. This kept me in Washington for months, and the nature of my mission brought me in intimate contact with all the famous men of that period. I saw Mr. Lincoln every few days, consulted with Seward and Chase, and had a fight, as everybody must who came in contact with him, with the great War

Minister, Edwin M. Stanton. I talked with Sumner and Ben Wade, saw Thaddeus Stevens lead the House as it had never been led before, and listened to one of the most electric and magnetic debaters who ever stood in a representative body, Winter Davis, of Maryland. Though I declined a re-election as Secretary of State and resigned a foreign mission, and deliberately quit politics to enter upon my profession, to secure a home and an assured income, and to marry my sweetheart, I have kept in touch with politics and politicians and public men from that day to this. The judgment which I now render upon them cannot be called the opinion of one of them, but I think I am entitled to speak for business and business interests, and business and professional men, that while criticism is the tonic of public life, the abuse and denunciations and misrepresentations that are heaped upon Congresses, Legislatures, and public men not only weaken the force of law and the powers of the representatives of the people, but are unjust and untrue. I have known hundreds of men, lawyers with great and growing practice, business men with promising future, enter public life with a calm determination to sacrifice every material interest in the service of their country. The large majority of the gentlemen who serve their constituencies in Congress and in the Legislature do so at great personal sacrifice to themselves. It may be said that they do so also at the call of ambition, but it is the most honorable of ambitions, the ambition to serve their country. Our guest of to-night must surrender much to be Senator from the State of New York, but the State and the country will find, in my judgment, that his ripe experience, his familiarity with public affairs, and his ability and good judgment will be of the greatest service in that august body, the Senate of the United States. We have elected our President, we have the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority, and the Senate by a narrow margin. Now that the bonfires have burned out and the shoutings have died out, there rests upon the Republican Party the responsibilities of government. But they rest not upon an alliance of discordant and antagonistic elements like that which accompanied Mr. Cleveland into power, but upon an united, aggressive, fearless and harmonious Republican Party.

The issues are grave and the crisis unusual, but a party demonstrates its ability to hold power only when the issues are grave and the crises are great. That midshipman becomes an admiral

who best guides his frigate through the storms of ocean and the fights on the sea, and the soldiers' stars are won only in the hottest of battle. We are generaled and officered for this great campaign. No such canvass as the one recently closed has occurred within our memory. We left St. Louis certain of victory, and an easy one, to find in six weeks that the issues had been changed and the country was facing questions which no sane man ever thought would be brought to the front as the principles and the measures of any great national organization. Any man who went upon the stump and felt the public pulse, saw the tremendous influence of this appeal to passion, to prejudice, and to distress. I faced an audience in the Middle West of 10,000 farmers who had always voted the Republican ticket, a large majority of whom had been swept off their feet by the possibilities of a debased currency and the vague, unformed, nebulous, and yet captivating creed of the universal distribution of wealth. It was most fortunate for the public and for the country that our candidate represented and embodied in the popular mind an industrial policy, a Republican industrial policy, which had been tested for generations, which had always brought prosperity, which had always revived industries, which had always given employment, which had always increased wages, which had always added to the number of American homes, which had always made America more American and more up to the American ideal of the independence and the happiness of the individuals. The new conditions made an ideal candidate of Major McKinley, and his candidacy kept hundreds of thousands of Republicans firm in their faith and from being led away by the *ignis fatuus* of silver and repudiation.

Now that we are in power we can not satisfy the country with our past, glorious as it is. Our past is only our inspiration. The promised prosperity, the potential good times have not arrived. The croaker is abroad. Mr. I-told-you-so is at large and in evidence in the public places. Discontent and distress are saying to people who are not yet relieved, if you had followed the new gods they would have given you prosperity and wealth. The banks fail in Chicago and Minneapolis, and at Pittsburg the furnace fires and the blaze of the coke ovens are fitful and uncertain, and die out and start again, but people should remember that their elected Admiral is not yet on the quarter-deck and their

elected officers and crew are not yet in charge of the old Ship of State. She is still officered and manned with her commander at odds with his staff, and his staff disagreeing with the engineers and the sailing masters, and the good old ship still drifting.

The country was never in such good condition for good times. There is plenty of money, plenty of waiting enterprises, plenty of glorious opportunities for capital and labor, all waiting upon confidence and upon an assured policy of peace and rest—peace and rest and assured and established principles of financial and industrial policies. After three years of panic and industrial distress, the like of which our country never experienced before, confidence and credit, which are of slow growth, will not respond at once to the call of opportunity. They will wait until they know whether the party they have elected is equal to the great task it has upon its hands. We want to settle for this four years, and if possible for a generation, the currency question, the revenue, and the tariff.

Let us enter the new year upon the performance of our duties with abundant faith, hope, and good works. The indications for better business are far more auspicious than before. This grand country, with its almost limitless capacity, is in a healthy condition to-day, and increased industrial fidelity and prosperity may be confidently relied upon. Quotations are subject to change, without notice, and in no case binding until orders are accepted by us.

Let us not postpone the issues or the solving of them; let us not leave the whole summer and the fall in doubt as to what we will do. Extra sessions may be bad, but there are times when an extra session is a blessing. Let us formulate a moderate, sensible tariff, one which will yield abundant revenue for the carrying on of the Government; one which will start mills and the factories that were legislated out of existence by the Wilson bill; one which will give the farmer, the American farmer, hope and courage; one which will make America again America for Americans. Let us not fear the currency question, but take the Government out of the banking business, and adopt a system so elastic that in every community, the national banks locally there can, upon a liberal system, be able to issue currency as the needs of the community may require. Let us, giving the world to understand that the Monroe Doctrine is an impregnable principle

of American diplomacy and international law, be, as we can be, the leader for the peace of the world and the advancement of civilization by promoting in every possible way the peaceful arbitration of international disputes. These matters settled as the Republican Party can and will settle them upon their traditions, their promises, their policies, their principles already tried or enunciated, the country will be at peace and rest, confidence will be restored, capital now hoarded or lying idle in banks or trust companies, or tentatively invested in gilt-edged or low-priced securities, will be building factories and mills and furnaces, will be opening mines, will be constructing railroads, will be entering upon any and every enterprise which promises a return, and calling upon all the labor of the country to unite in a new era of progress, of development, of industrial activity and of prosperity. Then capital and labor will have the factors and forces before them with which they will know that they have for years to deal with American energy and business ability. American genius for affairs and willingness to experiment will do the rest.

Is the Republican Party equal to the task? The past gives an emphatic answer, "Aye." Broad, national, patriotic, and radical, it solved the slavery question by the Emancipation Proclamation; it solved the dissolution of the Union by the armies and the navies of the Union; it solved the re-union of the States by the re-construction acts, framed upon the martyrs' maxim of malice towards none and charity for all. From panics and distress, the industrial and commercial distress which necessarily followed the expansion of the Civil War, it rescued the country by the resumption of specie payments in 1879. As in the hour of deepest distress and distrust it issued the greenback, otherwise its promise to pay based upon the national existence for the salvation of our country, and sold it down to 33 cents on the dollar, so when the country became prosperous again, and great again, and rich again, the Republican Party, equal always to the present and the future, disregarding the cry of selfishness that the creditor should only be paid the amount which he himself had paid for the note, redeemed its promise in full, it put the ragged greenback which had saved the country into the crucible of credit, and by the alchemy of honesty transmuted it into gold. The motto of a great and successful party must always be "Onward." Its watchword must always be "Forward." In the battle of the

was the task of the national committee. Its chairman, in re-Wilderness the Union hosts were hurled against the Confederate entrenchments by day, and as the night fell the order came from the stern commander, "by the left flank forward." By daybreak they met other entrenchments to be hurled against them, and at night he gave the same stern order, "by the left flank forward." Until at last they halted upon the field of Appomattox, and at the dawn of that day the sun shone upon a redeemed, a reunited and a disenthralled nation. The motto of the Republican Party from the 4th of March must be "Forward." Forward upon the American lines, forward upon the lines of prosperity, forward against the breastworks of distress, of doubt, of socialism, and of anarchy, forward to that field of prosperity where the sun shall shine again upon furnaces in blast, upon burning coke ovens, upon the farmer in the field garnering the harvest which will find a ready market, upon the mill and the factory running on full time, upon the wheel revolving so rapidly that it is taking off the rust and making brilliant the surface of the rail, upon happy millions full of work, full of employment, full of that income which leads to self respect, and the deposit in the savings bank that eventuates in a home and in independence, upon a land not only of liberty but a land the happiest for the people of any country in the world.

DINNER TO SENATOR HANNA

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO SENATOR HANNA¹ BY THE
UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16, 1900.

GENTLEMEN: In war or politics the world loves a fighter and a winner. It first reckons results and then discusses plans of campaign. Every national canvass has its peculiarities. The one of 1896 will always occupy a marked place in our history.

The great parties have been divided for more than half a century upon industrial questions. Slavery had introduced a moral issue and the Civil War a patriotic one. It was not difficult to divine that on the great moral questions the right must prevail in the end, and on the patriotic one that the Republic would be saved. Neither was there any doubt, during the reconstruction period, of the re-establishment of the Union, with slavery eliminated, with State rights subordinated to the power of the general government, upon a basis of more enduring and concentrated nationality than ever before. But in 1896 the country was in industrial paralysis and our financial conditions were most discouraging. It seemed from the opening of the canvass to near its close as if it might innure to the immediate benefit of the people if honesty was sacrificed to temporary expediency. When the farms were mortgaged and the price of the produce and the live stock would not net sufficient to pay the interest on the loan and the taxes, it was an alluring promise that by corrupting the currency double prices could be had for the harvests, and the farms cleared of debt by the profits. To the millions seeking employment and unable to find it, the promise of unlimited money was like the deluding light that carries the traveller deeper into the morass. The Republican Party, in facing despair, had two things to offer; one, that its policies had always produced prosperity; the other, that for individuals, as well as nations, honesty is the best policy. To meet hunger with pamphlets and distress with right principles of political economy

¹Marcus Alonzo Hanna, United States Senator from Ohio, died in Washington, February 15, 1904.—*Ed.*

viewing the situation, had but one solution for the danger and one inspiration for the fight. It was "Educate, educate, educate." From the kindergarten to the district school, from the district school to the high school, from the high school to the college, and to that university extension which teaches through the press, by the pamphlet, on the stump, and on the platform, the chairman pursued his plan of campaign. "Prosperity will follow the fulfillment of the promises of the Republican party" was the watchword of the canvass. "Temporary relief will be followed by deeper and deeper depths of distress and despair," was the warning. The result demonstrated that the American people can always be trusted, that the high intelligence of the electorate can be appealed to successfully against any and every form of attractive theory. The plan of campaign of the chairman triumphed, McKinley and Hobart were elected, a Senate and House of Representatives were given, with majorities sufficient to sustain the policies and pass the measures of the Republican Party. The promises of the platform have been fulfilled, the fulfillment of the promises has given the country the most extraordinary prosperity in its history. The difference between 1896 and 1900, in the homes of the American people, in their happiness and in their welfare, in their manhood, womanhood, and childhood, is as great as that of the picture of a war ravaged country and communities living, thriving, and growing in progress and prosperity.

It is fitting, now that the results of the victory are enjoyed by everyone, that we should pay tribute to the general who commanded the armies of our party in the campaign of resurrection and regeneration. Like all strong men, Senator Hanna has received an undue measure of criticism, but I doubt if he has had his full measure of praise. It can be said of him that, while wrongheaded sometimes, he has been right-hearted at all times. If, as the papers veraciously or unveraciously declare, in the stress of battle, or the failures of incompetent lieutenants, or temporary reverses, he has given way to language which has grieved the pious, we can readily believe that, like Washington's fury at Monmouth, the words have been among those which were no sooner upon the page than they were blotted out by the tears of the Recording Angel.

The favorite theme of the commencement orator, the time

honored and well worn one, has ever been, "The scholar in politics." When the country had to deal with great moral questions, like slavery, and mighty patriotic ones, like disunion, the scholar could bring from the stores of his erudition and his high culture the fervor and eloquence to keep the people up to any sacrifices for the right or for the country. But in our time, when the questions are economic and business is the most important factor in our public affairs, for their right administration and for policies and measures that will improve and develop the country, the requisite is "The business man in politics." Great as was Sumner on slavery and Civil War, and Sumner was our greatest type of the "scholar in politics," I doubt if the acute questions of our day, of currency, revenue, and taxation would have received from him the illumination and elucidation which the business man has succeeded in giving them. Our guest to-night is pre-eminently the "business man in politics"; pre-eminently the leader in business who, bringing to politics the same qualities which made his success in material affairs, won for us the victory in 1896, and is, I trust, to be put in a position where he will surely repeat it in 1900.

The past few years can be characterized by growth and expansion. Hanna has grown and expanded. When he was an iron manufacturer, seeking rates, he waited his turn in the ante-room of my office as president of a railroad. Now he has so expanded that he takes possession of the office and of me. Then he was so modest and distrustful of his powers to impress others that even in a directors' meeting of a manufacturing company he would leave to the professional talkers the expression of his views. But to-day, whether the question be one of principle or party policy or his personal reputation, he is on his feet on the instant, developing powerful and aggressive qualities in debate as a member of the most august deliberative body in the world. From being a successful business man he grew to be, in one campaign, a great party manager. He brought the training and the concentration, which alone make success in business, to bear upon public questions, and has now grown to be a useful, able and powerful United States Senator.

McKinley has grown and expanded. The McKinley who was elected in 1896 was chiefly known to the country as the ablest expounder of the principle of the protection of American

industries. During the four years in the White House he has had to face questions as momentous as those which any Chief Magistrate has ever been called upon to decide, hurling the thunderbolts of war, gathering the fruits of victory, and guiding conquered peoples in the paths of peace. Our ablest framer of a revenue bill and our strongest exponent of the principles of protection, after four years' experience in the White House, stands to-day, not only before the country, but before the world, as one of the greatest, wisest, most far-sighted and beneficent rulers our country has ever had.

The country has grown in the last four years—grown in every element which makes a people great and strong and happy, grown in its educational facilities, in the dissemination of literature and intelligence. Our people have expanded through expanding opportunities; they have grasped the meaning of our possessions in the Caribbean Sea, our islands in the Pacific, our hold upon the Philippines, and our entrance into the family of nations and the markets of the world. Our manufacturers have grown, grown in the grasp of inventions, in the development of machinery and in enterprise, so that to-day, not only in the East, where all are competing, but in the home markets of the old countries of Europe, our iron, our steel, our harvesting machines and our electrical appliances demonstrate their superiority.

The United States has grown. From being the hermit of nations it is now one of the great powers of the world. Without entangling alliances, without the necessity of being complicated with or dragged into differences between the powers of the earth, our strength and position make our wishes potent in the government of the world. To complete—no, not to complete, because the destiny of great peoples is never completed—but to secure what we have won, to make permanent the pathways of progress and prosperity which we have opened, to keep firm our grasp upon the fruits of the victories of our arms, of our inventions, the victories of our fields and our farms, of our factories and our mines, we must have another four years of Republicanism, of McKinley and of prosperity. We would win anyway, but we can win better and more surely under a tried and trusted general. After years of defeat Grant appeared and then every battle was a victory. This is the lesson of the South African War, with Methuen hurled back by the bravery of the

heroic Boers, with Buller's overwhelming numbers defeated and driven into their camps, with disaster attending every leader on every field, the tide turned when an old soldier of sixty-nine who had always been victorious in all his battles was given the chief command and "Little Bob" became the General. On the other side the Boers were successful until Joubert was disabled. In the management of great and small affairs, in the administration of governments, in the leadership of armies, in business enterprises, in the organization of labor unions, success depends largely upon the man who leads. Let us take no chances, but march again to victory under the old war cries and the new, but with the leader who led us so ably before, Marcus A. Hanna.

DINNER TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

REMARKS AT THE FEDERAL CLUB DINNER TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1887, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: "TARIFF FOR PROTECTION AS AGAINST A TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY."

MR. PRESIDENT: I have been introduced 500,000 times as the silver-tongued orator and now it has become such a customary thing to introduce me as the next President of the United States that it is the most venerable chestnut of the hour. It is an easy way to be elected and if it were all there is of it I would take it. One admirable thing about our celebration here to-night is that our guest in his brief preliminary remarks responded so ably to each of our toasts that there is no trouble in our confining ourselves, if we avoid him, to the fifteen minutes allotted by the chair. I had thought that this was to be a social gathering where the reporter would not be present, but when I was dressing for dinner several of these sharp-eyed, sharp-penciled, gentlemen landed in my library and said: "Mr. Depew, will you oblige us with your manuscript?" Said I: "Great Scott, this is fun." They replied: "We have visited all the other speakers and they have written their speeches out and submitted them to Roosevelt for revision so that when he runs for President no case of Burchard will interfere." I said: "Boys, how about Roosevelt's speech?" They said: "We corrected that ourselves." Now, a busy man absorbed in many things, I have made it a rule to say nothing serious from the first of May to the first of September, because in the country where I was born even the town pump, which runs at the mouth nearly every month of the year, dries up in July and August.

I wish at this stage of the proceedings to make myself all right with the press in view of my presidential boom. There are fifteen millions of people in this country who, on account of losses in business, notes to meet, or difficulty in the domestic circle do not sleep, and they come to their breakfasts with their brains on edge, their temper acerbated, and their stomachs dyspeptic; but when they pick up the speeches of the night before

they are instantly relieved, in their indignation against the orator, and there are mighty few men who can afford to stand in that remedial relation to their fellow-citizens. It is now half past ten o'clock, the thermometer is ninety, and I am expected to discuss tariff for revenue only. Smith, shut that door.

A friend of mine was travelling in the mountains of Tennessee, where this is a new question, and where the only amusement is to attend the hanging of a horse-thief. As the rope was about to be adjusted on one of these occasions a respite came from the Governor for an hour, and the Sheriff said: "Gentlemen and ladies, we will improve this hour by a few remarks on the tariff." Now, I do not propose to talk much about that question to gentlemen who understand it much better than they do their Bible and believe in it just the same. Alexander Hamilton struck the key note of American prosperity and a successful generation of statesmen have been wise enough to follow his lesson, and to that is due the marvelous growth of this Republic before the war, the ability to carry it on, and its resurrection since. There is room in this country for only two parties and only two parties can survive. As has been said already to-night, the only subject which now interests the American economist is that of labor, and each of the two parties is seeking to the best of its ability and utmost conscientiousness to solve it, and there is no room for a third party to try to solve the experiment.

No man in public office in this city has been more faithful to its interests than Theodore Roosevelt. When he retired from office he did not sit around at Delmonico's and the clubs, but went into the wild West and rode bronchos. Buffalo Bill said to me in the utmost confidence: "Theodore Roosevelt is the only New York dude that has got the making of a man in him. He fought the grizzly in his lair and the grizzly said—for the grizzly got away—'Accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.'"

But we are here to-night to pay to him this extraordinary compliment because Roosevelt fulfills in his independence, in his courage, in his audacity, in his mistakes, that ideal to which we are all approaching every day and seldom reaching, the young man in politics.

CENTENNIAL OF JAY TREATY

ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET IN COMMEMORATION OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE JAY TREATY,¹ AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1905.

GENTLEMEN: The last twenty years have shown that centennials are the most interesting of our celebrations. Their singular attraction lies in the extraordinary character of this century.

Our meeting to-night is unique because it is a dinner given by the publishers to the authors of the centennial volume. It is the centenary of one of the few papers which have lived one hundred years, and we celebrate the completion of the hundredth year of the most memorable and beneficent diplomatic achievements in the history of our relations with foreign countries.

The relations between authors and publishers have always been strained, the author rarely thinking that the publisher peculiarly appreciated his effort and the publisher feeling that as the author could get before the public only through his assistance and that he took the risks of the publication, he was entitled to the lion's share of the proceeds. But this evening the publishers, in a generous burst of hospitality, give the authors a banquet and the authors, in a larger and broader appreciation of their own work, or a more modest estimate of its value, have given their essays to the publishers without cost. These hundred authors differ from any others of the famous guild. For most of them it is their first—and probably their last—appearance in this interesting field. They are all practical business men. They illustrate the progress of the century in its demand for educated men in the leadership of industrial enterprises and operations. It was the common judgment of the beginning of the century that any education of a boy beyond the three "r's"—"readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic"—spoiled him for a business career. Horace Greeley voiced this sentiment, acquired in his youth, when he remarked that "of all horned cattle the most useless were college graduates." Appeals to the public by pamphlet, editorial, or book in

¹Treaty between Great Britain and the United States concluded by John Jay, Nov. 19, 1794, and ratified by the United States, Aug. 18, 1795.—*Ed.*

the early days were confined to literary men, journalists, clergymen, and lawyers. But in our time the industries of the country demand the best brains of the colleges. The articles which have been contributed are characteristic of our business success in their lucidity, condensation, and directness. The business man writes accurately; he does not pad; he indulges in no flowers of rhetoric; but he takes up that department which he best understands and in which he has made his career, and presents its history so that in twenty minutes the reader covers and grasps the evolution of a century.

Solomon complained in his time that "of making many books there is no end," and yet we have not one of the volumes which compelled Solomon either to enlarge his library or to abandon the effort to keep abreast with current literature. As Solomon had accumulated at the time of his death a thousand wives, it is probable that instead of reading printed books he determined to study, under such favorable conditions, the book of nature. Whatever the source of his inspiration and the methods of his education, we have the highest authority that he was the wisest man in the world.

Meeting Mr. Gladstone one evening when we were the first arrivals at a dinner in London, he said with great glee, "Mr. Depew, I secured at a book stall where they sell old books today a treasure. The libraries are crowded with wise books and works of great value, but it is the distinction of this volume that it is the most idiotic book ever written or published." This remark illustrated that in the opinion of one of the greatest of critics and best of judges if any work was distinctly the worst its chances for immortality were equal to the best. Our authors here have written neither the best nor the worst. They have only added to the field of materialism an enduring monument of its planting, its cultivation, and its progress.

Job had a clearer view of the future when he uttered that wisest of vindictive aspirations "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book." He saw in his vision the boomerang autobiographies of our day, the volumes of memoirs and reminiscences by politicians and statesmen. The hundred authors here present, however, have escaped the attention of Job's comforters by not exploiting themselves. They have put in permanent form for instruction and for reference the story of a hundred years of

the material development and industrial progress of the United States.

One hundred years ago to-day was published the first number of *The Shipping List and Commercial Gazette*. There were in the United States at that time seventy newspapers. Thirteen of them survived the century. They are the survival of the fittest. Mr. Greeley once said to me that it required more talent, energy and pluck to make a newspaper a success than for anything else in the world, but that no idiot or lunatic at large ever lived who could wreck a successful journal. And yet he died of a broken heart, fearing he had inflicted an irreparable injury upon the idol and pride of his life—*The Tribune*. But though he believed the commercial mistake of turning the party organ against the party had ruined his paper, the subsequent success of *The Tribune* has demonstrated the truth of his remark that nothing can permanently injure or destroy a great newspaper.

The newspaper furnishes the highest testimony that intelligence has kept pace with material development. The seventy newspapers of 1795 were sufficient for the requirements of four millions of people. To-day seventy millions support over twenty thousand journals. There was one newspaper publication at the beginning of the century for say sixty thousand inhabitants. Now there is one for every thirty-five hundred people. The circulation of the press could not at the earlier period have been over seventy thousand, while the circulation of to-day is about twenty-five millions.

A hundred years ago there was a single copy of a newspaper for each fifty-seven of the population. Now, there is a single copy of a newspaper for every three of the population. From these figures it is evident that our grandfathers did not read the journals of the day, while with us, old age and infancy, men, women, and children either read or have read to them these powerful educators of public opinion and these tutors and governesses in our homes of the minds and the morals of our generation.

The early newspaper was simply a news letter. Then came personal journalism when Jefferson and his friends on the one side and Hamilton and his supporters on the other owned and controlled their organs as the public men of France do to-day. Whatever we may say of the liberty, or as some call it, the li-

cense of the press of our time in its comment and strictures, it is delicacy and politeness combined compared with the villainous slanders, the intrusion upon private life, and the recklessness of epithet which characterized the press during Washington's administration. Then came the newspaper which was the exponent of the ideas of men who were gifted beyond their fellows with the genius for leading public opinion and crystallizing constituencies around special principles and policies and party favorites. The immortals of the front rank were Greeley, Bennett, and Thurlow Weed, with Henry J. Raymond, a brilliant product of their school but also an equally brilliant pioneer in the field of modern journalism. Much as we admire, from the inherited quality of reverence for the past, the great men who were the factors in their several fields of preceding generations, we know that there are Greeleys and Bennetts and Raymonds in the journalisms of to-day. But the press has become a power of such influence and responsibility, and it is forced to view questions with such a degree of independent judgment and judicial impartiality, that no combination of great qualities in any one man can any longer direct parties or enforce principles or carry measures. The press of to-day can claim that, while it influences, it mainly follows or reflects public opinion. If there is any consensus of views among them then the expression of the newspaper voices the judgment of the country and foreshadows its verdict at the polls.

For twenty-five years we have been enjoying centennial celebrations, each of them significant, inspiring, and a lesson in patriotism. From the one which recalled the Declaration of Independence through the battlefields of the Revolution to the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the inauguration of our first President, there was a triumphal procession of the armies and the congresses of liberty. The events which were recalled were the building of the State. They left it with all the machinery of organized government for a free and prosperous people. But like the vessel which has slid from the ways upon the waters, the ship of state required the motive power to start upon its course and fulfill the object of its creation. That motive power was commerce. Great Britain commanded the seas and dominated by her forts our inland waters. Our old ally France was involved in wars and revolutions which made her powerless to help us. We must arrange with the mother country, from whom we had

just separated by the triumph of our arms, for a recognition of our rights upon the seas and the removal of her forces from the land so that we might inaugurate foreign commerce and inland trade. The prejudices and passions of the hour were almost unanimously in favor of committing the United States to an offensive and defensive alliance with France. Eight-tenths of the people were opposed to having any relations whatever with England except another war. Without credit or resources to carry on the conflict the result of such a struggle must have been disastrous. The blindness of the people to their own interests, to the safety of the young republic, and to the future can easily be accounted for by the absence of an intelligent, and widely circulated press. There was but one man powerful enough and popular enough to stem the onrushing torrent toward war and to conceive and carry out a measure for peace and prosperity and that man was George Washington. In no government at any period of the world has any other executive officer possessed the strength to so thwart and control the popular will and the action of the Government. He sent abroad the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court with a clear chart and definite instructions. He selected for this mission the fairest, the most impartial, the most judicially-minded, and the most courtly man of his time. The treaty secured by Jay met with such a storm of opposition in Congress and in the country that it was a year after it was made before, in December 1795, it could be promulgated. Almost instantaneously the ship of state began to move upon its beneficent mission. The motive power had been applied. Shipyards were started, the American flag appeared upon the ocean and was recognized and hailed in the ports of Europe and the Orient. The American rivers became burdened with inland commerce, manufactures began, the spindle, the loom, and the furnace attracted capital and labor, the farm enhanced in value and varied industries, industrial opportunities, and free institutions attracted emigration from abroad. There was but one check upon progress and commercial liberty and that was the right claimed by the nations of Europe to overhaul our merchant vessels on the high seas and search them for alleged subjects liable to their military duty. We proclaimed the doctrine that the deck of an American ship covered by the American flag was the inviolable territory of the United States. Such was the

Monroe Doctrine of 1812, and a principle of unquestioned Americanism which has never since been disputed.

The Jay Treaty has special claim upon our attention in our present crises. The first real cases of international arbitration in the history of international law were between this country and Great Britain. It was because disputes between Great Britain and the United States were under that treaty to be settled by arbitration. Since the War of 1812 there have been submitted and settled by arbitration about one case a year. Few of these have excited public attention because the victories of peace cost neither life nor money and afford no opportunity for sensations or surprises. War, on the other hand, demands the attention of the world and suspends during its continuance the operations of commerce and of industry. Our country has taken the lead in these arbitrations and as a result we have had during our existence but three wars with foreign nations, and during a hundred years of our Government they have occupied only four and one-half of them. We have thus attained supreme preeminence as the peace nation of the world and under the operations of peace have become the most prosperous, in every element which constitutes the happiness and greatness of a people, of any nation in the world.

We earnestly hope in the celebration of this centennial of a treaty of peace that 1896, the first year after its centennial, may witness all our complications with other nations settled not by the sword but the judicial processes of international arbitration.

A hundred years ago one writer upon cotton, one on wool, one upon iron, one on agriculture, and one on the products of the forest could have said all there was to be told of the material development of our Republic. Invention and opportunity have accomplished so much in a century that the sub-division into great departments of industry of these basic materials has commanded a hundred leaders to tell the story of their origin and development. None of the older countries of the world can point without dispute to the hero or statesman to whom they are indebted for their existence and their greatness. With us there is no shadow upon that question. Whether we go to the early councils that framed our Constitution, to the battles and campaigns that won our independence, to the administrative capacity that put the machinery of government and the operation

of our institutions in order and practice, or the commercial treaty whose unpopular wisdom started us upon our unexampled career of internal development and of agricultural and industrial prosperity, the one embodiment of patriotism, generalship, wisdom, and statesmanship which guided, controlled, and directed it all was George Washington.

COLUMBIAN FAIR BANQUET

SPEECH AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN FAIR BANQUET IN THE
AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1890.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: When I received your very kind invitation to meet you at dinner, the personal attraction to me in the prospect was that it would give me an opportunity to become personally acquainted with the men who have made and are making Chicago what it is. It is an event for the gentlemen present here to-night, who represent so much of the intellectual and material life of the West, to meet at all. For them to gather for the purpose of paying a compliment to a private citizen from another State is for him a decoration that would come from no elective office, or the appointment of no executive.

I have been exceedingly interested in the description given by your chairman of the methods prepared for entertaining your guest. The old Indian method of raising the temperature was very effective. Tied to a stake, with a cord of wood around the man, antipyrine could not keep his temperature down. But the refinements of your civilization, while seeking the same end, have passed the skill possessed by the Indian. The chairman was deceived when he consulted the members of his committee—they adopted the original proposition. Yesterday noon my temperature began to rise; at three o'clock I had every doctor in Chicago in consultation; at six o'clock I dismissed them and took a doctor from New York and was saved. I had discovered that in your great commercial city the only thing which is not valued at above par is temperature.

I shall not follow the example of an official of your city and ask what is the name of your organization. Some one says "not to know certain people argues yourself unknown"—I believe it is Shakespeare. You having no organization, each one is an organization by himself. I know full well if any man wants to promote a great enterprise in this town, if he wants to invest any money in anything, if he desires to put his name and with it

his reputation and credit to any paper he first goes to Gage, and when Gage has given his advice he goes home and tells his wife that if he dies before the scheme matures to go to Gage.

I have discovered since I have been looking at this question from the Chicago standpoint—and it is astonishing how different subjects look in this light—from the place where you look at them, that there is a lamentable deficiency of sentimental patriotism in the United States, and it is so serious that it ought to be the subject of contemplation and discussion. I mean by sentimental patriotism the feeling that anything which affects the Republic affects every man and woman in it; anything which reflects upon the Republic either in the way of credit or discredit casts just that much of all which they are entitled of credit or discredit upon every citizen. In a large and general way, if there should be an attack from without or an insurrection from within, the National pride and patriotism would be equal to the emergency. As in 1776, as in 1812, the people would rise to repel an invasion. As in 1861 they would close their workshops, their offices, their stores, to go to the front to repress insurrection which threatened the unity of the country. But when it comes to questions which affect the National honor, the National reputation, there is an absence of sentiment which fails to concentrate upon the absolute necessity of preserving the sacred influence of our National life. You take the people of Great Britain, an Englishman anywhere, a Frenchman anywhere, a German anywhere, and what touches England, what touches France, what touches Germany is a personal matter upon which, under the rules of the code, he is ready to meet you at any point.

But here is the case. The Congress of the United States passes a bill establishing a World's Fair, and it is signed by the President; it is heralded to the whole world that the United States purposes to celebrate by an international exhibition the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. There is something in it of the sentimental pattern, something in it of historical significance, something in it of the lines of blood which touch every nation in the world.

Added to that comes another question, the solution of which seems of universal interest. Old commanders know New York as they know Paris, as they know London. They have had no reason, no cause to inquire further. The old world understand-

ing of any country is that it has a metropolis and that in that metropolis is centered all of its material and intellectual life. The Congress of the United States passes by New York and selects Chicago. The world instantly rises and says: What have we been doing in all these years? How has this metropolis grown up? Has power passed from New York? Has a great city representing the intellectual and material interests of a great republic been created without our knowledge?

So without sentimentality the whole world looks on to see what the Republic is to do about this International Exposition. Under those conditions, if an International Exposition is not held, the United States is disgraced in the eyes of the world. If an International Exposition is a failure when held, there is an indelible stigma upon our reputation. For us to fail would give us precisely the same relation to the world as an assignment by Marshall Field would give him in this community. For it to be a failure in its administration or results would be the same as if the goods of Armour were found tainted in all the markets of the world.

And yet, as we look about the country and study the reflection of public opinion in the press, we find no reflection whatever of an opinion and a sentiment expressing the truths I have just uttered, and which is of the profoundest interest to every American citizen. We will not allow the European nations and the South American republics to say you represent Brummagem jewelry and not the genuine article, you represent the sham and not the real.

Now we are a new nation and because we are new we can not be indifferent to our reputation. But because we are a new nation in the products of statesmanship and of economic law we can defy them all. By violating the rules laid down by the wise men of all times, the violation of which is absolute ruin, we have been ruined by the theorists, but have become phenomenally prosperous. Adam Smith wrote a book upon the law of the wealth of nations, the principles of which were read and re-read by William Pitt and became the policy of all English-speaking people. We are constantly violating the principles of Adam Smith, but get richer day by day.

In doing unto others as you would have others do unto you, had the fair gone to New York, we in New York should have

expected that Chicago would have done her utmost for the success of our fair. The fair having come to Chicago, I am here not only as your guest, but as one of the two commissioners from the State of New York to say personally and officially that all that New York can do, not only by her sympathy and her enthusiasm, but also by being present; and that all that constitutes her wealth and all her accumulations of art shall be for the benefit of your fair.

Rules and principles which apply to older countries where population increases only by natural causes, wealth grows only by accretion, and enterprises spring up only in a normal way, do not apply at all to a country where four new States come in in a year, where enough immigrants come in in a single twelve-month to constitute a new State according to our rules, and where the internal emigration from one part to another will constitute a half dozen States in every year. In 1861 we produced fiat money, believed by all the nations of finance to be the absolute destruction of any country, and fiat money saved the Republic. From 1869 to 1875 it was found absolutely necessary to secure the National credit and the National honor, and we demonetized silver; we declared for resumption on the spot; we started in upon a financial revolution, which under ordinary circumstances would have ruined all values. But it only annoyingly stimulated production and profit. And now we are facing the silver question with the old principles on the one side, and the new interests on the other, with the wise statesman saying he can tell to a dollar just how much currency is needed in this country, and with the unwise philosopher stating that every man should have a dollar in his pocket. And yet hitting upon some system not too radical and not too conservative, silver should receive that recognition elastic enough to furnish a currency. No man can tell how much is needed, and let these new States spring up and let these new modifying powers come which arise constantly in this country, and the country is still going on, though violating all economic laws, and getting richer and more prosperous all the while.

There are, thank the Lord, few people in this country who represent the railroad superintendent whom I once met, upon whom I was urging the benefit of greater outlay in putting on more cars on his trains and more trains on his road. He said to

me with the profoundest indignation and contempt for my limited experience, "What is the use, Mr. Depew? The more you put on the more the people fill them up."

I came here in a skeptical frame of mind, not so much to be eaten as to eat. A reverend Milesian once said that he could at any time, when Chauncey Depew was passing by, drop a nickel in the slot and get a speech. The special reason on the theological side which brought me here was the injunction to do unto others as you would have others do unto you. I don't mean that I would want, if the fair had gone to New York, to have all you gentlemen to come there to be dined. But besides that there are limitations to all rules, even scriptural ones. I believe in the main, and our experience has proved it, that the past is a very poor teacher. I believe in the main that the most useful member of the community is the dead past which buries its own dead. But the atmosphere of Palestine at the time of these utterances was limited, and it did not take into account Chicago or its surroundings. Indeed there might be one explanation and one interpretation of the words, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." They might lead one to think it was the duty of that eminent citizen of yours whom your press calls "Old Hutch" to tell what was going to be the price of wheat for the next six months, for Mr. Pullman to give a point on his stock, or for that exceedingly lively gentleman we have heard of to give some tip or other about what is going to happen in the transmutations of Chicago gas.

And now one word as to your city. It has occurred to me several times since I have been here; it has occurred to me with more vigorous force as I sat at this table to-night—Chicago! Why Chicago? The lines of ancient travel, creating the metropolis, were only along the lines of commerce; only where there was a great harbor upon the sea, where there was a conjunction of great rivers, was your metropolis possible, and for all time that was the truth as well as axiomatic. That made New York the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere.

But new conditions have created new principles for the founding of a great metropolis. The iron rail is now the line of commerce; the depot is now the wharf and the pier, and the centering of these great iron wharves is as if the great water ways of the continent flowed to a common center, and upon that principle,

unknowing it ourselves, and not known and not recognized by the country and absolutely unknown by the world, Chicago has become the commercial and the intellectual capital of a territory larger than the United States was before the Louisiana purchase, with a product greater than that of any kingdom in the Old World, and with a movement in trade and in business and with an energy in progress and in the advancement of those things which tend to national wealth and development, which means that in the future there will be two great metropolises in this country—one upon the seaboard, representing foreign commerce, on the old line and the old explanation, representing accumulated capital, representing investments, representing the place where enterprise will go to get money; the other a great metropolis representing growth and progress and advance; representing where the money is invested and where the Republic is developed.

NEW YORK PRESS CLUB BANQUET

SPEECH AT THE PRESS CLUB BANQUET, DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY 16, 1888, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: "THE
STATES."

GENTLEMEN: I suppose that in bouleversing this programme there is something behind the high personal compliment to myself. I have noticed in the tournament which has been running this winter without expense to the press between Mayor Hewitt and myself that the Mayor took the opportunity of his official situation to get in last. Already I begin to feel the knife of the flayer, and I suspect that the able and astute Governor of this State means to get beneath my cuticle. I knew it must be something that would compel the Governor, after his repudiation of banquets to attend this one and to leave the Republican Legislature up there unwatched while he came down to your feast. But he has told me that he has arranged so that no possible harm can come to the Administration because he lowers and raises the Assembly ceiling as he likes, and by holding the architectural string has driven the Legislature from Albany for a week. That may be one of the reasons that he intends to present at the next canvass as a claim upon the popular suffrage. I would stand here to-night as a defender of the Governor. All these charges that are made in public against him will redound to his credit. When the enemy says that he has musical clocks in his gubernatorial mansion, a gentleman who has not the family music which keeps the rest of us awake at night is entitled to have the State give him that consolation.

Nobody but the Press Club of New York, no body of men in the United States, no organization could have denuded the political field by calling to its festive board so many leading candidates for the Presidency. Here, on the Democratic side, is Governor Hill and Roswell Pettybone Flower and on the Republican side, General Sherman and myself. Gentlemen, that is all there is to it. And you have done more than that. There was a Philadelphian most eminent among the knights of the

tongue in that city of eloquence who, coming to reside in New York, distinguished his advent by attempting to stake out the limitations of the Metropolitan press. Said I to him, "Dougherty, what are you here for to-night?" Said he, "Unconditional surrender."

A newspaperman said to me many years ago, "If you ever have occasion to talk to the newspapermen don't orate; they won't stand for it." But I notice one peculiarity. The chairman of your committee said to me to-night, "There are two hundred and forty newspaper men within this hall, representing every branch of the press, and I replied that I thought I already heard the muttering of Gabriel's initial trump. This is the first time I have ever been interviewed by you all at once, and it presents me the opportunity of doing my own talking, instead of being ruined the next morning by your views. But I will say this for the interviewer, and I have met him later at night than most people, that as a rule he is the worst abused and the most useful member of society. Without him we never would know what public men think and what their real views are, and he is sent out like the captain of a foraging party with an invading army. He is not the man to attack. He has got to gather something or be discredited at headquarters, and my rule is, and I have found it an exceedingly safe one and I recommend it to my fellow aspirants for the Presidency. Be perfectly frank, Governor, and tell them all you know. You, gentlemen, have accomplished one thing in this world which is to be deprecated. You often hear it said that there is a man who does his own thinking. There was a period in the primitive condition of this country when men in every locality did their own thinking. It may have arrived at a very inadequate and distracted result; but nevertheless it was their own. Yet I venture to predict, and I can prove it if necessary, that of the two million inhabitants of this town not over two hundred ever think at all. They talk about business they understand. They talk about the things they do, about their families, about their church, about their ministers, but it is all shop. It has not in it a single creation, a single origination of their own. They have lost the power of original thought because you do it for them.

You can divide the American people into four classes: those who belong to great organizations and go with them, right or

wrong; those who belong to a particular organization that wants to implant a particular notion and would do it if it ruined the universe; those who are independent but whose independency consists in disagreeing with everybody; and those who are Mugwumps, whose distinguishing characteristics is that they belong to one party and vote with the other. Each of these classes has a newspaper that not merely represents it, but leads its opinion and in fact does its thinking.

NEW YORK PRESS BANQUET

SPEECH AT THE NEW YORK PRESS CLUB DINNER, FEBRUARY 17,
1896.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I think I am nearing my majority, and that this is about the twenty-first anniversary of my annual appearance before the Press Club. Like all other things in nature you have evolved so that your friends who knew you in the bygone days would not recognize you in the splendors of the present hour. Happily, the more spacious and fully equipped your present home, the more in harmony is it with the genius and versatility of your brilliant president. It is a tribute to the kaleidoscopic character of journalism that the occasional orator can speak upon the one topic—the Press—every year, and immeasurably escape repetitions of himself. The minister has the immemorial privilege of turning over his barrel, but the after-dinner speaker who tried it would be put into the barrel, and the barrel headed up.

We live in an age so pregnant with inventions and discoveries that no matter what faculty or facility one may have, it is constantly threatened with extinction. Therefore, this may be the last time I shall appear before you. At one of the Lincoln celebrations last night, two such distinguished leaders as my friends, Mr. Thomas C. Platt and Mr. Lauterbach, sang songs instead of delivering speeches. Few are gifted with a tenor voice and the ability to carry a tune. I never could sing, except in a chorus; and only solos will be in demand at future dinners. When next you meet, the leader of the machine will be here, entrancing you with his melody of "Hold the Fort," while the anti-machinist will sweep you off your feet by his rendering of "Ben Bolt." In the differentiations of vocations in life, it is a curious fact that journalists never try anything else, and people in every other pursuit try journalism. The fascinations of power keep the newspaper man to his profession, and prevent his entering into other fields. But the lawyer and politician, the preacher and the doctor, the banker and the railroad man, the educator and the

labor advocate, all do their best to secure space at the top of the column next to the reading matter in the daily newspaper. To have had one day in the great journals is a large measure of fame to many a thirsty soul. I knew a man who had been moderately successful, who said that his one ambition in life had been to have Horace Greeley in some form print his name in the *Tribune*. He had notified him to speak and lecture, and had had himself elected chairman of the Town Committee, and of the Agricultural Society, only to have this correspondence with Horace. He had sent him big pumpkins from his farm, and new species of grapes from his vines, and luscious apples from his trees, and—a dog, to receive back only a letter which he could not read, in his endeavor to get his name in the *Tribune*. He woke me up the night I spoke for him, at one o'clock in the morning, to tell me that after twenty-five years of effort in this one line, life was a failure.

“There is a philosophy that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.” We need not roam far to discover the principle which keeps the journalist in his profession, and denies him success in other pursuits. The critical faculty has its limitations. The art critic, like Ruskin, makes the fame of a painter like Turner, and educates millions to an appreciation of true art; but he cannot paint. If he could, he never would get beyond the frame of his own pictures. The musical critic cultivates audiences to an appreciation of Patti, or Melba, or Calvé, or the De Reszkes, or of Rubenstein, or of Paderewski; but he cannot sing nor play. The official editor teaches bankers the currents of finance, and prophesies the future for the speculator and the investor, with a precision and an accuracy with which the astronomer searches the heavens and finds stars; but the astronomer never has any real estate in Mars or Venus, and the official editor rarely has a bank account. The political editor makes and un-makes statesmen, and formulates the principles of parties, to find often that he must rely upon a shrewd manipulator who cares enough for his theory, his policies, his measures or his principles to put them into practical effect. The successful man must be a partisan, and a red-hot one: if a lawyer, he must believe in his cause to carry his jury and convince his Judge; if a doctor he must believe in his case and cure his patients more by his own strength of will and hopefulness than by his medicines. As a

business man, he must believe in his methods, and see only his own strength and the weakness of his competitor; as a railroad man, he must know that he is running the best road, and that it is entitled to the largest share of the public patronage. But the newspaper man must see all sides of the railroad, and of business, and of finance, and of politics—even as a partisan he must have a measure of impartiality and of independent judgment. He must have that fair-mindedness that characterized the boy in the story told me by a clergyman. He said that he was teaching his class the sacrifices for faith made by the Christian martyrs. He was telling them, in a blood-curdling way, how these devoted men and women, rather than give up their religion, permitted themselves to be confined in dungeons, tortured, and put into the arena to be fed to the lions, and at the proper point, to confirm his lesson by the kindergarten method, he showed the class a picture of the Christian martyrs, men and women, in the Colosseum, and the lions upon them, when one boy said, "Doctor, that lean, thin lion in the corner ain't getting any supper." That boy was destined for distinction in journalism.

There never was a great general, a successful lawyer, or an eminent banker, who, in the practice of his pursuit, had imagination. The man who wins must gauge, with methodical accuracy, the factors with which he is to deal and the forces he must encounter. He can neither underrate nor overrate the obstacles in his way, or the resources at his command. The difference between the general who has to fight his imagination, and the man who has none to fight, was happily illustrated in a remark made to me by General Sherman. He said the difference between Grant and himself was that, "I lie awake all night wondering where the enemy is, and what he is going to do. Grant sleeps all night, because his plans are so perfected, and he has so much confidence in them, that he don't care a damn where the enemy is, nor what he is going to do." But the reporter, or the writer upon the Press who lacks imagination can never succeed. People are impressed by pictures. The favorite statesman must be enlarged. The favorite beauty must be made more beautiful. The favorite actress must be made more spirituelle. The favorite singer must have just a trifle more of the divine touch. The favorite preacher must be a little closer to Heaven. The favorite orator must have more of Demosthenes and of Cicero than any

or either of them, upon mathematical lines, possess. If it is of travel, there is a picturesqueness given to it which the practical traveler does not find, following the same route, or if it is of a party convention or mass meeting, there is a madness and enthusiasm which the casual auditor on the other side fails to note.

I was struck with this in an incisive remark to a young friend of mine who had prepared a most elaborate, painfully accurate, and head-splittingly learned article, which he took to Mr. Dana, the Nestor of American journalism; and this great newspaper man returned it to the author, with the single remark, "It lacks imagination." The most delightful experience in daily life, for the man of affairs, who also loves the rollicking fun and the riot of it, is to tell the bright-eyed reporter some incident, or to be with him in some place where something is going on, and note in the column he has the next morning in his newspaper, the lurid picture of a lifeless fact. And independent people must read something, and their information and largely their lives are made up from what is thus absorbed. In our days of hot competition and absorbing pursuit, most men, and even those of large brain power, must have for other affairs than those in which they are engaged, a thinking machine on which they can rely, like the praying machines at the corners of the highways in some Eastern countries. A thinking machine for the business man is the newspaper. I can tell, when I overhear a conversation on the elevated road, or when I talk with a man or an acquaintance and get his emphatic and red-hot view of some current and controversial question, what paper he takes; for I have seen his view in that paper that morning, and read it for breakfast.

In the Colonial days there were no newspapers, and people read the Bible; and a very good sort of solid people it made. Later, when the publisher appeared, they read the Bible, and the sermons of the Colonial and of the Revolutionary ministers. Many a house up along the Hudson, until sixty years ago, had for its library the Bible, the Westminster Catechism, the Sermons of Jonathan Edwards, and Bulkin's Family Medicine. None of you who live in these degenerate days know aught of Bulkin's Family Medicine. It was a book, the first of which came out about 1776, and when the British Army evacuated New York they didn't take with them Bulkin's Family Medicine. My Christian

mother had in it unbounded faith. The health and longevity of all her family she ascribed to its heroic prescriptions. Its base and foundation upon which it built those who survived its treatment, were calomel and castor oil; while for milder cases, but in larger doses, were rhubarb and paregoric. Now, with our dilettante and feeble physical systems, we have reached a period where one school of medicine gives to us infinitesimal doses, and the other comes in and smiles and rarely gives anything.

That I have been able to reach sixty years of age; that I can stand all these dinners, after the hardest of day's work; that I can survive with cheerfulness and health every sort of effort, every kind of strain, and every condition of hardship, I ascribe to the heroic preparation which came through Bulkin's Family Medicine. The question was not *will* you take the castor oil, but *how* will you take it? Will you take it plain, or with molasses, or with coffee?

In our day people read the Bible in theory, but the newspaper in practice. Among the million and a half of readers in the city of New York, I venture to say—and in saying it I deplore the fact—there are not fifty thousand who habitually and daily read the Bible, and there is not one of them who does not habitually and daily read a newspaper morning and evening. It affects their judgment; it influences their principles; it governs their conduct in life; it tells the story in the aggregate whether there shall be good municipal government or bad.

We hear much in these days of the cathode ray. The householder is alarmed for fear the burglar will put it on the front door and discover the location of the family silver and the daughter's diamonds. The witness is alarmed for fear the lawyer will put it on his skull and discover the workings of his mind. The lovers are alarmed for fear it will be put upon them and the discovery will be made whether the heart beats true to Paul or the other fellow. But the cathode ray is no new invention, and Professor Roentgen is not its author. There are two hundred cathode rays in this room to-night; every reporter in the United States is a cathode ray. He penetrates the impenetrable, and reveals the unrevealable. He finds the combinations of the monopolist, the secrets of the speculator, the plans of the financier, the schemes of the politician, the methods of the Government, the purposes of the Administration, and keeps a healthy public

interest alive for the protection of the public, by the only method which will accomplish that result in a free county—publicity, and again publicity.

Every profession has its code of honor. That code is always founded on confidence and trust. I see more reporters, and oftener, than any ten men in the universe. They breakfast, dine, sup, and sleep with me—or practically that is what it amounts to. They come to me, blue-pencilled, at all hours of the day and night, for a revelation which they must take back in some form or be discredited at the office. It is often on a matter which it is impossible for me, in justice to the interests I represent or the people who trust me, to reveal; but when, as often happens, something can be said that will bridge over the immediate crisis by a suggestion of facts and the situation can only be understood by a full explanation, the reporter hears in confidence the story, and then the line drawn beyond which he must not go, and never has that confidence been misplaced nor the line overstepped.

I rejoice in this Club, because it is the home of the reporter, the home of the future writer, the home of the future author, the home of the impersonal moulders of opinion, photographers of events, and advocates of the truth.

DINNER TO CHARLES A. DANA

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LOTOS CLUB TO CHARLES A. DANA,¹ JANUARY 18, 1896.

GENTLEMEN: Mr. Dana's interesting reminiscence of the flight and rally at the battle of Chickamauga recalls vividly a word picture of that famous field given me by Gen. Garfield. Garfield had a romantic and poetic nature, and was always sensitive to sentimental surroundings. With his friends, he was much like the senior who has just graduated and is telling his classmate of his engagement and the marvelous qualities of the girl. I arrived at Mentor, Garfield's country home, near Cleveland, the morning after the day when Maine went Democratic and the politicians accepted it as the forerunner of Garfield's defeat for the Presidency. There were about fifty farmers' wagons at the depot waiting for passengers. I said to the crowd: "Can one of you drive me up to Gen. Garfield's?" A Western reserve Yankee answered, "You can have all of us this morning, but yesterday the callers were so numerous that you couldn't have got a team; you would have had to walk."

I found the General, for the first time since his nomination, alone and desperately blue. He came up buoyantly in a little while with the familiar quotation, "Depew, it is always darkest just before dawn, and there is a silver lining to every cloud." To prove it he gave this picturesque and stirring description of the rout of our forces at Chickamauga, their rally and ultimate success. He said that while Thomas was resisting the onslaught of the Confederates his line grew so thin that there was a gap at one end, and he had no troops to fill it with. Longstreet, the Confederate commander, saw it and sent a brigade to march into that gap and roll up the Union line. This would have annihilated Thomas's army. At that moment an Ohioan regiment arrived on the field a thousand strong, which had been recruited only thirty days before. It was sent immediately to meet the attacking Confederates. The conflict was short, sharp and de-

¹Charles Anderson Dana (1819-1897), Assistant Secretary of War in 1863-64, became editor of the *New York Sun* in 1868.—*Ed.*

cisive. The enemy was repulsed, the Ohio boys held the line, but seven hundred of them were killed who but thirty days before had kissed their mothers and sweethearts good-by as they marched to the field of duty and of glory.

I have been for twenty-two years a member of the Lotos Club, and my recollections of that period are rich with memories of ambrosial nights within its walls. The recollections which survive a period of any extent are those connected with brainy gatherings, where men of achievements, eloquence, and wit have made the meeting famous. And so I recall the receptions and the dinners given to Canon Kingsley, to George Augustus Sala, to Lord Houghton, to Gen. Sherman, to Whitelaw Reid and others as events not only in the life of the club, but the intellectual life of New York. The high character of these compliments has been so carefully maintained and guarded that to be entertained by the Lotos is a distinction and a decoration. Many rivals have come into the field during a quarter of a century, some too good to live, and therefore they died young; some too bad to live, and therefore they died of exhaustion, while the Lotos has remained a conspicuous illustration of the survival of the fittest.

Bohemia is a territory whose boundaries can never be accurately ascertained. If the Venezuelan Commission had this task assigned them they would give up in despair and advise the President to declare war at once as the only method of fixing the fence. True Bohemia lives, if it lives at all, in an organization like this because of an appreciation, cultivation, and an honoring of art. No man or woman deserves the recognition of temporary or permanent fame who does not possess this faculty. Whether it be with the brush or the chisel, in the pulpit of the forum, as journalist, writer, or in the presentation of the thoughts and creations of the genius of others upon the dramatic or lyric stage, success is due to the fact that the orator or the editor or the painter or the sculptor or the journalist or the preacher or the lawyer or the writer is an artist.

We are honored to-night in having with us one of the greatest of living artists. He is not only the dean of the faculty of American journalism and the honored Nestor of the American press, but he is the acknowledged master as well as teacher of the English or during the present emergency I might say the American language. The orator whose lurid eloquence inflames always

himself and sometimes the audience receives a cold bath in the *Sun* the next morning which leads him to be less fervid and more accurate in the future. The speaker of that frequent type who careers among the constellations, disturbing the harmony of the universe by knocking the suns and satellites out of their spheres, Mr. Dana in about four lines in the *Sun* buries in the star dust with which the speaker has strewn the earth, while the beloved contemporary is so often reminded of his sins in syntax and grammar that carelessness is now rarely seen in the make up of an American newspaper. An American of Americans, our guest keeps in touch and in the lead of the great questions of the hour, and if we do not all of us agree with his conclusions, we admire his courage and patriotism. He has the rare gift of standing by a friend when that friend has no others left if he believes his friend to be right, and piercing with his lance-like pen the enemy whom he believes should be exposed, no matter how huge his proportions or powerful his position in the country or in his party.

When Diogenes started out twenty-five hundred years ago with his lantern to find an honest man, his search met with no success during his life, and his spirit, picking up the lantern, has kept moving with it through all countries down the ages. But when recently he arrived in New York he sent his lantern to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and joined the shades in Hades of the famous Athenians of his career, because, while walking along Newspaper Row, he saw this sign and believed it, "When you see it in the *Sun* it is so."

The most memorable forty years in the story of our Republic is that which begins with the candidacy of Gen. Fremont, the first leader of the Republican Party, in 1856, for the Presidency. During the whole of this time our friend has been a factor in affairs as well as a journalist. The century will be distinguished in future ages by the men who achieved greatness during these forty years. Many of them to-day are to the present generation glorious traditions. About them already we are weaving the romances and the unrealities which attach to great characters in history. Through Mr. Dana we are in intimate personal contact with them all. The most unique figure in that period of personal journalism was Horace Greeley. Mr. Dana was his chief assistant and co-laborer. He did a great deal of the best work on the *Tribune* of those days. The Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati,

Cleveland or Buffalo newspapers did not at that period reach beyond the boundaries of their respective cities. The great New York dailies, with their weekly editions, molded public sentiment, led parties, and created and unmade statesmen as far West as Chicago and as far South as the Gulf. The affectionate or the hostile expression at the time concentrated itself in the adjective "old." Nine-tenths of the readers believed that whatever utterance there might be in the *Tribune* or the *Herald*, or later, in the *Times*, were written by "old" Greeley" or "old" Bennett or "old" Raymond. Much of it was done by our guest and the brilliant staff about him. As Assistant Secretary of War during the rebellion, he slept in their tents with Grant and Sherman, with Rosecrans and Thomas, and Sheridan and Halleck. He saw in daily intercourse, both when under the stress and strain of his great responsibilities and when he relaxed with anecdote and reminiscence, President Lincoln. With Mr. Dana here we appreciate the reality of this glorious forty years, and we see with our own eyes and touch with our own hands the mighty men of war and of peace who made them famous.

Old age is relative. I know plenty of men of thirty who are twice as old as I am, and three times as old as Brother Dana. Though in the seventies, he is better equipped, more vigorous in every way, and more keenly enjoys the romances and realities of life than at any other period. There is an old friend of mine up at Peekskill who, after courting the same woman forty years, married her. I said to him: "Josephus, why did you not marry her before, or why did you marry her now?" "Well," he said, "I married her now because our conversation gave out and I wanted a quiet life." With true old age conversation, with its most enjoyable, instructive and brilliant talk, is its best contribution to the pleasures of life. It has made most enjoyable the companionship of every man I have known who has passed his climacteric, but is old only in years. We are on the borders which divide the nineteenth from the twentieth century. May we meet here again to greet the twentieth and to present to it our friend and our guest and say to it, "may your veterans be like ours."

DINNER TO FRÉDÉRIC AUG. BARTHOLDI

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI¹ BY
THE LOTOS CLUB, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

GENTLEMEN: I am one of those Frenchmen from "way-back," who, as he has come down the centuries, has lost the language of his ancestors. I never have been more impressed in my life, as I wandered about the tables here to-night, than by the futile attempts of those here present to talk in the language of my respected ancestors. The peculiar patois which the members of the Lotos Club call French is the most extraordinary exhibition of that babel which we denominate modern language in the whole history of tongues. I have no confidence in a man, his morality, his integrity, who out of France or Russia or Germany, talks anything but English. Even in conversation with Mr. Bartholdi here, I have been impressed with the belief, like that of the good old deacon who, when asked what he thought of the revised New Testament, remarked that the version of King James was good enough for St. Paul and was good enough for him.

This celebration of ours to-night seems to me to mark an event. We have been celebrating and receiving with all sorts of ceremonies English authors, English statesmen, English actors, English lecturers; but the Englishman who comes here comes with but one purpose—to enrich his own treasury by the depletion of ours. Mr. Bartholdi would not be a Frenchman if he was not original and sensational, and the most original and sensational thing that has happened to the Republic in a century is that a man and a nation wanted to give us something without asking us to pay for it. Now the question has been raised here to-night why was not the money immediately furnished for the pedestal? It was because the American people did not understand the thing. They thought that there was a charge somewhere behind it which they would have to pay. If it had not been for Mr. Pulitzer and the *World* they never would have understood it. The thing that he and his newspaper did deserves well of the country and the world.

¹M. Bartholdi (1834-1904), sculptor of the colossal Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, in New York Harbor.—Ed.

The whole country now appreciates the superb magnificence of this grand gift that comes to us from our sister Republic. And, as I learn, Mr. Bartholdi, in presenting to us this statue has paid to America the highest compliment one which can not pay money either to a nation or to an individual. The two strongest sentiments in the human breast are reverence and love, and these two sentiments are united and welded in only one person in the world, and that is a man's mother. Where her image is, there is her heart, and in the State of Liberty, which from Bedloe's Island will radiate for all time to come the Republic of the United States and welcome the incoming stranger, are the model and the features of the mother of Bartholdi. This grand gift of a great people to the United States recalls in fact that our relations with France have always been those of obligations on our part and of generosity on hers. In the first dawn of our struggle for life and independence she gave to us the Marquis de Lafayette. In the hour of our direst need, without exacting anything from us, she gave the army under Rochambeau and the navy under De Grasse. And now, when upon the one side of the ocean and the other, two republics are to voice and continue the aspirations of mankind, she welds the nations by presenting in its highest expression the condensation of the principles of liberty. As the statue flashes its light not only over our harbor or over our country, but as Liberty Enlightening the World, it will present the perpetual question: "What is liberty?" When there are conditions and classes, when there are differences, and superiors and inferiors before the law, it is easy to answer "What is liberty?" But when all men are equal before the law then "What is liberty?" "Liberty is that land, that country, and that government where questions can be determined without riot, disturbance, or revolution. The Statue of Liberty sheds its light upon our Custom House and asks "What is Liberty?" Now I am a believer in very limited liberty so far as it shall apply to the introduction of foreign material for use in the manufacture of textile fabrics, but I am in favor of unlimited liberty in the products of the brain. I hope that this statue will see that the great works of French genius, not only in sculpture but in painting, not only of Bartholdi but of Meissonier and Gêrome and all the rest who are the common heritage of the world—that the works of genius come not from tariffs but as the gift of God to be enjoyed by the universe.

DINNER TO M. MUNKACSY

REMARKS AT THE DINNER TO M. MUNKACSY AT DELMONICO S, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1886.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I purpose to take the same view of the three minute rule¹ as Mr. Beecher has done. Mr. Beecher's speech reminded me of a certain deacon in Pennsylvania who, when the exhortations, prayers, and experiences had given out, remarked that he would occupy the time by saying a few words about the tariff. Mr. Beecher said he had never seen the picture of "Christ before Pilate," but what he had learned from those who had seen it he believed it to be an immortal painting. Mr. Beecher bases his knowledge of this work on what certain members of his congregation, Deacon White and other stock speculators, told him about it. I gather my views from no such eminent critics as these. I saw it myself. Two years ago when driving in a cab to catch a steamer I saw a sign advertising this picture. I stopped the cab to look at the painting and came very near missing the steamer I had engaged to sail in.

Hungary has done much for America, and America thoroughly appreciates it. My friend, Mr. Beecher, has referred to Kosuth. But she has not only contributed a great apostle of liberty and a great artist, but she has created a great editor and given him to us. Without the contribution which Hungary gave us in the shape of Pulitzer, the Statue of Liberty would never have had a pedestal and the American nation would have been disgraced. We are said to be materialists. All we care for is to possess the earth and Pulitzer gives us the *World* every morning with all the news that can be obtained in any other journal and politics to suit the taste of everybody who buys it. We are, as I said, believed to be a nation of materialists. All we care for is to corner railroad stocks, sit down upon everybody, and put everything in the pockets of the few. But we are growing in

¹Mr. Depew, who had been introduced by the chairman as the best after-dinner speaker, objected, saying that Hewitt, Schurz, and Beecher were his rivals; but demanded the same privilege accorded to Mr. Beecher—of speaking more than three minutes.—*Ed.*

our appreciation of art. The best results of art are to be found in our galleries. I hope that this visit of this distinguished Hungarian artist will arouse in us a patriotic desire to show that republicanism is not behind the aristocracies of other nations in its patronage of the best works of the greatest painters.

DINNER TO IAN MACLAREN

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LOTOS CLUB TO IAN
MACLAREN,¹ DECEMBER 5, 1896.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I was impressed with the remarks made by our guest to-night about the impossibility of the union between the Scotchman and the Bohemian, and yet as I noticed the gait and rhythmic step of that piper as he passed through the hall I thought I saw the union; and also when the beautiful singer of the evening sang that song and we joined in the chorus, "We Are All Scotch," it certainly seemed as if we were all Scotchmen here to-night. I notice that some are half Scotch and half soda.

I have listened with the greatest pleasure to the distinguished Englishman who has just left us, but he reminded me of what always occurs when an Englishman or a Scotchman who has been long in this country speaks. He means to impress us youngsters of the Western Hemisphere with the antiquity of his race, his associations, and himself, and so I was not surprised when our friend Dr. Collyer gave us his reminiscences of the border raids of 575 years ago. I remember, and my friends Mr. Tod and Mr. Sloan will recollect, that the venerable William Wood, who for a hundred years was the distinguished guest of the St. Andrew's Society, was always narrating his heroic deeds on the field of Bannockburn.

But we, as old members of the Lotos, welcome with all the honors we have accorded to our most distinguished guests, to Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Holmes, Freeman, Mark Twain and others, our friend, Ian Maclaren, to this the only cosmopolitan platform in the United States. Whatever may be said about the national jealousy of the Yankees, we in this club care nothing for the race or religion; we care nothing for the language or nationality of our guests, so long as they speak well the language which they pretend to talk; we care not under what flag

¹The pen-name of Rev. John Watson (1850-1907), Pastor of the Sefton (Presbyterian) Church, Liverpool, and author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.—Ed.

they walk or live, so long as they have done something and achieved something in the intellectual field of the world.

I have noticed, and it has occurred to me while I have been sitting here to-night, that in the wide and unrelated field of intellectual endeavor, no matter how antagonistic seem to be the efforts by which men become distinguished, no matter whether they are eminent in journalism, at the Bar, with the pencil, the brush or the chisel, or upon the lyric or dramatic stage, when once they stand before an audience which is impartial or friendly, they become orators. To interest and impress your hearers, to take them out of themselves into contact, sympathy and enthusiasm with your life and career is eloquence. We have seen many instances of it here in the years gone by. We have heard actors speak eloquently without having the lines before them; and painters, sculptors and novelists talk eloquently who were never known to talk well upon their legs before.

I remember the inroad of the English or the Scotch lecturer into America. The first that we had were the best, except that there was once in a while a man, not well known before, who was equal to the best. The first who came to us were Dickens and Thackeray. I remember as if it were yesterday Dickens's lecture in old Steinway Hall. I remember Thackeray's first appearance upon the platform. The names of Dickens and Thackeray had become household words in America. Thousands of their books were sold in the United States to one in Great Britain. Every character of Dickens's had become a member of our household; he sat at our table and we talked and walked with him. We loved old Barkis and Micawber, and Pickwick, and Captain Cuttle and Bunsby and Sam Weller, and we looked upon Dickens as the author who had incarnated the common folk of the world and made them speak in a way that revealed the best qualities of humanity under the most unfavorable conditions. When I sat there as a youngster listening and adoring the author of my idols, during the first half-hour, he seemed to me to be only a reciter of what I would rather have read, and then the inspiration of the occasion, that sort of thing to which I have just referred, lifted him out of himself and into the field where his genius had roamed without restraint. And then old Barkis, and Micawber, and Pickwick, and Capt. Cuttle, and Bunsby, and Sam Weller appeared upon the stage, and I shook hands with them. Then

Thackeray came. He was the idol of the colleges, because, more than Dickens, in the merest shadow of a character Thackeray had presented and given life to the passions of the human race, to envy, to jealousy, to pride, to malice, to faithlessness, and to love, fidelity and honor as well, and he had done it not only in classic language, but with an analytic power which showed that all those qualities existed among the lofty as well as the lowly, and with highest culture and best surroundings. When that massive head appeared upon the platform, the audience were captured. Thackeray lifted them up upon a grand wave of intellectuality, which carried them with resistless power to a higher plane of thinking and living.

Now, the success of those eminent English lecturers brought upon us the general Englishman seeking for an income. What we have suffered from him, and the effort it has caused because of him to preserve peace between these two great peoples, no tongue can tell. Whenever I have been in England the question has been frequently put to me, when they have noticed the acute feeling on this side for a war with England, "What is the matter?" I didn't dare to tell them. It was the English lecturer. He had nothing to say that his countrymen would listen to, so he came here to tell us. That last sergeant of the English Bar nearly precipitated an international conflict. All the judges, the lawyers and wits of New York, the men who had gathered and enjoyed all the fresh anecdotes and good things which the experience and opportunities of a new country produce were in the hall. He was advertised as the finest wit and humorist of England. But he drove us frantic. His lecture abounded in stories which had the death penalty attached at the Court of Rameses the Second, and he gave us chestnuts so mouldy that even I couldn't stand them. We all became jingoes at once.

I have no doubt that if our guest to-night will write when he gets home the experiences he has had off the platform, they will furnish the most interesting part of that book which every foreigner writes about us. I had an adventure one night this week which was absolutely unique. The hero was a countryman of our guest, and a Scotchman is always canny and looking for the main chance. We busy men of affairs in this country work all day, sir, and then give our evenings to intellectuality. There may be intellectuality in what we do during the day, but it is not

from a literary standpoint. I went to a town not a hundred miles from New York to deliver an address to a college. I supposed that it would be an ordinary occasion. I prepared the address on the way up in the car. When I arrived I was received at the depot by the president of the college and the military company of the town. The military company saluted, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and we marched through the streets to the opera house through a long line of skyrockets and Roman candles, where I was to tell those young men how to begin and make a career in life. The president of the college said to me:

"There is an old Scotchman here, a baker, who says he has been trying to see you for a long time, but he is afraid he will bore you." I said: "No Scotchman can bore me." The president said: "I have taken from him what he wishes to give you. Here is a bundle and a letter." When I got back to my car I opened the bundle and the letter. There was a loaf of bread in the paper, and the baker was sure if I would bite off the end of the loaf and then write for him a certificate that his bread was the best I ever tasted, his fortune would be made. To enlist my interest and cover the risks to digestion, he enclosed a five-dollar bill.

Now, I belong to the period when the lecture originated. About the time I was graduated at Yale College was the beginning of the lecture in the United States as an institution. In every little village in the country, young law students, doctors, and teachers in the academy formed a committee to have a lecture course during the winter. We do not know, in these days, anything about the lecturer of that period. Talk about your university extension! It isn't in it compared with what we had. For \$50 a night we could get Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and George William Curtis. It was the delight of my early life to hear those men on the platform. I remember Oliver Wendell Holmes, with his genial humor, which lasted us for a lifetime. I think two-thirds of the fun I have enjoyed since, is due to his teaching me how to find it. I remember Wendell Phillips, how, without a gesture, and without raising his voice above a conversational tone, but by his magnetism and sinewy Saxon, he brought every auditor forward with his jaw dropped and his ears open in order that the speaker's words might be taken in both by the

ear and the mouth. I remember Ralph Waldo Emerson giving us those philosophic sentences which we did not understand; but the less we understood them, the more we applauded them. I can hear him recite that poem which ran:

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again."

But afterwards the lecture field was invaded by quacks and frauds, by patent medicine men, and authors whose books nobody would buy. They burdened the American stomach until it would stand it no longer.

One of that kind of men came into my office. I had known him many years before, and he was a chap who failed generally in everything he tried. "Things have gone pretty hard with me," he said, "but I have now a chance; I have taken to lecturing, and I have come to ask you for a pass over your road." "I am glad to hear that you are on the right track at last. Where are you to lecture?" I asked. "I am to deliver a lecture at Pawling, and I am to get \$15 for it, but I haven't a dollar in my pocket for my fare." I told him I would give him the pass if he would tell me the subject of his lecture. He said: "Give me the pass first." So I gave him the pass, and he said: "Well, Chauncey, the subject of my lecture is 'How to Make Money.'"

Now, we have passed all that period. The lyceum is gone, and the lecture committee, composed of the young men who were trying to make a career in life, is gone. I remember how happy we young chaps—students at law and medicine and teachers—were when the course came out even. At the close of one winter we were \$78 in debt. Gentlemen, I have struggled with severe money crises in my life; I have made and lost several fortunes; I have handled hundreds of thousands of notes; I have taken part in negotiating and placing upon the markets of the world hundreds of millions of securities, and I have assumed obligations in the course of business infinitely beyond my resources; but I never since have had the sleepless nights and untold anxiety that I did wondering how to finance that \$78.

One recollection of that period shows how we have advanced

as a people and how narrow, bigoted, and provincial we were then. Among our distinguished lecturers in one course was Cassius M. Clay. He was a great anti-slavery force of that time. A few of us young men in the old town of Peekskill were anti-slavery; most of the people were pro-slavery, because our village manufactured and sold stoves to the South. There was but one minister in our town who dared say that slavery was a sin; all the rest said property was sacred. They stood by the stove-maker. If they hadn't, the stoves for them would have been red hot.

When Cassius M. Clay came forward, I looked him over with great admiration. He was a magnificent specimen of manly beauty and strength. My father and uncles and neighbors believed the black man had been created to be a slave and that it was a sin to emancipate him. Cassius M. Clay lived in a slave State, but he dared preach anti-slavery in Kentucky. He was fired at by some one in the audience every time he spoke. He was quicker with gun, pistol, and knife than any man living. His fighting reputation was such that it unnerved his assassins, and the man who missed him was lost. Col. Clay either shot him dead or he was off the platform in an instant, and, with his bowie knife, carving his antagonist into mince meat. Then he would return to the platform, put the bloody knife in its sheath and calmly resume the thread of his argument. Now, I thought he was just the man to deliver a literary address at Peekskill. I said to him as we went into the pulpit of the old Methodist Church: "Col. Clay, your lecture has been given out as on 'Roman Civilization?'" "Yes," said he, "but I talk better on anti-slavery." So I said to the audience in introducing him: "The lecture is advertised for to-night on 'Roman Civilization,' but instead Col. Clay will give his experience in Kentucky as an anti-slavery man." Instantly that entire audience became a howling mob. The whole house rose in such rage and fury that both the Colonel and the committee were in danger of their lives. I quieted them, and then said: "Ladies and gentlemen, in deference to your views, Col. Clay will deliver his lecture on 'Roman Civilization.'" This happened in the State of New York, a thousand miles from a slave and within fifty miles of this city, and less than forty years ago. To-day, on any great moral question, I don't care how acute it is, a man could stand up in any rural town in the State of New York, or any other State, and speak his mind with safety and

before a fair-minded audience. This is evolution. This is getting toward "Roman Civilization."

We welcome you, Dr. Maclaren, or Dr. Watson. We are delighted that you have come among us. Whenever a foreigner comes here to speak, or to deliver a lecture, he has to make his mark before he can be heard. We have passed the courtesy period to strangers. They must prove their worth, or we will not hear them. When I had the pleasure of presiding and introducing you at Carnegie Hall, I felt after the first half hour your lecture tour in the United States; no matter where you went, would be an eminent success because you were your books, and your books had become part of the home literature of the American people.

You wonder why we as Americans love Scotch literature so much and Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns and you better than other foreign authors. Burns in poetry and you in prose reveal or portray a characteristic of American life in which we are Scotch and Americans. Then you give us such a sensation of health and pleasure. The Scotch novel has nearly killed us. I mean the dialect novel. Every author who fails in English takes his dead and damned book, turns it into Scotch and expects us to buy it. We have bought and read until the dialect novel produces symptoms of water on the brain. But when a man writes dialect Scotch, and nobody but a Scotchman wants to read a book in the dialect, and the work has such merit that notwithstanding this drawback we read it, and become absorbed in it, and weep over it, he is a genius. And your words, sir, touched the experience of nearly every man in this crowd. Every one here is what you may call a self-made man. Successful Americans know just what it is to have to struggle to get an education; to have a father and mother sacrifice much to that end; to have the minister's advice urging the boy on and helping him; and we all have felt the interest of the congregation in having the boy become a credit to the church and the town. We welcome you here because you recall for us the sweetest memories of our homes, and the delightful realities of the early friends and its associations.

I have heard some talk about your settling among us, and that you are considering it. I know how a Scotch minister gets at such a change in his life; he asks advice from on high. I remember a little story of a clergyman who was elected a bishop, and a neighbor passing by said to his little daughter, who was

swinging on the gate: "Is your father going to accept?" She answered: "I don't know; he is on his knees up in the library praying for guidance, and mother is packing the trunks."

In the spirit in which we welcomed in this room Kingsley and Stanley, and Arnold and Freeman, and Holmes and Twain and Sala, and all the great lights of literature who have visited us, we welcome you; but we trust you will come back and remain with us.

DINNER TO ANTHONY HOPE

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO ANTHONY HOPE AT THE LOTOS CLUB,
OCTOBER 23, 1897.

GENTLEMEN: It is an immense relief, for one evening at least, to escape from the roar and the racket of our municipal election. The peaceful and quiet fields of Bohemia never seemed so attractive as they do to-night.

Our distinguished guest with his eye for color and popular effects and his keen dramatic genius will find in the present situation the elements of an interesting American satire. It is the mission of the English author who visits America first to make a fortune by lecturing us or to us, and then another fortune by writing a book about us. I trust that in gathering materials Mr. Hope has attended each one of the many political meetings held nightly in Greater New York. After hearing from General Tracy what he will do if elected, and from Mr. Low how he will serve the people, and from Mr. George how he will bring about the millennium, and the eloquent silence of Mr. Van Wyck, and from my friend Col. Asa Bird Gardner his picturesque if somewhat lurid description of the relations between Tammany, reform, and Hell, he will be able to understand clearly the principles, the purposes, and the candidates in this campaign. He will be surprised at the emphatic and perhaps somewhat blasphemous character of our political speeches, certainly I have never heard the word "damn" so frequently used as it is in this contest. It may subject us to some criticism from our distinguished guest. But I have been in England during several of their Parliamentary contests. They do not use the plain language of the wild and woolly Western Hemisphere, but with polite circumlocution they mean the same thing. Perhaps the letter of Lord Salisbury on the matter of International Bimetallism is a fair illustration of the diplomatic way of expressing this sentiment in the Old World. The British foreign Minister does not intend to take up the subject, nor to go into any conference, nor to treat with the Amer-

¹The pen-name of Anthony Hope Hawkins, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and other novels.—*Ed.*

ican Commissioners. But he requires four pages of stamped paper on which to say it. The American method is indicated by an incident in the life of Governor Brough of Ohio. He was the War Governor of that State, a man of intense energy, great executive ability, and very economical in the use of his words. A newspaper reporter applied through the Governor's private secretary for information in regard to the Ohio troops both in the field and to be recruited which it would have been highly improper, if not unsafe, for the Governor to give. The Governor said impatiently to his private secretary: "Give the gentleman an evasive answer." "But, Governor, how shall I put it?" asked the secretary. "Tell him to go to Hell," replied the Governor.

I have a bit of advice for young orators who are using violent language and vulgar expressions. It is a fatal mistake for the collegian and the lawyer to suppose because his audience is composed of workmen that he must adopt a different standard and lower the tone of his argument or expression. He should remember that his audience is made up of citizens who, however humble their circumstances, are the product of the American common school. They are as keen judges of good logic and good language as the cultured and brilliant people who gather at Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan Opera House. I have seen many a promising speaker ruined by lowering himself to what he believed to be the plane of his audience, and adopting a tone and treatment of his subject which they thought, and rightly thought, an insult to their position and intelligence.

We welcome Anthony Hope because his writings have given us pleasure and instruction. I am not one of those who rejoice because the ancient libraries were destroyed. The author in the Old Testament who complained that there was no end of the making of books represented the tired feeling of every age. But the writing of books is not copying but building up. As we progress the newer centuries praise but they do not and cannot read the product of the preceding ages. Of no department of literature is this more true than of the novel. For our time the novel must give us a sensation or paint us a picture. The sensation comes with stirring incidents of individuals, of families, of states. The picture is a striking photograph of society or of character. Confound the novel which preaches. We are preached to death. The doctor makes life a horror with his microbes and bacteria in

everything we eat or drink or wear; the preaching novelist who hangs yards of sermons on tacks of story threatens to fill sanitariums for the insane or drive men to drink. We are recovering from the dialect novel. The need of the glossary is not the sign of genius. The author who can command our attention and absorb us in his pages not only through the brilliancy of his thought but by his sinewy command of our glorious English tongue, who is as lucid as he is vivid and clear as he is wise, possesses the real elements of genius. I remember as a youth the eager expectancy of the young men and women of America for a new novel by Charles Dickens. He did the world an incalculable service in showing us how to get the best lessons of life and love from the people about us whether in city or country. I remember how when the university had educated our tastes and matured our judgments we enjoyed with keenest satisfaction the superb satire and wonderfully incisive dissection of human nature in *Pendennis*, *Becky Sharp*, *Esmond*, *Amelia*, and glorious *Colonel Newcombe*. *Kingsley* did not preach, but "*Hypatia*" and "*Westward Ho*" are the most eloquent of sermons. The two great novels of the year are pictures, but they tell the lesson of faith and heroism; they teach the story of fidelity and patriotism a thousand times better than any of the romances that weary us of reform. I refer to "*Quo Vadis*" and Mark Twain's "*Joan of Arc*." Anthony Hope deserves our gratitude and has won our welcome for giving a fresh and delightful impetus to our circulation and vibration to our gray matter by the "*Prisoner of Zenda*" and causing us to see the foibles of society and the holes in our own moral and mental anatomy by the "*Dolly Dialogues*." To write a novel which can be read is an achievement, but to write a novel so vivid and natural that it can be dramatized and when acted draw plaudits from an audience of up-to-date Philistines is an event. This is the quality of the genius of our guest.

In these days when the press and the politicians of the United States and of Great Britain are carrying on each against the other a rivalry of charge and counter-charge, of denunciation and epithet, when the thermometer of international war seems to be falling toward the zero point, it is a delightful hour which brings together the men of letters of the United States and of Great Britain in the unvexed field of literature. Mark Twain in London and Anthony Hope in New York are each at

home, and in their own country masters of the same globe encircling English tongue. They appeal to the same audiences and they and their contemporaries are the real ambassadors between the peoples of the United States and Great Britain and the living apostles of the peace and progress, the humanity, brotherhood, and civilization of the English-speaking world.

LUNCHEON TO AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

SPEECH AT THE LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, AT THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN, MAY 30, 1903.

MR. CHAIRMAN, GOVERNOR, MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN: This occasion is one of the most significant and suggestive in the history of New York. We celebrated with imposing and appropriate ceremonies, a few days ago, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the city's birth. It is a gratifying fact that it has surpassed in almost every element of municipal greatness all its rivals in the world save London. Many of them have an ancestry of a thousand years or more. New York was founded upon commercial lines and its development has been along the paths of trade and finance. The genius of its citizens has easily pushed it to the front in two centuries and a half until its business and industrial position is commanding, and in the near future it will be the financial center of the world. This development has resulted in an accumulation and aggregation of almost incalculable individual and municipal wealth. Great riches amassed by the individual appear first in palaces for the owner with every accompaniment which money can purchase of the art of the decorator, painter, and sculptor. As he becomes conscious of the responsibilities of wealth and the pleasure in its beneficent use, he gives liberally for hospitals, asylums, and libraries. Professional schools and educational institutions owe their foundation and endowment to private munificence. Then come from the same source, picture galleries, museums of art and natural history, botanical and zoological gardens, and broad opportunities for the culture and recreation of the people. These are the visible evidences of appreciation of the blessings of unlimited material success. The invisible and sentimental expression of pride and patriotism comes when the city erects statues of the great which speak eloquently in marble and bronze to succeeding generations of the glory of the country, of its achievements, and of the

men who have made it free, great, and respected throughout the world.

It is here that a young city like New York—young when compared with the older capitals of the world—is deficient. In London and Paris, in Rome, Berlin, and Vienna, the traveler sees the imperishable memorials to their men of genius and achievement. They are the inspiration of youth and the pride of age. The poverty of our great Central Park in this respect unhappily emphasizes and enforces this idea. The Scotch have placed there a remarkable statue of Burns in an attitude which represents, by its contortions, the supposed moment of inspiration and composition in the divine mind of the poet. Some South Americans have erected on a hill a statue of Bolivar on a horse, the Liberator eagerly pressing forward on the animal's neck, as if anxious to jump over its head and escape. It is said that the famous jockey, Tod Sloan, got the suggestion from this position by which he won so many races on the English turf, of riding on the horse's neck. Bolivar is gone from the park; whether he escaped with assistance or by his own bronze energy is unknown. Some admirers have given us a statue of Shakespeare with bare legs. We have also a bust of Humboldt on an Assyrian monolith, and Columbus carrying a flag which he is supposed to have planted on San Salvador. The only American statue in the park that I can recall is the effective and gigantic memorial to Daniel Webster presented by Gordon W. Burnham. Happily, however, we begin to-day a new era. The materialism which has ruled us evolves at last into the spiritual. No one can estimate the influence exerted upon our people from all over the United States in their daily pilgrimages to the tomb of General Grant. Now at the entrance of the park is placed this superb and artistic statue of General Sherman. It will instruct for all time to come in patriotism and courage, and in high devotion to the salvation and welfare of the country, the unnumbered millions who travel the highways of a land where all roads lead to New York.

General Sherman was the most picturesque, attractive, and charming personality that has illumined our social and municipal life during our generation. His conversational power, his brilliancy in narrative and reminiscence, his almost childlike, immediate and explosive expression, without suppression, of his opinion on people and events, are the choicest memories of those who

knew him. I remember many years ago, during the Presidency of General Grant, at a famous dinner of the New England Society, Senator Sumner, then at the height of his fame as an orator, and bitterly hostile to Grant as President, delivered the speech of the evening. It was an elaborately prepared address and committed to memory. Its subject was Miles Standish, and Mr. Sumner developed the civic weakness and failures of the Puritan soldier as an illustration of the unfitness of the great General for the duties of Chief Magistrate of this Republic. The moment he sat down General Sherman was on his feet. His reply was the most effective of impromptu speeches. He was defending his friend and old commander and his profession as a soldier. He was speaking from his heart; he was hot with indignation. The effort swept the assembly off its feet and made men forget the speech of the orator and statesman.

The General gave himself a birthday dinner every year he lived in New York until his death. His guests were his companions in arms, the generals who had served under him during the Civil War. He rarely had any civilian present, but I was always privileged to be there, because of the General's devotion to his kin. The relationship was distant enough. Two Shermans, one a clergyman and the other a soldier, settled in Massachusetts in 1634. The General was descended from the clergyman, while I, through the Roger Sherman line, was descended from the soldier. This attenuated relationship was sufficient for such an ardent and devoted family man as our friend, to make us, in his view, cousins.

If the stories told at those dinners could be faithfully reported they would form a most interesting and valuable volume of reminiscences and anecdotes. I recall two told by General Sherman.

One was that after a hot battle the enemy retreated; he joined in the pursuit and in his eagerness was among the first in the deserted camp. He saw the body of a Confederate soldier on a barrel and a man standing over him with a knife. He shouted, to prevent what he thought was about to be a murder. On reaching them, however, he discovered that both were dead. One was a wounded Confederate soldier, the other a surgeon about to operate upon him. From some cause, he thought the concussion from a shell or a ball passing between them, both had been

killed and remained fixed like statues in the attitude in which they died.

He loved to talk of his war days while campaigning on the plains among the Indians. Around the camp-fire at night officers and scouts were passing away the time in what is generally known on the frontier, even among "officers and gentlemen," as "swapping lies." The prize went to the narrator and entertainer who had the most athletic imagination. We must remember that the vast territory between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast was then practically unexplored and filled with hostile savages. One of the scouts told of having found a forest where the trees had been turned to stone, some still standing, but others fallen on the ground, and of how in the broken stumps were preserved forever the rings and markings of the wood. Of course, nobody believed a word of this. Bridger, a famous scout, after whom Fort Bridger was named, felt that his honor was in danger, and said, "Oh! I know all about that place. They call them trees petrified trees, but I have seen a forest in New Mexico of petrified trees, where petrified birds sat on petrified boughs, singing petrified songs." That night was Bridger's.

General Sherman once invited me to accompany him to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. As Col. Cody, in the character of General Custer, came in at the head of his cavalry and passed the box and saluted, the old General responded with as much dignity as if they had been the real heroes of the Custer campaign and massacre. When the fight began and the Sioux Chief, Red Cloud, rushed along at the head of his Indians, the General said in wild excitement, "I made the mistake of my life. I had that infernal scoundrel in my hands for four days. I wanted to shoot him but was persuaded not to at the time. I ought to have shot him!"

We owe this statue of Sherman to the initiative and liberality of our Chamber of Commerce and the genius of the sculptor, Mr. St. Gaudens.¹ The Chamber of Commerce, the oldest commercial body in the United States, has devoted its energies wisely and constructively for one hundred and thirty years to building up the commerce of the city of New York. It has been foremost

¹Among the best works of Augustus St. Gaudens (1848-1907) are the Puritan at Springfield, Mass.; the statues of Lincoln and of John A. Logan, at Chicago; the statue of Farragut in Madison Square, the Diana on the tower of Madison Square Garden, and the statue of General Sherman at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York.—*Ed.*

in every enterprise which added to the power, strength, and wealth of the metropolis. It is a happy omen for the future that this venerable and representative organization should be among the first to put in practice the sentiment which erects imperishable memorials to the great men of our country. It is time that the City in its corporate capacity should wisely continue this movement. There ought to be in our parks, for the instruction and inspiration of youth for all time, the bronze or marble figures, not only of our warriors, but of our statesmen and our men of letters, science, and art. We have not, and for centuries to come cannot have, a Westminster Abbey, but along the paths and roadways of our parks where our citizens travel and our children play, can be placed memorials to those who have made and are to make our City, our State and our Country all that the best citizenship, the most ardent aspirations and patriotic efforts can desire.

BANQUET TO HENRY W. LUCY

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE REPUBLICAN CLUB TO
HENRY W. LUCY,¹ NOVEMBER 30, 1903.

MR. PRESIDENT, MR. LUCY, AND FELLOW MEMBERS: I came from Washington on purpose to be present to join my fellow members of the Republican Club in this tribute to the charming guest we have here to-night. I have known him nearly a quarter of a century, and every time I meet him he does just that graceful, witty, beautiful thing of which you have had only a specimen from the address he has delivered. Before the train left Washington, I was in conversation with the President of the United States. I told him that I would have to cut it short—I did not say he ought—and stated what my mission was. He said: "Well, now, I am mighty glad you are going." His manner has indicated that at other times. It becomes a presidential habit. I am glad that the Club is paying a tribute to Mr. Lucy. He eminently deserves any tribute and every tribute which Americans can give, and I am especially delighted that it comes from a club of which I think so much—The Republican Club of New York. I may say in passing that this is the very latest contribution to what is known in the newspapers as the "New York situation," and quite as clear as the rest. There is a startling contrast at present on the two sides of the ocean. On the other side a distinguished American² is now being received, a politician, by the literary societies, by the gentry, nobility, and royalty, and not by fellow politicians; while on this side, the most aggressive political club receives the man of letters. I am informed by cable that the Governors of the Bank of England, while they sent a guide, did not send, as usual, a guard with Mr. Bryan, when he went by those mountains of gold in the vaults of the old lady of Threadneedle Street, because they knew from his views that he would not touch the stuff. I am told also that the Free Traders on the other side having had the field to themselves without argument and without dispute for sixty years discovered that a new

¹English novelist and writer of *Parliamentary Summary* in *London Daily News*; the "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*.—*Ed.*

²William Jennings Bryan.—*Ed.*

powerful light had "arose." They called upon him in a body, and they said "What is this spectre of Protection?" We do not know exactly how to meet this marvelous, wonderful genius. And what is protection anyway? "Well," said the great presidential possibility, "Protection, gentlemen, is the Mother of Trusts." "Well," they said, "by the way, everything here is trusts; we got that under Free Trade. All our industries and enterprises are combined trusts. But," he said, "it is the wicked trusts." They said, "We have got to study again." However, I am very glad that Mr. Bryan, who is a distinguished American for no one can receive twice the nomination of a great party, and twice nearly half the votes of the electorate of the United States without being to all nations an interesting personality, has been so well received. Now when Mr. Lucy landed, he came as a man of letters. And why should not a man of letters be entertained by a Republican Club, or by any political club? All politicians in these days are lost unless they have a press agent. All campaigns are now carried on by a literary bureau, and the man of the pen is mightier in presidential, gubernatorial, and mayoralty contests than any other factor in it; and so a political club rightly entertains one of the most versatile and brilliant writers of the English tongue. When Mr. Lucy landed, the first thing he did was to come up to my house. He said, "A friend met me yesterday before I could find out where I was, carted me in an automobile to about seventy-four political meetings, and I want to know where I am at. What is Tammany Hall anyhow? From what I heard last night at the Tammany meetings, we have nothing quite so good or pure in England." "Well," I said, "Brother Lucy, you remember the old fable 'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be; when the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.' And my impression is that you can stay here until after the presidential election, and find Tammany sick." He asked: "What carries the election one side or the other? There do not seem to be exactly lines drawn." "Well," I said, "Mr. Lucy, this is the greatest city in the world that is governed by the people who are pinched. You will find that party lines will run on one side or the other, and then the people who are pinched decide the election. If there has been a reform administration in and a man who wants a drink on Sunday and feels dry and don't care what the consequences are and cannot get his drink, he is

'pinched.' If a sport who wants to bet on the races and win or lose a little money, or take his chances in gambling cannot do it, he is 'pinched.' And the man who wants to do anything in violation of the law, wants to do it himself, and don't see why he should not be permitted, he is 'pinched.' And when the pinch gets hard enough, he says the laws were not made to be enforced against him, and he carries the thing over until next election and then votes for a wide open town." Brother Lucy said, "What in the name of Heaven is a wide open town? If a wide open town means the way I have been treated, I do not see how anybody can transact business." "A wide open town," I replied, "means that the laws are not enforced; a closed town means that the laws are enforced. When we have a wide open town, when the people who were pinched and who did not want to be deprived of their pleasure, have voted that the laws shall not be enforced, then it is that when a son goes to the dogs, or a daughter is carried away, or a relative is ruined, or a firm is broken by gambling, then it is that they are 'pinched' on the other side, then we have the laws enforced again."

Brother Lucy comes over to us as an evangel of good feeling between these great English-speaking races. We have a great deal of that, more on the other side than here, but there is a great deal in it. There was a time when peace did not count so much to everybody in the civilized world, but now when the electric wire has brought all nations, all markets, all interests into instantaneous communication, now when quick transportation has made all the world competitors, now when open doors and transit on the highways uninterrupted are the necessity of every man if he is to earn a living or wants an income, anything which disturbs the peace of the world is a calamity to every man, woman, and child in the world; and the greatest calamity that could possibly occur would be that there should be a severance of the relations between the United States and Great Britain, because, let other things alone which we have in common, she is our best customer for one-third of what we send abroad, and any interruption of our market abroad would mean distress at home. It would reach every farm, every hamlet, every store, every factory, every interest, every industry. But the result would be still more disastrous to Great Britain. It would mean starvation for her to be deprived of the products of this granary of the world.

Every day men of letters are meeting us from all over the world, and we learn from them the trend of their literature, and the trend of their industrial development. I remember when one of our men of letters went to England. His books were as familiar there as with us. Everywhere he was received as one of the greatest contributors in the English tongue to the elevation and civilization of mankind. Everywhere that genial personality has "spoke" as a Yankee, and when he came back his impressions were in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in every newspaper in the United States, tending to promote a better understanding and a closer relationship between these great people who speak the same tongue. And so Brother Lucy is doing the same, and so Mark Twain, when he is on the other side, is doing the same, and so Crawford is doing the same. It is the men of letters who are contributing so much to the peace of the world, and to the maintenance of cordial relations, especially among the English-speaking people who dominate the world. Now Brother Lucy is the Editor of *Punch*. One should be in London when Parliament is in session. There are six hundred members of the House of Commons, and I don't know how many of the House of Lords. Ten or twelve columns in the press are given up to them every day. All there is of their voluminous talk and controversy, put in a most genial way, as you have heard in that delightful speech to-night, with humor in it, and a little touch of criticism here and there, but never a malicious word, appears once a week in *Punch*, and Englishmen all over the country look for "Toby M.P." to find out what in thunder it all means.

And now, gentlemen, it is a rare pleasure to have with us to-night, for we so seldom get them, a man who is really humorous, who is witty, and who is an Englishman.

They have their Parliament over there, and they have their clubs, but really the essence of all that is best in London gathers in a modest apartment every Saturday, where only Lucy can get such people together; and I am glad of having come here, having seen him, and now that he is going away from us, and is going to write about us, and tell all he knows on the subject, I am especially glad that one of his send-offs is a greeting by this Club.

ALBANY JOURNAL ANNIVERSARY

SPEECH AT THE DINNER AT ALBANY, APRIL 1, 1905, IN CELEBRATION OF THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE ALBANY JOURNAL. SUBJECT: "THURLOW WEED AS I KNEW HIM."

GENTLEMEN: The rounding out of three-quarters of a century of the life of an American daily political newspaper is an event of unusual interest. When that paper has been the State organ of the party for so long a period it is still more interesting. The flood of recollections of men, of measures, of party triumphs and defeats, of the lights and shadows of political life, is overwhelming. They would fill a volume. I have been upon the political staff of the Albany *Evening Journal* as a lay reader since 1858 and have been more or less intimate with every man who has risen above the surface in either party sufficiently high for State recognition during that period. Most of those acquaintances were formed in the heat and fury of political contests. The friendships have all lived; the enmities have long since passed away.

My first meeting with Mr. Weed at the Republican State Convention in 1858 is a picture as clear upon my mind as if it occurred yesterday. I was a law student in the office of Judge Nelson in Peekskill, but had stumped the State for three months when just out of college in the Fremont campaign of 1856. Without my knowledge, for I was not at the district convention, I was elected a delegate to the State Convention from the Third District of Westchester. With the bumptiousness, audacity, and ignorance which seems wisdom at the time to the very young man in politics I immediately formed a plan to reform the party and redeem the State from that machine rule which at all times is the first antagonist against which the young enthusiast breaks his lance and gets unhorsed. A few young men immediately commenced a correspondence to nominate a distinguished Judge as against the candidate of the organization. Those two veteran organization men who were my colleagues, Judge Robertson and General Husted, were more amused than terrified with my boyish zeal.

We arrived at the hotel in Syracuse where the convention was to be held about 2 o'clock at night. As the crowd from the train surged in to register, Mr. Weed stood by the counter and called most of them by name. I never had seen him before. He towered above the crowd with his great height, but there was something in the look which he fixed upon the man whom he spoke to or to whom he was introduced which created a lasting impression. Judge Robertson presented me. A simple word of greeting and "good night," the same as hundreds of others received, was mine, and I went to bed. The next day, passing through the corridor of the hotel, Mr. Weed called my name, asked me if I was admitted to the Bar and with whom I was studying. I said, "Judge William Nelson." He remarked, "I remember Judge Nelson very well on account of his activity in Westchester in the campaign of 1828." That he should have remembered me after the introduction with so many others the night before and recall the activities of Judge Nelson after thirty years impressed me deeply. There is no compliment so delicate as for a man of distinction to remember by name a casual acquaintance. It was the strength of Henry Clay. More than all other things it made the popularity of James G. Blaine, and the power always to remember names and faces was one of the elements of strength of Mr. Weed. He said, with a deference more in manner than speech, which was most flattering to a green and bumptious boy, "Mr. Depew, who is your choice for governor?" I said, "The Judge," and then tried to impress the veteran by volubly describing the necessity for the talent and character possessed by my candidate in the gubernatorial office. "An admirable man, and all that you say is true," said Mr. Weed, "but he has no popular strength and can contribute nothing to the campaign. Senator Edwin D. Morgan, on the other hand, will have the merchants of New York behind him." And then very confidentially, "You know, my dear friend, that with the national and city administrations against us and the tremendous assessment there will be for the campaign funds from office-holders on the other side we cannot hope to succeed unless our ammunition wagon is supplied. I can assure you Mr. Morgan will supply it." That was my first introduction to practical politics.

Governor Morgan was nominated. I canvassed every county in the State, and while under the direction of the State Commit-

tee in the speaking tour I met Mr. Weed several times. His qualities as a party leader had been displayed in the skilful management of the convention which nominated the ticket, but he showed greater elements of leadership in his intimate knowledge of not only the counties, but the towns of the State, of the men who could do effective work in them, the methods by which our vote could be got out and the doubtful ones brought to our side. His suggestions were as accurate as prophecy as to the line of argument which would be effective in one place, while a different appeal would accomplish the result in another. It was mainly from that experience that I adopted an elastic form of political address instead of the cast iron written argument common then, as now, with political speakers.

In the winter of 1862 I was a member of the Legislature, with Henry J. Raymond as Speaker. A close friendship began early in the session between the Speaker and myself. Mr. Weed and Mr. Raymond were very intimate, and through Mr. Raymond I saw a great deal of our leader that winter. His directing mind was behind every measure of importance and the inspiration of every caucus, and yet he never appeared openly as directing, commanding, or advising. He was not the masterful leader who will brook no opposition and is offended by advice. He invited the leaders of both houses to his residence and was a most courteous listener to their programme and plans. The talking was mostly done by others, but every now and then a suggestion so wise would drop from Mr. Weed that it was accepted as a solution. He did not display the slightest pride in having his view adopted, but won by rather deprecating its acceptance except after the fullest discussion and mature deliberation. In fact, he would often advise coming again the next day before it was done. The pride of the leaders of the Senate and Assembly was never injured. On the contrary, it was strengthened. The statesman at the capital, in advocating and carrying out the programme which gave him fame in his district and possibly in the State, with the promise of future promotion, never gave the slightest credit to Mr. Weed, and in many instances his mind had been so deftly moved that he had not the slightest doubt of the divine inspiration in himself.

I was again elected to the Legislature and served in 1863. The House was a tie. Mr. Weed was exceedingly anxious to elect Governor Morgan United States Senator. The Senate was

overwhelmingly Republican. As the law was then, the two Houses could not go into joint ballot until each had nominated. Now they are compelled to go into joint ballot by a certain date. It was the plan of the Democrats to prevent a nomination by the Assembly and thereby defeat the election of a United States Senator and have a chance of electing an Assembly the next year. I was the Republican candidate for Speaker. One of the Democratic members came to me and said that his ambition in life was to be Speaker, and if I would withdraw in his favor, thereby electing him by one majority, he would vote for a distinguished Democrat for Senator, and if the Republican members would also vote for the same Democrat the Assembly would make its nomination. Then under the law the joint convention would be compelled to meet, and, the Democrats having one majority in the House and Governor Morgan having a large majority in the Senate in the comparison of votes, the Governor would be elected. At the same time three leading Democrats, who knew of this, came to me and said that if I would not accept this proposition they would vote for me for Speaker. To be the youngest Speaker the Assembly ever had was a mighty temptation. I went to Mr. Weed. He said: "For yourself this is the opportunity of a lifetime. For the State and country it is a Republican United States Senator, and I advise making the Senator. You are young and can wait." I said, "Very well, Mr. Weed, I will then let the Speakership go." And Mr. Morgan was elected United States Senator. I was assured that night—and the more the champagne was opened the more vociferous and ardent was the assurance—that this sacrifice would never be forgotten, but that the highest honors of the State and country would come to me on account of this self immolation. At twelve o'clock they had me a Governor, at two o'clock Vice-president and at six President of the United States. Politics, like business, is intensely selfish. The man who gets the persimmon is the one who has power and commands the promotions and not the patriotic gentleman who handles the pole and knocks it off the tree. Before the session was over the event and my relation to it were absolutely forgotten.

In the general overturning of organizations and interests on account of the War a new ticket came into the field next year, and I was elected Secretary of State. On taking up my residence in Albany I came into still closer relations with Mr. Weed and was

a delegate to the National Convention in 1864 for the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. It was generally conceded that Mr. Lincoln's running mate should not be the Vice-president, Mr. Hamlin, but a war Democrat. The sentiment of the country was for Daniel S. Dickinson of our State. Mr. Weed thought it should be Andrew Johnson of Tennessee to encourage the Union sentiment in the border States of the South. He saw no point in having a northern Democrat on the ticket, and he did not like Mr. Dickinson. After an interview with Mr. Weed, John Robertson and I went to Washington and had a conference with Secretary Seward. When we arrived at the convention it was nearly unanimous for Dickinson, but the choice was given to New York. The delegation met and debated from early evening until early morning. Judge Robertson and I enforced the argument which we had received from Mr. Weed and Mr. Seward. About daylight a vote was taken and Andrew Johnson selected for Vice-president by one majority. It is safe to say that when the convention met Johnson had no votes except his own State of Tennessee. The event was epoch making. It illustrates by what little things the history of nations is changed. Mr. Weed had created a President of the United States out of the apparently impossible. When through the assassination of President Lincoln Johnson became President he never forgot his creator, and, while Mr. Weed could not restrain him in his swing around the circle and estrangement from his party, yet from the commencement of his administration to its close Mr. Weed had more influence with him than all others combined. It was through that influence that he kept Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, and it was Mr. Seward who saved the Administration from dissolution and disgrace. It was during this administration that Mr. Weed's room, No. 11, Astor House, became the Mecca of political pilgrimages. These pilgrims did not go to Washington, they did not invade the White House, but if admitted to Room 11 they regarded their salvation as certain.

When it was suspected that President Andrew Johnson intended to break with his party the Collectorship of New York had become vacant. Mr. Weed presented me for the place, backed up by both United States Senators, the entire Republican delegation from the State in Congress, the Governor and all the State officers, the Republican members of the Legislature, the

State Committee and the chairmen of the County Committees. It was intended as a supreme test of President Johnson's loyalty to the party. The President summoned Mr. Weed, Governor Morgan and Mr. Raymond to the White House on Sunday morning. He sent for the Secretary of the Treasury and said, "Gentlemen, such a party presentation as this I have never seen before, and Mr. Depew's name will be sent to the Senate tomorrow morning." Then, turning to Senator Morgan, he said: "By the way, Senator, suppose you be the messenger, come for the message and take it to the Senate yourself." The proceeding was unprecedented, but there were no precedents for Johnson. The collectorship at that time was politically the most powerful office in the United States. There was no Civil Service, and its appointees came not only from the State of New York, but from all over the nation. The net income, owing to the enormous importations and the confiscations from smuggling in the years following the Civil War, was in the neighborhood of \$200,000 a year. A distinguished citizen and rival was another applicant. He had a conference with the President on Monday morning and persuaded him to wait until he saw how the New York Senators voted on the veto which he was then contemplating to the Civil Rights Bill. He waited. The New York Senators voted to override the veto. Happily for me and my future, the appointment went to sleep and slumbers yet in the innocuous desuetude of the Treasury Department, and I was compelled to continue the strenuous and laborious life, which promotes health, happiness, and longevity.

I often saw Mr. Weed in the evening of his days at his house in Twelfth Street, New York. His was a beautiful old age. The eminent men of all parties passing through New York invariably called upon him. From his past experience and intimate knowledge of affairs he could always draw lessons of inestimable value to the statesmen of the hour. When the party was rushing to defeat in the madness for a third term for General Grant, which the General really did not want, Mr. Weed saw clearly that the traditions against the third term were too strong to be overcome, and by voice and pen, though then in the eighties, he did more than any one else to prevent the Republican Party testing that question. If time permitted I could tell an interesting story of how another President of the United States was made and the

course of politics in our own State and in the country changed. The campaign against a third term was vital to the fortunes of the *Albany Evening Journal*. This newspaper had staked its existence, under the advice of Mr. Weed, against it, though the whole power of the State organization was on the other side. It was on the slate to establish in Albany a rival party organ.

I remember when Mr. Weed came up at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the *Journal*. I doubt if any creator of a great newspaper has continued in active association with it for so long a period and been privileged to participate in its fiftieth anniversary. I remember that there passed in review as living realities the mighty men of New York who had been its leaders in both parties since Mr. Weed, as a boy, threw up his rimless hat in wild joy for the election of Governor Tompkins, more than seventy years before. The portraits of these statesmen are in the executive chamber and the State Library, and their fame is part of the best history of our State.

Vigor and heredity are happily illustrated here to-night by the presence as our host of the grandson of the founder, who worthily maintains as controller and editor of the *Journal* the traditions of its origin.

Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Henry J. Raymond, and Thurlow Weed formed the quartet of journalists who were the fathers of modern political and independent newspapers. Alone among them Mr. Weed was also a political leader, with the rarest sagacity and ripest judgment. He held power uninterruptedly for thirty years because, unlike most leaders, he never distrusted youth. Wherever a young man rose above the surface, upon the platform as a political speaker, at the Bar as a lawyer, as a writer in the newspapers, Mr. Weed's eye was instantly upon him, and the local leaders were instructed to give him his chance. Differing from other leaders, he preferred to accomplish his purposes not by holding office himself, but by keeping in office the man best fitted for that mission. He early selected William H. Seward as the most brilliant, intellectual, and moral force to fight slavery. Mr. Seward had not the first qualification of a politician, but this unequaled politician kept him in office until the end was accomplished, jealously guarded his political interests, warded off the attacks of his political enemies, and failed only by the narrowest margin to make him President of

the United States. Mr. Weed's talents as an editor were not in long editorials, but to compress in short ones characterizations of political opponents, laudations of political friends, the principles of his own party, and the evils of the declarations of the other party. These were so quotable that they furnished matter and texts for the press of the State and often of the country.

Gentlemen, I feel that the time is inadequate to speak more in detail of Thurlow Weed as I knew him, but happily he is so enshrined in the best history of our State and the most patriotic part of our country's story that his name and fame will be familiar to every generation. In commemorating him here tonight we wish continued and ever increasing prosperity and power to the great paper which he founded seventy-five years ago.

DINNER OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY

SPEECH AT THE DINNER OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1886, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: "THE UNITED STATES."

GENTLEMEN: A great statesman, in my judgment the greatest of living statesmen, with one of the most mighty and majestic intellects, sits to-night, as he sat last night and will sit to-morrow night and for nights to come, trying to solve the problem of the future of Ireland and of the Irish race. Gladstone is seventy-six years of age, and I believe it is his ambition to close his career by an act of justice which, as far as possible, shall repair centuries of injustice. If I sat by him to-night, I would say: "Follow the example of the United States—trust the people with universal suffrage and absolute rights. Then Ireland, it may be, as one of the members of the British confederacy, would contribute her quota to the Imperial Parliament for national affairs, while retaining sovereign control of her own affairs."

I have been watching the killing of snakes in St. Patrick's fashion all my life, and I think that St. Patrick is the patron saint not only of Ireland but of all good things that survive in our country to-day. Twenty-five years ago I sat beside the grave of the last shackle that fell from slavery within the limits of the United States. Prejudice did not die then, but now the last thing that pretended to keep apart men of all races and nationalities in this country has disappeared and the war has borne what we fought for. Fifty years ago the snake of disunion went to the front hissing and frightening Webster, frightening Calhoun, who believed that it would so wound the Nation that it would fall to pieces; but the Nation emerged from the Civil War fortified and purified, and the snake of secession died.

Ten years ago another snake threatened our credit and business stability. We were in the midst of a commercial revolution that shook the country worse than did the Civil War, but we came out of that with the snake scotched and killed by the resumption of specie payments and the restoration of public and private

credit. To-day the snake again raises its head in the formidable and tremendous conflict between capital and labor. It may seem strange that I should venture or be indiscreet enough, standing probably as the representative of the largest employer of labor in this country, with 35,000 to 40,000 men under my immediate supervision, to say a word upon this question; but before an Irish audience and on an occasion patriotic in its character no man should hesitate to express his opinion, giving it forth for what it is worth in the hope that it may do some good. Many may differ with me—many doubtless will. The tremendous engines of progress in the last century, the multiplication of the forces of production by invention, have led necessarily to the accumulations of large masses of capital in corporations on one side, and great masses of labor on the other, the sympathy which once existed between the individual laborer and the individual employer is gone, and the only way in which great masses of capital represented by executive heads, and great masses of labor with no executive head can meet, is by intelligent organization on both sides. Our social machinery is unequal to the tremendous strain that is put upon it and therefore we have strikes and labor revolutions. You cannot carry on great industries without capital, and capital is absolutely dead without the productive power of labor alongside of it. The only remedy that I can see is arbitration. Let it come voluntarily if it can, if not by legislation.

Now the spectre of socialism, the spectre of feudalism, the spectre of communism, through which the church is to disappear, the home to be destroyed, and the whole community involved, does not scare me. With three millions of Irishmen in these United States, communism and socialism will never come. The world never saw an Irish communist. He loves his Church and will die for it. He loves his flag and will die for it. He loves his house and will not yield it up to any vagabond who demands it. The Irish are a people who accumulate property and accumulate land when they can. The Irish believe in the raising in this world of their conditions and they want the conditions to exist by which they can rise. No doubt they will get them. They have brains, industry, intelligence, integrity, character, and they ask that they may have the fruits of these qualities when they exercise them.

We are approaching the passage of the nineteenth into the twentieth century. I trust when the twentieth comes, you and I will be at the celebration of St. Patrick's day by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and I predict that when we do the country where will be the best government, the most intelligence, and the most general happiness will be the United States.

DINNER OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY

SPEECH AT ST. PATRICK'S DINNER, AT THE HOFFMAN HOUSE,
NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1889, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST:
"HOME RULE TO IRELAND."

GENTLEMEN: Nothing affords me more pleasure than to be so received by my fellow young Irishmen. The nearer a man gets to being bald, the more he boasts of youth and the nearer he gets to the front row of orchestra chairs. When my friend Grady, whose oratory has amused me for a quarter of a century, spoke as only he can speak, and said he had to go away early, he failed to remind you that whenever he began it was usually midnight before he stopped. And to his extraordinary self-denial, due entirely to his friendship for me, you owe my appearance and the loss of the best part of his speech. I have been all my life meeting with martyrs to great causes, but I never met such a patient martyr as he, even refusing wine here to-night to support the temperance element in the Irish party. For twenty years it has been my pleasure and honor to respond to Ireland at dinners of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. I rejoice that on this my twenty-first birthday, which marks my majority as an Irishman, I reply to this toast at this dinner instead. One hundred and twenty years ago an Irish ancestor of mine came here, and that makes me a naturalized citizen; and as an English, a French, and a Dutch ancestor came about one hundred years before, I am able to speak patriotically at every national celebration.

Last St. Patrick's day we adopted a rule on the New York Central Road of putting two green flags at the front of a train, an unconscious tribute to St. Patrick; but Ireland in the yard stopped work at our expense and gazed at the trains as they shot out of the depot, and the foreman said to a companion: "Moike, what does it mane?" "Well," said he, "I'll tell you what it manes. The boss has taken the flag which Mayor Hewitt would not permit to stand on the City Hall, and he has put on the end of every train, and he's going to run for President, sure."

But alas for the aspirations of the yard. The granger did not like him as well as the yard. I speak with this freedom, gentlemen, because my commission as Minister to England has not yet reached me, but it is on the way.

Ireland has felt for hundreds of years that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," but on this St. Patrick's day she sees the fulfilment of her hope and the results of her aspirations. She unifies in herself the spirit of that song to which armies have marched to victory, dedicated to that martyr-hero to liberty, old John Brown, her patriots' bodies may molder in the ground, but her "soul goes marching on."

Visiting the Irish in their ordinary life, seeing their ordinary poverty, and the hopelessness of their ordinary outlook, a fair-minded man inevitably recognizes the unwisdom of forgetting that under other conditions these men, full of life, intelligence, hope, never despairing, bubbling with humor, instinct, with love, pure, moral, virtuous, asking only the conditions which shall make them patriotic, may develop into the worthiest and best of citizens; and he says: "These are the people who ought to be free."

Their delicious humor is never clouded, no matter what distress they have to undergo. You don't understand the capacity of Ireland for Home Rule until you have seen the girl on the highway, barefooted, bareheaded, and yet with the glint of sunshine in her eyes, the touch of health and beauty on her cheek, her glorious raven tresses hanging down her back, her soul as pure as the heaven above her. She is a Home Ruler, gentlemen, and every man who marries her finds it out.

Eight years ago, at social entertainments in England, I met no Home Rulers. They were regarded as "dangerous forces" in politics. I used to ask: "Why are they not here at your tables?" The reply was: "Because there is no table in England at which a Home Ruler of distinction can sit." Last summer there was no table at some of the most conservative houses at which a Home Ruler was not an honored guest.

Earl Spencer, who had been a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, I found was by conviction and by conversion a Home Ruler, and he dared social ostracism and declared his opinion manfully to the British world. At Homburg he told me that the one thing which prevented Home Rule in Ireland was the failure of Irish-

men to make good citizens in America. I said: "Permit me to undeceive you. There are 25,000 men in my employment officially, of whom 20,000 are Irish and the common testimony of all my subordinates is that they are the best." The "Molly Maguires," I told him, were not the result of an outburst of Irish feeling against the law, but an organization created under peculiar circumstances and embracing all nationalities. I also told him that the murderers incited to crime by that organization were hanged through the instrumentality of an Irish lawyer and by the verdict of Irish juries, and that the Chicago anarchists, one of whom was an Englishman, were put down by Irish police. Earl Spencer said: "If these facts were known, Home Rule would soon be brought about." "Let them be known," I replied, "and refer not only to me, but to every honest American that lives." It is plain, gentlemen, to all the world that Ireland needs only the constitutional conditions for Home Rule, for in advance she has found her leader in Charles Stewart Parnell. "Parnellism and Crime" will be the comedy of history, and "Pigotism and Infamy" will be the resurrection of a great nation.

DINNER TO MICHAEL DAVITT

REMARKS AT THE DINNER TO MICHAEL DAVITT,¹ AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1887.

GENTLEMEN: Notwithstanding Mr. Davitt's statement I do not rise here to-night to speak on the hustings of Liverpool, but to voice what the American people feel on the question. Here is my friend, Judge Van Haesen, of pure Holland descent; my friend, Governor Dorsheimer, of pure German descent; my friend Mr. Dana, of pure Long Island descent; my friend Governor Abbett, of pure New Jersey descent. I, myself, represent all the other nationalities. I am, therefore, speaking on this occasion for the whole civilized world, in that capacity grasping by the hand a fellow citizen who is an American on his wife's side. The complaint we always had against the Irish in this country was that they were too exclusive. As our fashionable people say, "they didn't like to be outside of their own set." As Dundreary said, "they kind of flocked together." I feel certain that if all the bucks and lassies from Ireland had married Yankee women and men Ireland would have been free fifty years ago. I tell you that that graft makes a great start; I have got a little of it myself. We do not really bid good-bye to Mr. Davitt to-night, for we know that he drags a lengthened chain that proves the stronger the further he carries it upon the soil of this Republic. It was the custom of nationalities in the old country, derived from the laws and systems of the feudal practices of the Middle Ages, to look upon political crimes as they would look upon crimes against society and against property and against life until political crimes created the Republic of the United States, and their leaders have become canonized saints in the patriots' heaven.

Since that time the public opinion of this country, when it first fully understands the merits of a question, favors political crimes which are against tyranny in government and for the elevation of humanity. We welcomed Kossuth because he was a political

¹Michael Davitt (1846-1906), M.P., Irish agitator, one of the founders of the Irish Land League.—*Ed.*

criminal, and for the same reason we welcome Michael Davitt to-night. We recognize that government derives its just power from consent of the governed, and if the opinion of the governed in Ireland had been consulted, the question would long ago have been solved and the British Empire safe. Home Government will, I hope, be granted to Ireland, and that within the next two years, and when we cross the sea to see the old College Green re-opened once more I trust that the first presiding officer will be Michael Davitt.

DINNER TO SENATOR DEPEW

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO SENATOR DEPEW BY THE ELLIOTT CLUB OF BUFFALO, FEBRUARY 22, 1905.

GENTLEMEN: Who of any nation contributed most to its stability, greatness, and power, has always been a favorite theme of historians and orators. In older countries the warrior stands pre-eminent. Agreement becomes almost impossible because the judgment is clouded by party passions. A distinguished writer named fifteen battles as decisive of the course of the history of nations. But these decisions are based largely on the success of arbitrary power or the loss or gain of territorial domain. There can be no consensus of opinion as to the makers of modern Great Britain, France, Germany, or any of the other great powers of the world.

Our situation is entirely different. No part of our history is obscured by age. There are those now living who have heard at first or second hand the story of our origin and growth and been part of it themselves. This occasion which commemorates the memory of one of the undisputed builders of the Republic, is an eminently proper one for our investigation. All peoples are hero-worshippers. The men and the hour are the essentials of every great event. The time may be indefinitely postponed for the realization of the hopes and aspirations of the people, until a man arises who is capable of accomplishing the result. The leaders of the world whose influence has been felt down the centuries, and whose genius in laws and institutions still live, can be numbered on the fingers of one's hand. We celebrate the birthdays of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant. I do not think that we have here all the real builders of our institutions. We admit the wonderful part that they all played in the drama of our national life, but our development has been so brief and yet so logical, that it is easy to follow its evolution. Each crisis has developed the leader who carried the country forward to victory.

During the Revolutionary War there were conspiracies against

Washington in which many eminent and patriotic men participated. It is now universally admitted that any change to any other general would have been followed by disaster, and that the death of Washington would have resulted in the defeat of the cause of the patriots. We therefore call him the father of his country, because he so eminently deserves the title. When the victory was won, the young republic was rapidly drifting into anarchy under the loose union of the Articles of Confederation. It was Washington's appeal to his comrades in arms and to his old associates in civil life which brought together the convention that framed the Constitution. The jealousies between the States, the fears of the smaller ones and the demands of the larger, would often have dissolved the convention and disrupted the country, except for the commanding influence of Washington, its presiding officer. The Constitution, marvelous as it seems to us, was a series of compromises upon general principles interpreted by Hamilton for a strong central government, and by Jefferson for State rights. Washington, during his two terms, saved the country on the one hand from a new conflict with Great Britain, which would have destroyed it, and an alliance with France, which would have been equally disastrous. When he retired to Mount Vernon to pass the remainder of his days in well-earned rest, he had won the independence of his country in war, had secured for it a written Constitution, and, as President, had put that Constitution for eight years in successful operation as a charter of power and perpetuity in the central government. With the defeat of the Federalists and the election of Jefferson, the party which believed that all power not reserved to the States was given to the General Government disappeared from control for sixty years, and the ideas of Jefferson came in with him and prevailed for sixty years that all powers not granted to the Government are reserved to the States. Eight-tenths of the best opinion of the United States believed that the States had the right to nullify the acts of the General Government, and that there was no power in the nation to enforce its laws or decrees upon sovereign States or to prevent their retiring from the Union and forming separate governments.

The last act of John Adams before retiring from the Presidency was the appointment as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of John Marshall of Virginia. For thirty-

four years this marvelous jurist was formulating and rendering a series of decisions so interpreting the Constitution as to create a workable and powerful government. In order to override or to neutralize him successive Presidents of opposite faith appointed his political opponents as his associates, but, one after the other, they were won over by the will and the judgment of this master mind. He came to the court when it had decided only about two hundred cases, and when he retired its decisions filled thirty volumes, and nearly one-half had been delivered by Marshall. The court was little understood, and there was not much reverence for it. Jefferson early saw where these decisions of the Supreme Court as to the powers of the Federal Government were tending, and in a letter to President Madison denounced Marshall for the "rancorous hatred Judge Marshall bears to the Government of his country, and from the cunning and sophistry within which he is able to enshroud himself." Andrew Jackson fought the court, because on the question of the national bank it would not yield to his arbitrary views and will. He said angrily, "John Marshall may make law, but he cannot enforce it." The controversy raged in Congress, the press, and upon the platform as to the powers of the General Government and the rights of the States, while the people kept returning in presidential election after presidential election the strict constructionists whose doctrines would have made secession a success. But unnoticed, and almost unknown, except to the lawyers practicing in the court and to the Presidents who endeavored to defeat him, this mighty jurist was calmly laying the foundations and building the structure of constitutional liberty into an indestructible Union. He brought Presidents, Cabinets, and Congresses within the law as interpreted by his court. He rendered decisions upon the powers of the States in foreign commerce which gave the ocean to the National Government. He drew the lines about State sovereignty in internal commerce, giving the National Government the control of all navigable waters, which insured us that unrestricted internal trade which is neither bounded nor limited by the lines of the States. He made possible the canal, the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone, which bind us into one people. He gave to the Federal Government the power to raise armies and navies, to establish banks, to collect the revenues, to enforce its decrees, and to be everything and possess everything which con-

stitutes a self-perpetuating sovereignty. At the end of thirty-four years his work was completed. He had put into the letter of the Constitution the spirit of eternal life. He had welded the members of the Union beyond the possibility of their ever being separated. He had created a Constitution upon the lines and within the limits of the written charter, and without altering a word of it, so much broader and beneficent than the words of the convention, that the interpretation gave that immortal instrument the power which fought successfully the Civil War, expanded our territories north, south, east and west into continental dimensions and carried us safely across the seas.

But all this was unknown to the people. There must be a popular evangelist for constitutional education. He arose in the person of the greatest orator, the largest brain and the most brilliant intelligence in our history—Daniel Webster. As Marshall had been educated by association with Washington and Hamilton, so Webster grew into a defender of the Union and the Constitution under the guidance of Marshall. He gave to us the patriotic and political literature, which has become our American classic. In speeches in the Senate of unequalled power and upon the platform, Webster made plain to the people the Constitution as interpreted by Chief Justice Marshall. He found in those teachings the doctrines of free soil and the principles of the Wilmot Proviso long before they had captured the country. He evolved out of Marshall's compendium the doctrine of the government of our territorial possessions by which we are enabled to rule Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The splendid literature of his speeches appealed to the colleges and was incorporated into the school books. More than a generation of American youth committed his patriotic addresses to memory, and delivered them from the stage of the academy and the school in debating clubs. When he died, the forces of union and disunion were preparing for the inevitable battle. But Webster had educated more than half of his countrymen and countrywomen to a glorious maxim which was the embodiment of the thought of Washington and the judicial decisions of Marshall, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Under this banner at the call of Lincoln over two millions of men sprung to arms. They had been educated by Webster in the faith of

Marshall's interpretation of national unity and Webster's passionate devotion to the Union and the flag.

The stress of Civil War demanded a President of unusual genius and equipment. None of the well-known statesmen at that period could have accomplished the work of Abraham Lincoln. His humble origin, his struggles and sacrifices to secure an education, his eloquence, always in touch with and of the fibre and thought of the plain people of the country, his exquisite humor for explanation or palliation or avoidance, and the pathos welling up from a great heart which responded in sympathy to the universal sorrow, were elements never before united in one man. When the country despaired, he could give it hope. When death and disease had disabled the army, he could fill up the ranks. When revenge and the passions of civil strife would have kept alive for generations the bitterness of conflict, he could teach and enforce the lesson of brotherly love. From the Emancipation Proclamation to Appomattox he held the people, amidst all the sacrifices and discouragements of war, to the truth of his early declaration which had made him President, that, "I believe this Government cannot exist permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

When Lincoln fell by the hand of the assassin, the Constitution of Washington and of Marshall as interpreted by Daniel Webster for "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," had become the impregnable charter of the American people. After nearly three-quarters of a century of internal strife which retarded development and produced industrial and financial instability, the United States was a Union. It had unlimited resources and a people eager for their development. The problems of the future were the material ones of the employment of labor and capital and of foreign and domestic commerce. Whether every agency which could be devised by wise statesmanship should be at the service of the American people for their prosperity was the overwhelming question of the future. The party and statesmen who believed that development could only be rapid, beneficent and complete under the operations of the principles of the protection of American industries, held possession of the Government for nearly a third of a century. Invention and

immigration had stimulated our productive power beyond the capacity of our markets, great as they were. The expanding energies and necessities of the people were bursting continental bounds and looking for opportunities in competition with the great workshop nations of the world. Another crisis was upon us. The man was wanted whom the people could unanimously trust for war and who could command their confidence for construction. Almost in a day isolation had ceased to exist. Uncle Sam was an invited guest at the table of the family of nations. Alien peoples had to be governed by presidential discretion until laws could be enacted, anarchy suppressed, brigandage subdued, and government established in distant climes and among many tribes and in varying degrees of civilization. In the meantime the principles of the protection of American industries which a majority of the people believed in, and had also believed brought about this unprecedented development and marvelous prosperity, must be maintained by proper approval. The one man above all others who possessed rare qualities of command and persuasion, of gentleness and firmness, of courage and charity to carry the country through triumphantly while these grave problems were being solved, was William McKinley.

We cannot assign to President McKinley the original and constructive talents of Washington, Marshall, Webster, and Lincoln. The industrial policies he so ably advocated that his name became representative of their merits and aims, had been the practice of the country with few interruptions since Alexander Hamilton made his famous report on manufactures. His tragic death revealed to the people such loving qualities and aroused such universal grief that he obtained a permanent place in our history, and a fame which will not fade as must that of other statesmen in every generation, whose names are not linked to events of historic magnitude.

I have been asked to continue this analysis into the present. It is a hazardous task. It would be impossible except in the license of exploration permitted at the celebration of the birthday of the Father of his Country. Very few of the twenty-five Presidents of the United States have been creative in their administrations. Monroe lives by the Doctrine which bears his name, but he was not its author. Unless a President is identified with some landmark of pre-eminent importance in our develop-

ment, the centuries will cover him up. Will posterity say that Theodore Roosevelt can be rescued from the oblivion of time by ranking among our constructive statesmen? He came to the Presidency when progress and development, so rapid as to be revolutionary, had brought about an acute crisis between capital and labor, and the country was becoming alarmed by the formation of corporations with unprecedented capitalization and the growth of trusts. According to precedents the remedies were legislative, and yet all saw that undreamed of perils were possible in the slow processes of law making. The first question was the coal strike. It involved, if continued, the deprivation of fuel during the winter with incalculable suffering to the poor, and the stoppage of industries with added distress to artisans and laborers, and paralysis of capital. The consequences to law and order would be appalling. The President had no authority, but he acted promptly and decisively. He called into action not the constitutional and legal power of his office, for they were inadequate, but that higher duty, which had not before been conceived or utilized, of the advisory relation of the people's President to the people. He invoked the mysterious majesty with which the Chief Magistracy is equipped in the popular imagination for the enforcement of his plan of settlement. The scheme succeeded, the crisis was averted, Congress approved, and the Presidency acquired new relations and responsibilities. We are the most conservative people in the world. Socialism has increased enormously during the last decade in Germany, France, Italy, and other countries, but has made little progress with us. State and municipal ownership of public utilities which is common in Europe does not find favor in the United States. Free schools and wide distribution of property, and homes owned have created a thoughtful and intelligent consideration of economic questions.

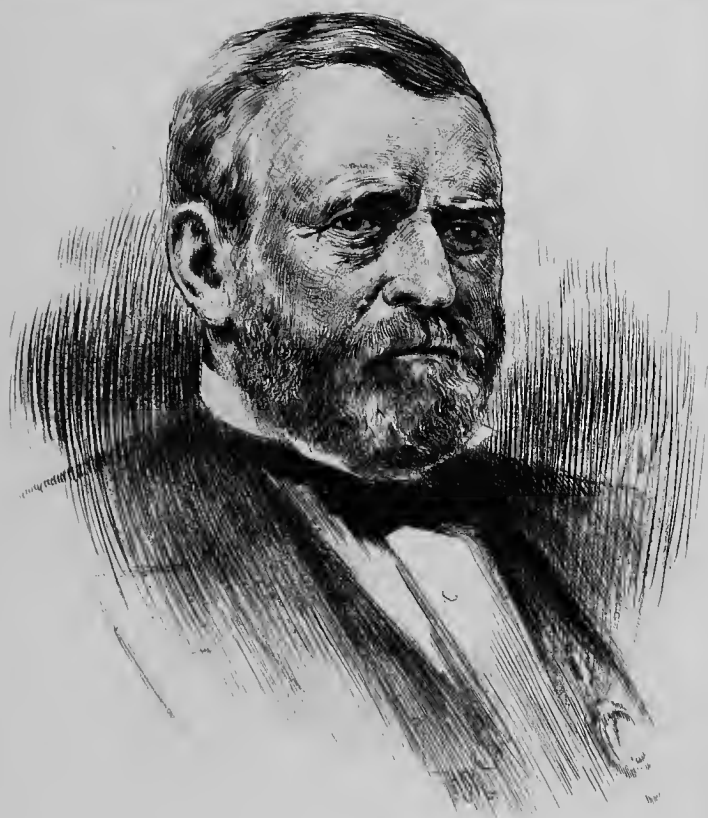
The rapid evolution of industrial combinations was viewed at first with alarm and furnished material for political agitation, but the agitators' headway was abruptly stopped by a realization by the people of the tendency of the times not only here, but in all highly organized industrial nations. Nevertheless unprecedented capitalization and concentration of corporations produced a feeling of unrest and doubt, a sentiment which might become a passion if viciously directed. The success of "Frenzied Finance"

demonstrated the popular fear. At a critical moment the President saw the situation and dominated it. He set in motion all the resources of the Department of Justice to test the power of existing laws to protect the people. He devised, demanded, and secured new legislation, to provide for deficiencies in the old. The election came and the people by their votes said plainly to him, "We confide in you our powers. We believe you can solve and settle these difficult questions, so as to curb monopoly without disturbing the beneficent course of trade or finance." Things, which when proposed by other leaders alarmed both capital and labor, are believed to be so thoroughly under the strong hand of a masterful statesman, that action will stop with reform, and reform will be so wisely conservative, as to protect all legitimate enterprises and endanger none. The President becoming the tribune of the people gives to the office a new and greater power. It may be lost with a weak President. It enforces the necessity for the biggest and best equipped man for President. I think future generations will place among the few who have given distinct direction to the evolution of our institutions, the name of Theodore Roosevelt.

So here, to-night, we pay tribute to the pillars of the Republic, to the builders of this structure of government as we live in it and enjoy it to-day.

We look for a moment upon the human side of these men. Washington has been so obscured by a hundred years of veneration for his greatness that we cannot pierce the veil. But we know that when Lee faltered at the battle of Monmouth, Washington displayed a mighty human passion, that he sung the "Derby Ram" to the children of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, and paid compliments to the little daughter of Roger Sherman. The rest of them were pre-eminently men of the people.

Marshall was a soldier, a Congressman, a Cabinet officer, and a foreign ambassador. He gave himself both an education and the equipment of a lawyer and became the head of the Bar of his State. He lived happily for sixty years with his wife; reading to her every night when at home, and when she died he continued to read aloud to the opposite chair in which she was accustomed to sit. He would relieve the tedium of the solution of the complex problems of the Constitution by playing quoits. He always took a mint julep before the game, measured the distance between the



arcs with a straw, and jumped into the air and clicked his heels and shouted if he won.

Webster was also self-educated, and secured the means for prosecuting his studies by copying deeds in the clerk's office at twenty-five cents apiece; but when his equipment was complete his transcendent ability carried him from the country to the city and almost at once to an unapproachable rank in his profession of the law. He was intensely human. He had foibles and weaknesses almost as great as his genius. He so won the admiration of his countymen that alone of our statesmen they called him "the godlike." But in his love of nature, his fondness for the field, his pursuit of game with gun and rod, and quick sympathy for human rights he won and held a place in the people's affection and esteem. Like Marshall, he also possessed humor. Without imagination and humor no man can be great, and Webster had both.

Lincoln learned to read after a hard day's work in the field by a pine knot in a frontier cabin. He acquired his incomparable style from the Bible and in writing essays with charcoal upon shingles, because of the meager equipment of the woodmen of those days. He was the story teller among the Presidents. Rough illustrations derived from his early experience in frontier life made the country laugh between its tears, while the point of the anecdote overwhelmed his enemies or enforced his arguments.

McKinley we all knew. His presence at any gathering, Cabinet, Congressional or popular, the club or the platform, the banquet hall or the friendly circle, melted animosities, inspired good nature, good fellowship, and friendship. Every family in the country counted him a member, and the day rarely passed without the fireside echoing with loving expressions for McKinley. He, too, loved the lighter vein, to laugh with, but never at at his friends.

Roosevelt, we all know as the most unconventional of our Presidents except Lincoln. His overflowing vitality demands constant exercise. He is master of every form of sport. His play is as absorbing as his work. When on horseback he leaps his horse over the first fence that he may jump a distant ditch. Professionals stand in awe of him when boxing, fencing or wrest-

ling, and his infectious laugh speaks of high health and hilarious spirits.

It may be said of Lincoln, McKinley, and Roosevelt that we are too near and too much interested in the controversies of their time to forecast the judgment of posterity. Many of the questions decided by Marshall and Webster are still acute. But the fame of Washington grows brighter and purer with each succeeding generation. The distinguished English jurist and statesman, Lord Brougham happily expressed the judgment of mankind when he said :

“It will be the duty of the historian and the sage of all nations to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal memory of Washington.”

BANQUET OF PRINCETON CLUB

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE PRINCETON CLUB,
JANUARY 24, 1890.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I came here to-night with much trepidation. After your recent victory, I feared that the president of the Yale Alumni Association of New York might be held as a captive to grace your triumphal procession. But while a Roman victor carried his captive through the streets tied to a chariot wheel and then flung him into a dungeon to starve, you have given me a Savarin dinner to sustain my strength and a royal welcome to sustain my spirits.

I feel a certain kinship to Princeton when I look upon her colors of the House of Nassau. They remind me of my St. Nicholas and Knickerbocker associations. While it may be true, as the dramatist says, that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, colors have been the symbols of nations, the lights of liberty, and the guerdon of love in all ages. One cannot see the color he was born to follow without feeling a fraternal emotion, even for a stranger.

I do not know if there is anything in the ancestry of Princeton that entitles her to relationship to the Dutch. But there are striking historical parallels between the action of her famous divines and that of the Dutch theologians. Two hundred and fifty years ago my Dutch ancestors in the synod of Dort fought valiantly for the doctrine of predestination, talking sixteen hours a day for months, and in the end predestination triumphed. It is a sad evidence of the degeneracy of our times that two weeks' discussion of the same subject in the Presbyterian Synod of New York has wearied every one. But it shows that there was a Dutch origin for the predestination fight so ably led by the president of Princeton.

My great grandfather was graduated at Princeton. All his descendants have been graduated at Yale. He has not left among his papers any explanation of the causes which led him to enter the portals of your college. Nor did he leave any testamentary

directions to those who came after him to follow his example.

But leaving kinship, both near and remote, we approach the question of the present relations between our great powers. The varying judgment which men have formed of the same events under different conditions is one of the most interesting of metaphysical and psychological studies. It destroys one's confidence in the value of human opinion or testimony.

Among the letters found in an old trunk that belonged to an ancestor of mine, who was an active politician in the period just preceding the Revolutionary War, I find saddening predictions of the ruin of the country and the loss of its liberties. I discovered that the cause of the old gentleman's somber views was that his party had been disastrously defeated in the recent elections.

A year ago at the Harvard dinner, the then president of your alumni commented upon the athletic dinner which Yale had held a few nights before to celebrate in her own modest and unassuming way her triumphs with bat and ball and oar for a series of years. Never have I listened to another such eloquent and terrific denunciation of the brutality of athletics. The air was lurid with "bruises" and "bruisers"; and when he declared that the other colleges of the country would devote themselves to legitimate academic pursuits and leave muscular development and its frightful results to Yale, Harvard cheered as I had never heard her before.

But Princeton wins a football match on the Berkeley Oval this Thanksgiving day, and behold the change! Princeton, the most conservative, the most staid, and the most orthodox of the colleges, believes, when unsuccessful, in the doctrine of the brutality of athletics. Now she sees in them only the proper development of American manhood and the true career of the American scholar.

A distinguished Yale athlete said to me: "Have you noticed that our Princeton friends look a little seedy of late?" I asked, "Why so?" He replied, "Because every Thursday is the anniversary of their victory on Thanksgiving day, and they celebrate it with all the honors."

Of course, the first object of a collegiate education is to store the mind with the weapons which carve a career, and the training and discipline to use them. Nevertheless, athletics have come to

stay. It has been proved that a vigorous body and properly developed muscles carry better a cultivated brain. The old ideal scholar with spindle shanks and hollow chest is dead. Athletics have come to stay.

We cannot row on mill ponds, nor play football on rose leaves, nor baseball in tennis suits with sweet girl graduates. Vigorous and manly sports involve some roughness and intense earnestness. But students should always be gentle. I did not feel so bad over the victory of the Princeton football team. I do not think it well for one college to be always carrying off all the prizes.

When Oxford won the boat race on the Thames over Cambridge as a regular thing for many years the universities lost interest in the contest and in rowing. But the victory of the Cambridge eight at last immensely improved both the rowing and the spirit of both colleges. Yale, in applauding you on your victory, begs you to meet her again, when the day is clear and the ground is dry, and the feet, disciplined to Jersey conditions, cannot stick so firm to the mud.

All the early colleges of the United States were divinity schools. It was thought then that an education was needed only for the clergy, who looked after not only the spiritual welfare of their flocks, but their morals and their politics. The second stage of scholastic development was that a college education, unless the graduate adopted one of the liberal professions, was time and money thrown away. The third and present view is that a university education is as valuable to a business man as to a clergyman; to a journalist, a farmer or an engineer as to a doctor or a lawyer. We believe that it makes better citizens and more intelligent patriots. The recruiting stations of the forces of law, morals and religion in the battle with socialism and anarchy are the colleges of the republic. Each of our great universities has its own mission, and among them none is a more important one than that of Princeton. She has given a Madison to statesmanship, and a long line of eminent theologians and pulpit orators to the church, great names to science, and to the advancement of higher education the successful and intelligent efforts of the venerated McCosh.

DINNER OF THE SPELLBINDERS

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER OF THE SPELLBINDERS, NEW YORK,
NOVEMBER 14, 1888.

GENTLEMEN: Among the many gatherings in the United States during the century of its existence, none has been like this; and for the coming century it may be a cause of thankfulness that this is the only one ever held.

To gather two hundred campaign speakers within one hall is an appalling thing to contemplate; every one of them loaded to the muzzle with oratory, and only the restraining gavel of their chairman to prevent their firing it off.

When I arrived here to-night I received note after note saying, in almost the same form, "After the regular sentiments, give me a chance." When I came to count up the number of these appeals I found there were one hundred and eleven. The chairman is tender hearted, and loves to oblige his friends—the janitor will please lock the doors.

So long as all conditions of humanity, of age, of race, of color, of nationality, and of sex can unite for such purposes as they wish to accomplish, or such principles as they believe in common; and so long as any human being who can get nobody to agree with him can flock by himself, there is no reason why the campaign speakers of this Republic should not have a society. They are a much-suffering, patient, and hard-working part of this industrial Nation.

They believe in Protection, and wish whenever they speak they may be protected from any other speaker the same evening. The peculiar qualifications that go to make up the campaign orator are possessed by only a very small portion of the sixty millions of Americans. He must have a constitution which can go without sleep, and a digestion that can stand any meal. The railroad car must be for him a couch of ease, and the marvelous concoctions he must eat at private and public boards will threaten his internal peace for the rest of his days. He must be of the quality, physically, which defies everything that kills off the rest

of mankind; and mentally, that can stand hostile criticism, the storm of adverse audiences, and the failure of the applause he most covets. Given these qualifications, and the campaign orator starts out to enter upon labors, the terrors of which are known to no others of the professional or working classes. The committee receives him at the depot with rosettes in the lapels of their coats, or, if he has come to fill the appointment of the favorite orator who was expected—with curses and shotguns. If he is a distinguished man, there is an open barouche and horses with plumes upon their heads, a procession with a brass band in front and cannon behind, and a uniformed company.

He is unfit for his place if he cannot follow that procession and breathe gallons of coal-oil smoke from the torches, and then talk in a clear tenor voice for two hours. He must never lose faith in his own eloquence, no matter what becomes of his audience.

I was once invited by a county committee to address a meeting at the capital of the State, and, through that meeting, the people of the Commonwealth; and they selected the most distinguished of their local statesmen to preside and make the introductory speech. The result was that, at the end of three hours and a half of this chairman's oratory, the only people left in the hall were the reporters, the band, the county committee, and myself.

This organization receives its name from the fact that the campaign supplied speakers of high and low degree, whose common habit it was, in their modest references to their efforts, to state that on every occasion they held "acres of auditors spell-bound." It has been a trite remark, for years past, that the orator has lost his place, and the speaker has no mission in life. It is true that the newspaper educates, and that the editor writes with a fulness of information and intelligence of opinion which prepares an audience, so that it knows quite as much as the speaker; but, if the speaker is gifted with the elements of the orator—the magnetic voice, the word painting of fact and illustration, the power of so stating what he believes that his hearers of the same party, from passive members become active enthusiasts, the tact to so impress and yet not offend the doubtful that they are thenceforth converts to his faith, and the talent to both irritate and dishearten the enemy—he demonstrates the perennial

power of speech, and that there never can be any substitute for genuine oratory.

There is a belief that the great orators are dead and that they have left no successors. In the more primitive periods, when the people were not educated by the universal distribution of newspapers, magazines, and tracts, the orator's voice was the only way of impressing political principle. But the speech which, in earlier times, reached the multitude and roused enthusiasm could not be delivered to-day to any audience on the American continent. You read them now, with their wastes of words upon the primer of politics and history, and their stilted platitudes, with weariness and wonder. I have heard most of the famous men, the traditions of whose eloquence are the despair of the orator who never saw them. I have listened to Stephen A. Douglas, with his vigorous argument, slow enunciation, and lack of magnetism; to Abraham Lincoln, with his resistless logic and quaint humor; to Tom Corwin, with his rollicking fun and bursts of fiery eloquence; to Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips. As I look back and recall what they said, and the effects which they produced, and calmly estimate what they might be able to do with the highly cultivated and thoroughly informed audiences of to-day, there is only one of them who strikes me as possessing qualifications that are not duplicated by orators who could be named among our contemporaries. That one is Wendell Phillips. In the vigor of his pure Saxon; in the marvelous lucidity with which he stated his facts; in his own volcanic, yet suppressed passion, which aroused the wildest enthusiasm in his audience; in the way in which he met and conquered the most dangerous and venomous audiences, he has left no equal or superior.

The campaign speaker is, of all people, the worst plagiarist. He does not hesitate to steal anything he sees or reads. Some ten years ago, I prepared, with great care, a speech which I purposed to deliver every day in a campaign of three weeks. After the third delivery I found that an orator from another State, of great reputation, who preceded me by two nights at my appointments, delivered my speech nearly word for word. And I repeated that speech twice to cold audiences, who looked and listened as though I was the champion fraud of the century before I found it out.

Ex-Governor Tom Ford, of Ohio, told me that he once went on a canvass with Salmon P. Chase, Governor, Senator, and Chief Justice. Mr. Chase had an argument prepared and committed to memory which he repeated every night. Governor Ford, a practical joker, with a marvelous memory, asked the privilege of speaking first, and he delivered Chase's speech. Chase came forward and, with great dignity, said: That he had listened to Mr. Ford on many occasions, but never before had he known him to seize the subject with a giant's grasp—that he had so completely covered and exhausted the case that there was nothing left for any human being to say. But Ford said he never was able to resume his relations with Mr. Chase.

A distinguished English statesman told me last summer, that two politicians in his country went out campaigning together, and each delivered, on every occasion, substantially the speech with which he began. The Chase-Ford trick was played by the lesser upon the greater light. When they got back to their hotel, the man who had repeated the other's speech said to him: "It is singular that that speech of yours, which has been received everywhere else with such immense applause, caused none here; and those jokes of yours, which caused so much laughter at other places, fell dead here." And the great statesman looked at him sympathizingly and said: "I spoke here two weeks ago."

Now the campaign speaker retires from the canvass into his business and disappears from the public eye. But there is something of the dramatic spirit aroused in him. He loves the platform, the cheering audiences, the wild acclaim; and it is difficult for him, if he has been a long time out, to settle back again into the trend and current of life. It is the peculiarity of this canvass that the professional speaker had little part in it, but that the great business community furnished the orators. From every profession and vocation men volunteered who felt that their highest duty to their country, and their best service to their business was to instruct their fellow-citizens in those principles to which they had pinned their faith.

That feeling of interest which brings together men of kindred views and enthusiasm will make this association memorable, not for to-day, but for all time; and will add to its membership those who hereafter come along and are worthy of the guild. We are not here to-night to explain how we won this fight. It is a pecu-

liarity of politics, fortunately, that those who are victorious have no time to waste in accounting for their victory, but leave to those who are vanquished the wearying task of vexing the ears of their listeners explaining how they got left.

We both, the campaign speaker and the listener, on an occasion like this, which is sympathetic, sentimental, and of hilarious character, cannot fail to note how the ordinary man describes the causes of his defeat. A statesman of the Grand Central Depot yard, leaning against a switch the next morning after election, said to his companion: "Moike, what do you think did it?" "Well," said he, "Pat, it strikes me that it was Mills's Bill." "Oh," said Pat, "you are wrong; it was the surplus." "Well," said Mike, "If it was the surplus, why the devil didn't old Cleveland take the surplus and pay Mills's Bill?"

The most significant of inaugurations is that of the coming March. With the close of the administration of Mr. Cleveland ends a hundred years of American liberty; with the inauguration of Benjamin Harrison begins the second century. It is not an imaginary line of time which separates these cycles; it is, and will remain, a distinctively dividing line of national history, development, and policy. The century which closes with Mr. Cleveland marks the death of the things we have most talked about; marks the burial of the issues we have fought over; it ends the Solid South; it cleanses the bloody shirt; it unifies all sections and makes us one people; it buries partisanship, based upon sectional and territorial divisions, in a grave which, we trust, will never be reopened, and erects upon it a monument of eternal patriotism.

The administration which undertakes the beginning of a new century has a responsibility and duty larger than has fallen to any other administration save two; the first, Washington's; the second, Lincoln's. With the enormous power which now belongs to the Presidency of the United States the President becomes largely the party. The party cannot escape from his acts, cannot flee from his character, cannot deny his recommendations. It lives and triumphs, it falls into decay and is defeated by his grasp upon the needs of the present and the necessities of the future. The great questions which are to develop an industrial nation and keep it prosperous—the great questions whose proper settlement means credit or bankruptcy—are problems which will press upon the coming administration, and by the way in which

it handles them, the organization behind it will continue in power, or be forced into a minority. We, after this victory, with the smoke cleared away and calm judgment returned, look, with unquestioning confidence, to the future and the man who is to administer it. His courage has been tested; his judgment has been proved; his faculties have irradiated the Republic with their marvelous activity and steadiness; his integrity, character, and ability fill the full measure of the requirements of the presidential office. The Republican Party says to President Harrison, "Hail, Chief! Lead on; we follow."

CANAL CONVENTION BANQUET

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET GIVEN BY CITIZENS OF ALBANY, AT THE CAPITOL, TO THE DELEGATES TO THE STATE CANAL CONVENTION, FEBRUARY 26, 1868, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: "THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DE WITT CLINTON—THE FATHER OF THE GREAT CANAL SYSTEM OF THIS STATE."

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE STATE CANAL CONVENTION: No true son of New York could fail to respond, at any notice, to a sentiment in memory of her greatest citizen. Nations live in history and eras are marked by the deeds of men of genius and power. Rome lives in the career of her Cæsars; Greece is recollected by the remains of those who thundered in the Acropolis or adorned the Academy; England places in advance of her story her Wellington and her Pitt; France endures a hateful tyranny out of reverence to the memory of her great Napoleon; and the Empire State will maintain forever her imperial rank among her sister States because she has contributed to the country and to civilization him who accomplished more for humanity and material prosperity in the peaceful triumphs of internal improvements and developments than all the storied heroes of this or any other country.

There are three eras in American history. The first, when Columbus discovered the continent and opened its resources to the expanding necessities of the race; the second, when true principles of political economy and individual liberty wrought out of the triumph of '76 the United States of America; the third, when De Witt Clinton, standing at the head waters of the Hudson, with the courage of far-seeing statesmanship looked through the wilderness of Western New York, and over the inland lake to the vast domain beyond, and impressed upon an enterprising people the most beneficent discovery of modern times, that in the union of the lakes and sea was population, wealth, prosperity, empire, and perpetuity.

The waters of Lake Erie wedded the Atlantic, and the fruits of the mighty marriage are the Northwestern States, and the

young giants born year after year in the territories, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Every railroad, canal, or carriage way, extending west, is but the continuation of Clinton's great idea, and leads the wealth and products of the region it intersects through his State into the lap of his beloved metropolis. Every community springing into prosperous existence, from the Mohawk to San Francisco, adding to the resources, the civilization, the greatness of the Nation, is a grateful tribute to his memory. The dead hand of De Witt Clinton reaches across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and holds and connects them by ties which can never be severed.

But for the Erie Canal there would have been no Pacific Railroad; but for internal communication the Union would be still in its infancy; and commerce is peace, and repairs the ravages of war and heals the bitterness of sections. Egypt builded pyramids to commemorate her illustrious men, and while the monuments remain the recollection of their founders have passed from memory, for they contributed nothing to the knowledge or advantage of the human race.

The poet Horace sings in classic lines of monuments more enduring than brass; but millions of happy people, a score of great commonwealths, boundless regions teeming with agricultural and mineral riches, opened to the centers of commerce and trade by canal and railway, inviting and receiving the people of the world, and adding immeasurably year by year to the advancement, the wealth, the civilization, the liberty, the happiness of the race—these are the elements that constitute the sublime and ever-growing monument of De Witt Clinton. It is the lesson of all history that enlightenment and power dwell and live along the great highways of the world. The community which compels and carries through its channels the commerce of States controls the destinies of States, and thrives and prospers with the tribute swelling its treasury. Every individual who contributes a dollar to railroad or canal is a public benefactor, and the public should foster and protect his enterprise.

The diversion of trade, the crippling of lines of transportation, changes its channels and blasts the prosperity of the abandoned centers. The lessons of Genoa, of Venice, of Alexandria, speak to us with a warning which cannot be disregarded. Cheap transportation is the problem of statesmanship and power. Facili-

ties, increasing with growing resources, answer the problem and retain the supremacy to the people wise and bold enough to keep rising above the ever-growing necessities and demands of trade. Clinton created for us the western granary, whose stores we carry and exchange, making our city of New York the commercial and financial metropolis of the continent. The best tribute we can pay to his memory, the noblest proof of our worthiness of his great heritage, is that we hold on forever to this internal traffic, by being ever ready to supply its demands. One-eighth of the soil of the Northwestern States lies uncultivated for want of transportation, one-third of its products are destroyed for lack of means to reach the seaboard. The giant is restive under his shackles; he clamors even at the door of the Canadian Parliament and cries "Let me out by the St. Lawrence to the sea."

Let the Empire State heed the lesson of the past, the teachings of her statesmen, the demands of the hour. Taxation and debt rest with heavy burden upon our enterprise and resources, but a great people, as wise as it is courageous, does not waste its time upon idle schemes of repudiation, and does not parley with the metaphysics of honor. It economizes its expenditures, compels honesty in its public service and, possessing the opportunity, boldly develops the wealth to meet its obligations. The Erie Canal has paid for itself ten times over. Let its locks and channel-way be completed to the full measure of its capacity and the ends and purposes of its enlargement. Rather than the West should seek the Atlantic through the Canadian provinces, we should hold the commerce we possess and add immeasurably to the ever-increasing volume of our wealth by giving the Erie Canal its full depth from bank to bank, and open it to free navigation from the Hudson to the lakes by sweeping off its tolls. But judicious enlargement and economical management will save us that necessity for a long time to come.

New York, cosmopolitan and metropolitan, meriting and receiving the love and pride of her sons, free from all jealousies and shackled by no provincialisms, influencing the opinions and controlling the commerce of the Nation, rises grandly with her internal improvements, her wealth, her power, her enlightenment, her contributions to civilization and humanity, and says to the

world: "Behold this imperial result of the genius of our great statesmen," and when the recollection of warriors and kings shall have died out of the memory of men, grateful generations will reverence the name and commemorate the ever-increasing glory of De Witt Clinton, the best friend of humanity and the world.

CHRISTMAS DINNER TO VAGRANTS

SPEECH AT A DINNER GIVEN ON CHRISTMAS EVE TO FIFTY VAGRANTS,¹ DECEMBER 24, 1896.

MY FRIENDS: It is Christmas eve, and I hope we have all begun the hours that lead to Christmas in a proper way—that is, by filling ourselves as full as we can with the good things of this world.

I have presided at many dinners and attended many more—perhaps more than any other man in New York—but certainly never did I preside over or attend a dinner from which I have derived more real pleasure than from this dinner here to-night. Many of the dinners to which I am invited are for political or patriotic purposes, but usually they have no special object except that the gentlemen present, who are as a rule working men of affairs, desire to be relieved in some way and they take the occasion of a dinner as one affording them an opportunity to have a good time.

I have been a student of that method of enjoyment for a great many years. I have read of the great dinners they had in Rome, when a man would spend his entire fortune, great as those fortunes were, to entertain an emperor. I have read also of the dinners told of in the Bible—notably of that great feast give by Belshazzar, the most magnificent that was ever spread, we are given to understand, but which was brought to a sudden and awful termination by the handwriting on the wall. But many of the dinners to which I go seem to me to fill no purpose. After the big feed come the studied orations, and when all is over the impression it leaves on me is that there are the bores and the bored—the orators being the bores, and the listeners the bored.

¹On Christmas eve, Dr. Depew dined with a New York woman reporter for one of the great journals and fifty tramps at the St. Denis Hotel in New York City. The tramps were recruited from a long line of nondescripts formed in front of Fleischmann's bakery, opposite the St. Denis, where bread was being distributed free of charge. After the dinner, which was an elaborate one, Dr. Depew delivered an address to the men.—*Ed.*

Only one of the great historical dinners ever really interested me—the one told of in the New Testament, where the host, his guests having failed to answer or to send excuses, found his tables unoccupied. Then it was that he told the people of his household to go out into the highways and byways and gather in all they might find. I would like to have been at that dinner. I have pictured it often in my mind. Had the guests who had been invited attended some of them would have criticized the wines of the host, saying they had better in their own cellars; others would have criticized the food and declared that their own cooks could have prepared finer dishes. Then, as he departed, each would shake the hand of the host hypocritically and bid him good night with the false statement that he never had a better time or a better dinner in his life. In my mind's eye I can see some of the guests who attended that feast. One was, perhaps, the student who, in striving after distinction in a profession, had neglected to provide for his material wants and was in distress. Another was, perhaps, the skilled mechanic out of a job, wanting only the opportunity to work, but failing to find it. I can picture the lawyer without clients, and the playwright discouraged because he could not sell his play and had become destitute in his search for a purchaser. I can see there, too, the poet or the author, whom publishers had not recognized, but who was destined to become a great man in the literature of the future. I can see there, too, the professional tramp, who would do every thing but work, absolutely refusing to do that. The professional tramp, more completely than any other type of man on earth, meets the biblical description of the lily in the field. He toils not, neither does he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

We meet here this Christmas eve, and the occasion is one that suggests a few things to me—to all of us. No matter how fortunate or unfortunate we may be, Christmas eve should be an hour of rejoicing. Whether we are in luck or whether we are not in luck, we cannot forget that this hour is the one that led to the coming of Christ to this earth. He came as the great leveler. It was his mission to inculcate doctrines that would wipe out despotism and injustice. Surely if we look back at the conditions prevailing when Christ came on earth and at the conditions to-day we must admit that the doctrines he taught man-

kind have accomplished wonderful results in leveling despotism and injustice. But for those doctrines there never could have been a United States of America. But for those doctrines there never could have been a country where all men were equal in the eyes of the law. But for those doctrines there would never have been institutions of education which the children of all men could enjoy.

If a man has the element of hope in his heart he can and will find a landing place from which he can start afresh in the journey of life, no matter how dark his past has been. You may say that it is easy for a man like me to make such a statement; but, my friends, it has been my privilege during the last thirty years to come in contact with men who have encountered the most discouraging conditions of life. I have seen men who were in magnificent circumstances go to the gutter through rum. I have seen them conquer the appetite, and, having conquered it, gain new courage. I have seen them starting from that new landing place, work up and up again until they reached their proper sphere.

I have a case in mind. A boy started in life with me up in Peekskill. In the villages of this State, when I was a boy, all the lads knew each other by their first names and played together. The brightest fellow among all of the boys became a skilled mechanic, married a beautiful girl, had a lovely home, became foreman of the shop in which he worked, and was in line to become a partner in the concern. He became imbued with the desire to enter public life. In his efforts to be a good fellow, and to make those whose favor he sought think that he was, he became a patron of the village saloon. The taste for liquor was hereditary in that man, and it was not long before he became an outcast, the worst tramp I ever knew, so filthy in himself that he became known throughout the village as "Dirty Blank." His family left him and his friends forsook him and he drifted to New York. One night he followed a band of Salvation Army men and women to jeer at them. In some way they caught him, and it was not long before he was marching with them, beating the drum, and exhorting others to turn from their evil ways as he had done. As soon as he got on his feet he went back to Peekskill. His condition was so changed that his wife and children returned to him, his friends lent him a helping hand, and

to-day he is justice of the peace there and is highly respected by all who know him.

I know what it is to be in hard luck myself. I belong to a family that has the trait of always worrying about things that don't happen. My father died of worrying, and my grandfather died of worrying, and I had almost made up my mind that I would die of worry. For the first thirty years of my life I worried enough to have shuffled off this mortal coil and climbed the Golden Stairs. But I had good lungs, good heart, good stomach, and good muscles, and somehow I couldn't die. Then I had a hard blow. I lost every dollar I had in the world. My father was one of those men who believed that a boy should be thrown out into the world and made to hustle for himself if he was ever going to amount to anything. I went to him with my troubles. All he did was to cry. I did not want tears. I wanted greenbacks. I wanted help, not sympathy. I thought then that my jig was up for sure, and for a time was very much down in the heart, but I found nothing in that, and one day, thank God, I came to realize that this was a bright and beautiful world. I said to myself that the great majority of people seem to get along some way if they do what is right. So I declared that I would go to work, stop worrying, cultivate cheerfulness, and try to be merry. The result of that philosophy is that for twenty years I have been trying to get fun out of everything. If it is work I get fun out of that. If I am at sea during a hard blow and all the other passengers are so sick that they wish they were dead, I try to get fun out of that too. I am always trying to get a chance to laugh. The result is that I have reversed the hereditary conditions that nature put in me, but with which God never intended that a man should be afflicted. I cultivated hope until I became an optimist. I came to believe that to-morrow would be better than to-day, and if to-morrow was not, then I simply believed that it was the wrong day and that the next day would be better.

I believe that the trouble with most of us is that we get in a rut. We get in the procession and we cannot get out of it. We want something a little better than the chance that is given to us at the time. We are not willing enough to take the chance presented to us. Up in Peekskill, a town which originates pretty nearly all the things that are worth thinking about in this world,

and in which I had my origin, they had a habit in old times of always following a hearse at a funeral. A Peekskiller who had come down to New York and died was to be "planted," as Peekskillers say. Some of his New York friends went up to the funeral. They took carriages and got into the procession to follow the hearse. After a while they noticed that they were riding over very rough ground and that the carriage was swaying from side to side in such a manner as to threaten to spill them all out. One of the New York dudes stuck his head out of the carriage window and shouted to the driver, "Hi, there! What the deuce are you trying to do? Do you want to break our necks? Where are you taking us to, anyway?" The old Peekskill driver leaned over and answered: "Well, I'll tell you, gents, the horses with the hearse started to run away ten minutes ago, and they're running yet, and you know, up here in Peekskill, it's the rule for the mourners to follow the hearse, and I ain't going to break it." Now, it's not a good rule to follow the hearse. If you've been doing it, stop. When a man finds himself in the wrong procession, the best thing for him to do is to get out. When the chance comes it may not be at a very inviting landing place, but if it gives him an opportunity, and if he has the courage and pluck, and sobriety to take advantage of it, and does so, he is on the way to make all his Christmases Merry Christmases.

An old friend of mine was to build a line of railroad in the West that is now connected with a system with which I have something to do. He had worked himself up from the bottom and became general manager of a small company. The line he was engaged to build was through a section of country inhabited by farmers who had never seen a railroad. The line was built, and the train stood on the track ready to make the trial trip. A prominent old farmer of the region went to my friend and told him that he had ridden about everything from a bucking broncho to a steer, but he had never ridden a railroad, and he'd like to do it. So he was invited on that trial trip. The train whizzed along and he was mightily amazed. He happened to look out of the window just as the train was crossing a trestle. Seeing no ground underneath him he became badly frightened and fell on his knees in an attitude of prayer. My friend looked at him for a minute and said, "Why, Farmer Smith, what's the matter with you? What are you doing?" "Well," said the old farmer, "I'm

praying to the Lord that when this old train lights and smashes I may be spared." So it is with many of us as we travel on the train of life. We look out and we see no ground under us and we fear a smash. But we are really only on a trestle, and if we push along we'll get on solid ground again.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas to-morrow, and an opportunity to work and to prosper during the coming year. I hope from the bottom of my heart that you will all start out to-night with new hope.

My own experience has taught me that when one has nothing but good luck in life he does not amount to much. In every knockdown there is a lesson which teaches us to avoid rocks over which we have fallen. The road is full of rocks, but after a time we learn to avoid them, and every time that a man arises after a serious fall and realizes that he is still strong enough to push on the element of hope becomes a stronger part of his nature.

I trust that a year from to-night you will all be able to say that 1897 was a year of success for you and that you will be sitting as hosts at Christmas tables where you can give words of comfort and encouragement to those whom the vicissitudes of life may place in the same positions in which you are now.

BANQUET OF SOCIETY OF MECHANICS

REMARKS AT THE BANQUET¹ OF THE SOCIETY OF MECHANICS, AT
DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1885.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I received this morning a newspaper from Mississippi, that wild State, where the English language in its most cultured form is slung about with a recklessness of which we know nothing. It said: "That man Depew is a red-hot radical, a lap-eared dog and a skunk." This is a Democratic view. I have attended so many centennial celebrations that I feel like either a centenarian or a centurion. These centennial celebrations, beginning with great events, have dwindled down till every little locality has celebrated the raid of the Hessians on some patriot's hen-roost or the capture of a cowboy of the revolutionary period. It is a peculiarity of a centennial celebration that it celebrates only peaceful progress of men whose main aim in life is to build up and not to tear down. There has been immense progress since those days. Those twenty-three who attended the founding of the society never got outside of a Delmonico dinner or anything like it. Times have changed since then in more ways than one. I have no doubt that the next evening after that gathering, when the ladies were present, these twenty-three whispered sweet things to their best girls, and I have noticed that has been going on around these tables to-night. I approve of it wherever it is. Of all the pleasures of life I know of none equal to this. But I am not responding to the toast of "Woman," only making that suggestion for my gallant friend, Judge Brady.

The history of your society is the history of New York. The story of your origin and growth is the story of the origin and growth of the metropolis. What you have become is what the city has become. The great modern Babylon owes its power, supremacy, and continuance, and its good order and protection of life and property, not to its commercial, its financial, or its political power, but to its charities, to its humanities, its hos-

¹Mr. Depew responded for the city of New York.—*Ed.*

pitality, its universal education. The open door to the free school everywhere, the open door of the hospital and the asylum, the home for the aged, the indigent, and the distressed—these are the safeguards of liberty and civilization in our metropolis. And I think you can rightfully claim on this your centennial night that much of the real glory and true grandeur of New York are the fruit of the suggestions of your society. You had a school before there was any free school in the city, and that school became so celebrated that you had to let down the barriers and let in those from the outside; and who can tell but that the suggestion of its benefits, which led men from it into the mayoralty of the city and into the Legislature and the judiciary, and to every place of power and trust and prominence, suggested this grand system of free schools that is the glory and pride of our city? You looked after not only education but also the welfare of the widow and the orphan and the unfortunate, and from that you can claim has sprung this grand system of charity which characterizes New York. And above all you were grand in your libraries. It is suggested that we have libraries and libraries in this town for the scholar and the specialist. We have one that a man cannot go into, and it is time that we should reach the other end of the string and have a library that everybody can go into.

Now, I trust, having reached the culmination of your centennial you will go on for another hundred years, increasing in usefulness and power, equal at all times to the emergencies that may arise in the State which gave you birth; in another civil war to send forth another regiment and receive them back with their battle-torn colors; in peace to found more and larger libraries, schools, and educational facilities for this city of yours and ours, and that we shall all meet to celebrate your next centennial around the festive board of the Delmonico's of a hundred years hence, and that Chief Justice Daly will preside.

DINNER OF AUTOMOBILE CLUB

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB IN
NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1908.

GENTLEMEN: This club, with its appointments, its membership and its garage, is evidence of the remarkable progress of a new industry. The presence of the very accomplished, able, and distinguished Ambassador of France, who has come from Washington for the sole purpose of attending this meeting, shows the international interest in the automobile industry. In fact, the automobile, to the completion and perfection of which French genius has contributed so largely, has done more to bring France and the United States close together than anything that has occurred since Lafayette joined the American Army under General Washington.

There is hardly any subject which does not have some bearing upon the views of the fathers of the Republic. The Constitution which they framed remains exactly as it came from the hands of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams. It so completely embodies the essentials of representative government that it was as sufficient for the three millions of people of their time, with the wilderness behind them, as it is for the ninety millions in the forty-six States of to-day. If they could revisit the scenes of their activities they would feel at home and happy on the political side, but a few days' experience of modern life would drive them back to their celestial abode. We cannot imagine the feelings of General Washington while going from New York to Washington in five hours, when in his time it took that number of days; or of riding in a trolley-car through the streets of the Capital which he was at so much pains to lay out; or of talking a thousand miles through a telephone, or of sending a wireless message to London and receiving an answer within an hour, when communication between these points in his day took one hundred and twenty days. Speed is the factor of the world's progress. Time is, and always has been, everything. Speed and time measure the capacity of the human intellect and

the profitableness or failure of the farm, the mine, the factory, and the store. They enable ten times as many people to live on this earth as could have existed one hundred years ago. They have made the luxuries of a century ago the commonplace comforts of to-day. Those of us who have passed the three-score-and-ten period have witnessed most of these marvels. We have seen the clipper-ship hailed as a wonder of the world because it reduced the crossing of the Atlantic from sixty to thirty days, and we have seen the *Mauretania* do the same in four days and a few hours. We have seen the sloop almost driven from the Hudson River by the steamboat, and the steamboat reduced to limited usefulness by the railroad. We have seen the waterways on which our internal commerce wholly depended subordinated to the railroads because of the influence of speed upon economy in time. The horse was developed with the greatest care to accomplish the same results. A second a mile to a trotter was of national importance. But now we have the horseless carriage for the roadway and tremendous progress is being made on the airship.

There is a tradition that some old fellow perfected a three-wheeled steam road-wagon eighty years ago. His invention lay dormant for sixty years and was of little account until seventy had passed. The automobile industry as an industrial and financial success and a commercial and pleasure necessity is not over ten years old.

Eleven years ago I was one of the committee with General Miles and others for a racing contest gotten up by John Brisben Walker for his *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. All the best machines in the country, both foreign and domestic, were invited to compete. The course was along that excellent old highway, Broadway, from New York to Ardsley, a distance of twenty-two miles. About twenty entered the race. They all broke down but three, which covered the distance to Ardsley and back to the starting-place, in seven hours. On the Ormond beach in Florida the automobile of to-day runs from seventy to eighty miles an hour, and in the famous Vanderbilt contest on Long Island they did equally well, while at the Weybridge Motordrome in England the machines averaged sixty-six miles an hour with a continuous run of twenty-four hours.

Statistics are dry, as a rule, but are at times most eloquent.

In 1900 there were only three thousand seven hundred cars in use in the United States, both imported and of American make. In 1907 there were one hundred and fifty thousand, valued at two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. It has been estimated that the cash worth of these machines was more than the assessed valuation of all the land in the States of Florida, Nevada, and Oregon, with the territories of New Mexico and Arizona added. This industry, which had scarcely any recognition ten years ago, has progressed so rapidly that last year forty thousand automobiles were built, valued at eighty millions of dollars. The importance of this manufacture in the employment of both capital and labor has been almost wholly overlooked. There were six million one hundred and eighty thousand dollars paid last year in wages in the automobile factories of the United States, and employment given directly or indirectly to over two millions of workers. For the first few years of the ten which we are considering we were dependent almost entirely upon foreign-built machines. Their popularity and use grew so rapidly that it has been estimated that the customs receipts from this absolutely new article in our revenue schedule for ten years exceeds the total cost of our diplomatic and consular service. It is a source of pride in which we take supreme satisfaction that we have made so much improvement upon machinery for various industries which was invented in older countries we are enabled to compete with them in all the markets of the world. Our locomotives are on the rails in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Our electrical trolley systems are in the cities of all these continents and in Australia. Our agricultural implements are plowing the fields which were trodden by Roman soldiers and Goths, by Huns and Vandals. In the hot competition to meet the constantly increasing demand, our manufacturers of automobiles have so perfected their carriages that last year we invaded with over three thousand machines every country in Europe, including France, the home of the automobile, and our greatest exportation was to Great Britain.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the automobile wagon for delivering goods in great cities and their suburbs. Storekeepers have felt it in the enlargement of their business and the reduction of cost. Working men and women have felt it in increase of employment, and the consumer in cheaper goods and quicker

delivery. The rural delivery carrier extends his area, and more outlying homes are brought within reach of this beneficent adjunct to the postoffice. The motor cab enables the woman shopper and the man of business to cover three times the amount of territory in comfort that was formerly accomplished with effort and fatigue.

On the health side I know from experience that the ozone which is driven into the lungs by riding in an open car at a fair speed is a specific cure for insomnia and nervous troubles. Sanity and levelheadedness, together with healthy living, have come to those who have found it possible to live in the country and motor to their business places in the city and return to their homes.

To the American tourist on the Continent and in the British Isles the automobile has given an intimate knowledge of the civilization, habits, and condition of the people, of the art treasures in wayside village churches, of history and scenery, never possible before except to the foot traveler to whom time was no object, and who would acquire in six months of tramping only a portion of the pleasure and information which is now secured in six weeks by the automobilist. Conversation, which largely depends upon narrative—and narrative is barren without imagination—was becoming a lost art. It was being driven out by the absorption and cares of business and the preoccupation of bridge whist. But the automobile tourists have an inexhaustible fund of recreation and education in the interchange of their experiences. The automobile has brought to the front and given both a platform and an audience to the genius who once added so much to the gayety of nations and is known as the cheerful liar.

With the same thought with which I began—speed and transportation—there is no subject more important to the farms and markets of the United States than good roads. Nothing has done so much to stimulate inquiry and activity in legislatures and local communities on this subject as the automobile. We have two million one hundred thousand miles of roads in this country, and of these only one hundred thousand are in any way improved. The rest are practically impassible several months in the year, and during the other months reduce the tonnage and increase the cost of carriage to a point destructive to agricultural values and prosperity, except along the lines of railroads and navigable rivers. It costs many dollars a ton a mile on a poor

road, and on a good one only twenty-five cents a ton or thereabouts, to move farm products to market. Our trouble comes mainly from the fact that there is no concentration of authority in the building and the maintenance of highways. It would be difficult for the work to be done by the general government, and it is neglected sadly in the States. Massachusetts has made notable progress, and we in New York have done admirably by our fifty million bond appropriation, but the system in our State of town highway commissioners, with the small area of our towns, is fatal to the maintenance of good roads. The automobilist traveling through France is filled with admiration at the excellence and the admirable condition of its highways. There are twenty-three thousand miles of road in that country built and maintained by the government. There is an inspector for every mile, whose duty it is to go over his section every day and repair any damage which has occurred. Every few miles constitute a district, and over that district is an engineer, who frequently investigates the work of the inspectors. He in turn reports to an engineer of a larger area, until finally the condition of all the roads and their administration come at frequent intervals into the department of the Minister of Public Works. There is under this system efficiency and economy unknown to our haphazard, wasteful, and extravagant ways. We spend upon the seventy-four thousand miles of roads in the State of New York two million eight hundred thousand dollars a year to keep them in order, or almost forty dollars a mile. This vast sum is laid out without any local or general inspection or supervision, and most of it wasted. The same is true of the eighty millions of dollars a year which are spent upon the two million miles of highways in the United States. With roads in good order and kept so the year round ten dollars an acre is added to the value of the farms, which would increase the farm wealth of our own State of New York nearly two hundred and eighty millions of dollars. There are one hundred and fifty thousand automobile owners in our country, and everyone of them is an active agitator for the improvement of the highways. He is more than this—he is a teacher for improved systems in the government and management of country roads.

This vast industry is destined to grow in the future almost as rapidly as it has advanced in the last decade. New uses will

be found for the automobile because of the constant necessity in our highly organized civilization for economy of time and economy in speed. Its enemies are the reckless chauffeurs, incompetent drivers, and scorchers. They are the cause of hostile legislation; they make the village authorities vindictive, and are responsible for frequent arrests for violation of impossible regulations to limit speed. The automobilists themselves must formulate and present to the legislatures wise provisions of law. Licenses should be given only upon rigid examinations and withdrawn as a penalty for violation of the statutes.

Speedways for automobiles will become as frequent as race tracks are for horses. There the racers will not risk the lives of others or injure the machines of those who have them only for ordinary use or pleasure. There the sports can tempt Providence and defy the laws of safety. Even these races have their uses. They test not only the power and speed, but the safety and endurance of machines of different make. They furnish suggestions for improvements of value to the trade. Endurance contests also have their uses. The race from Pekin to Paris was universally laughed at when first suggested. It was, however, successfully accomplished and won by Prince Borghese with his Italian car. Its historian has left a fascinating narrative of the journey. One of its results was to demonstrate that the caravan route over which the vast trade in tea and the return in manufactured products between China and Russia is transported, which now requires by camels about twenty days, can be traversed by the automobile in four. Here again speed revolutionizes with its economies one of the famous century-old transportation routes of the world. The other scheme now in preparation is the race from New York to Paris across Behring Strait, which will undoubtedly have a wonderful economic value in demonstrating the possibilities of the motor through our own Alaska and the Canadian wilds.

The last to take up the automobile have been railroad men. They are accustomed to expect roadbed, ties, rails, wheels, and the machinery of the locomotive to be perfect for twenty miles an hour and upward. The automobilist does his forty or fifty upon an ordinary highway with only a rubber tire and a pneumatic tube between him and eternity. If he picks up a nail, or his steering gear gives out, the morning paper tells the rest, and

mourning friends lament his indiscretions. Stevenson, the great English engineer, was asked what the difference was in danger between fifty and a hundred miles an hour with the locomotive. He said, "None, because if you leave the track you will go to Hell with either." The condition with Stevenson was that you must go off the track, but with the automobilist there are numberless conditions beside the track, and therefore constant inspection of the machine, vigilance in its operation, and proved intelligence in the driver are absolutely essential.

Going over an Austrian road last summer I found the farmers exceedingly hostile, and saw many wrecks of country wagons by the roadside. On making inquiry as to why there should be this hostility where before there had been nothing but courtesy, I found that two American parties had rushed through with their machines at more than fifty miles an hour. They had left in their wake frightened horses, upset family vehicles, runaway teams, and a holocaust of geese and chickens. But they had left more—an intense and increasing local hostility to all automobile tourists.

The automobile has destroyed some old-fashioned romances. Three-fourths of the families and happy homes in the villages and countryside are due to the side-bar buggy. The old family horse takes in the situation. One hand alone holds the reins, and when in absolute trustfulness the reins are dropped upon the dashboard and both arms are free the bans are published the next Sunday and the romance happily ends in matrimony. But in these days, when the girl is often the chauffeur and intent upon the wheel, while her beau is watching the speedometer and filled with selfish fears for himself, the romance of the road is impossible. I think it is one of the causes leading to the complaint of the sociologist of the increase of bachelors and spinsters.

Arrests often have their humorous side. One evening my chauffeur was taking our family to the theatre. It seemed to us that he was going at an ordinary rate, but at the theatre the bicycle policeman arrested him. I had to abandon the family and the play and go with him to the police station. The police captain was very courteous, but he had to obey the law and took bail for the chauffeur's appearance at the police court in the morning. I went there with him early. The victims inside the iron fence were the unfortunates who had been picked up on the

street at night, mainly from too great conviviality. As I stood opposite the chauffeur, awaiting his turn to be called, one drunkard who had seen better days wandered sympathetically over to me and said in a whisper, "Senator, I am sorry to see you in here." He thought his experience had been duplicated by me.

In Bohemia a team a hundred yards distant from us turned around, while we were going slowly down a hill, broke the pole of the wagon, which was loaded with stone, and trotted off. We took on the driver and carried him to where his horses were grazing alongside of the road. Next day a local lawyer wrote a letter to me saying that unless I paid thirty dollars for damages done to his client, a dollar and seventy-five cents for his fee, and two cents for the postage stamp he would attach the machine. I sent my guide to interview him, telling him to say to the man of the law that his fee was all right anyhow, and he settled for twenty dollars. I have been for more than forty years on the railroad side of the negligence Bar of the United States and never met with a case of such modesty. With the American lawyer the cow is always an Alderney, the horse a blue-blooded Morgan, the wagon made by Brewster, and the lawyer has a contract with his client for half of what he recovers.

Gentlemen, you have done wisely in organizing this club. It should have other purposes than a garage for automobiles and rooms for club life. It should be active in investigating and promoting the best interests of the industry, in looking for fields for its extension, and in suggesting wise legislation, general and local, for the safety and comfort of both the public and the automobilist.

BUFFALO INDEPENDENT CLUB

SPEECH AT THE DINNER OF THE INDEPENDENT CLUB OF BUFFALO,
DECEMBER 23, 1898, ON THE SUBJECT—1898.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: In 1860, in the full flush of youthful enthusiasm, I spoke in Buffalo for Abraham Lincoln. I was full of the feeling that James Buchanan and his Cabinet were contemplating treason against the United States. Subsequent events verified the frightful charges which fell from the lips of the impassioned young speaker, but that night he lay awake, fearing that when the libel suit was brought by the President and his secretaries he might not be able to secure the evidence to sustain the charges. Youth does not get a due sense of proportion. At that time Buffalo was not a factor in the public opinion of the country of great importance, and the orator was of no importance at all. Since then Buffalo and I have both got on fairly well.

During the thirty-eight years since 1860 hardly one has passed when, upon some subject, I have not had the pleasure and privilege of addressing you. There is no place in the country where I have so many firm, lifelong, and devoted friends as in this city of Buffalo.

It would take a volume to picture the changes that have taken place since 1860 in the equal growth and development of our country, as well as of your city. When your committee asked me to speak here to-night and then insisted that for your program you must have a subject, I said hastily, "Eighteen ninety-eight." The theme, when it developed, suggested a library, but I will endeavor by a few pictures to present the marvelous panorama which 1898 unfolds. It is the peculiarity of things American that we cannot form our judgment upon present conditions or those which have previously existed by citing the examples of antiquity or the experiences of the nations of Europe. There is no parallel to the founding, the rise, and the development of the United States. The most delightful book that has come down to us from antiquity is Plutarch's "Lives." The charm of these

biographies is largely due to the parallels he draws between the orators, the statesmen, and the warriors of Greece and Rome. This was possible to the Greek historian, because his heroes were the growth of the composite civilization—Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman. When we endeavor to make an estimate of Washington, who he was, what he was, and what he did, he has no parallel but himself.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock and founded their government upon that constitution written in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, requiring that it should be based upon just and equal laws, they had for the trial of their experiment conditions which had never before existed. Had they made their settlement in Europe or Asia or civilized Africa, the dynamitic possibilities of their declaration would have been recognized by neighboring despotisms, and their little republic would have been absorbed or crushed. But on the New England shore they had three thousand miles of ocean between them and Europe. They were protected by the wars and the jealousies which concentrated the attention of European statesmen upon their home affairs. They were free from heredity, class or privilege, and they had a continent for expansion. Darwin has earned the gratitude of the world by his discovery of the principle of evolution. It enables the statesman and philosopher of to-day to solve the insoluble problems of the past, and it makes clear in every department of life the mysteries which have heretofore confounded explorers and searchers after truth.

The United States in 1898 is the most wonderful product of evolution. The Plymouth colony, with its liberal ideas and its prophetic constitution, was soon overwhelmed by the Puritan invasion. It took one hundred years for the constitution of Plymouth Rock to work through the theocracy of the Puritan commonwealth and to rise above and destroy its intolerance. The American continent was wide enough for all, and so Roger Williams could flee to Narragansett Bay and there establish civil and religious liberty, and the Dutch could firmly fix in New York the principles of toleration and of education which had made little Holland the safe-deposit vault of the liberties of mankind. From the Plymouth declaration of the equality of all men before the law, one hundred and fifty years of liberty and opportunity

evolved into the seed-thought of modern liberty all over the world, the American Declaration of Independence.

Jefferson was the philosopher among the Revolutionary worthies. He absorbed the teachings of that school of dilettante theorists at the court of France who were amusing autocracy by playing with fire. He concentrated their system into the sentence, "All men are created equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

One hundred and nine years ago George Washington was elected first President of the United States. The young Republic was overwhelmed with debt, had no manufactures, no commerce, and few resources. It was torn with the dissensions and jealousies of the thirteen original States which composed it. Washington gave eight years as President to fix this Republic upon firm foundations, and to enable it from them to grow into the full fruition for its people of "the equality of all men before the law," and the full enjoyment in practical life of the philosopher's reflection that "all men are created equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These principles suffered many vicissitudes and nearly wrecked our Government several times. Their first complete recognition was in the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, and the seal upon their practical enforcement was affixed and stamped with the hilt of the sword of Grant at Appomattox.

For thirty-three years, from the close of the Civil War, we have been enjoying American liberty and opportunity. In 1898 we are reaping the full benefits of the fruition of this grand experiment. It has made our country the freest, the most powerful, and the richest in the world; it has made the conditions of our people more full of intelligence and happiness than those ever before enjoyed by a whole population; it has solved the problem, which seemed impossible of solution for years after the close of the Civil War, of the industrial development and intelligent self-supporting conditions of the freedman. In the closing hours of 1898 we are at the highest development of American prosperity and power.

By a marvelous series of providences we are in the possession of vast territories, peopled by alien races in various degrees of civilization, in regard to which there have been thrust upon us the gravest responsibilities. Our success in their government

depends upon the faithful application of these same oft-tried and ever-successful principles which have been worked out in such a marvelous way in our own history.

A large school of historical criticism depreciates Washington as a man of ordinary ability guided by the brilliant minds about him and incapable on his own account of the initiative which is the quality of genius. It is because Washington is not only beyond all parallels, as I have said before, but he does not come within the rules by which the leaders of mankind have been judged. Hannibal was supremely great as a general, but failed as a statesman. Napoleon was supremely great as a conqueror, but failed as an administrator in the conservation of his conquests for the glory of his country. If we go into other fields, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante in literature, Chatham, Burke, and Patrick Henry in eloquence, and many master minds in statesmanship have been the leaders of their age for their several spheres. Genius is commonly believed to be the possession of a faculty which amounts to inspiration in some one field of human endeavor. Because of Washington's full-rounded and perfected talents in every field he entered, extreme criticism places him among the moderate men of his time. The people of the United States were venomously enraged against Great Britain and wildly enthusiastic for France on account of the help she gave us in the Revolutionary War. They were determined to form an alliance with France, offensive and defensive, in the wars she was waging against all Europe after the French Revolution. Washington saw, almost alone, that such an alliance with France, who was so involved that she could not help us, and against England, all-powerful, all around us, would lead to the destruction of the young Republic. He saw further, that in the evolution of the century, the English-speaking nations of the world, with their common language and similarity of laws, literature and institutions, must grow closer together in their recognition of their common destiny and in the importance of their common friendship. He made the treaty of 1796, a treaty in which all disputes arising between Great Britain and the United States should thereafter be settled by arbitration. Its ratification was secured only by his personal power. It has remained practically a dead letter for one hundred years. In spite of it, we had the War of 1812 with Great Britain; in spite of it, the action of the British Gov-

ernment during our Civil War was such that, except that our hands were tied, we would have fought again; in spite of it, during the Venezuelan controversy four years ago, if the people of Great Britain had not become so extremely cordial and friendly toward us, the challenge of President Cleveland for war would have been accepted. But in 1898 the purpose of Washington was accomplished. We have a war with Spain, and France would help her because she owns Spanish securities, because of ties of blood, and because of relations of contiguity; Russia, Germany, Italy, and Austria would help her for dynastic considerations. England, alone, stands aloof; England refuses to join in the effort to have the navies of the world intervene; England alone says, "If you intervene without us we will be with our navy on the side of the United States." The closing days of 1898 witness a fraternal relation and *entente cordiale* and a full and complete understanding between the English-speaking peoples of the world. It sees America and Great Britain together the controlling powers for civilization, for liberty, and for commerce. If, as I believe, those who have gone before in their spirit lives follow in the family those they love, and in affairs the things in which they were interested, Washington has the gratification of seeing the prophetic purpose of his maligned intentions of 1796 fulfilled in 1898.

It requires little effort of the imagination to picture Washington and his Cabinet discussing anxiously in those critical days the future of the Republic. With scarcely an exception, besides Hamilton, all the statesmen of that period believed in reserved powers to the States, which threatened the existence of the Federal Union. The debate was continuous and exhaustive how this tie could be strengthened. All were of the opinion that the States would not concede any more to the central Government. None of them believed the Government could sustain itself against the determination of a State or a series of States to secede from the Union. In that brilliant assembly of immortals was one of those creative minds of which the world has possessed very few! Alexander Hamilton was an architect of government. His master mind has left its impress upon the Constitution of the United States and the organization of our judiciary. He devised the revenue system under which we now live; he was the author, in the main, of the Constitution of the State of New

York, and the creator of our present scheme for education. Rising from the interminable debate, with the shifty propositions to make the United States a nation, he said: "In time and in spite of the theory or the spirit of the Constitution, war will concentrate power in the Federal Government." This prediction has been fulfilled beyond the wildest hope of this believer in centralization.

The evolution of the administration of the affairs of the American Republic has been for one hundred years toward national supremacy. Hamilton's remedy has worked the cure of State rights. From the War of 1812 came to the Presidency its hero, General Jackson. His prestige and personality enabled him to suppress the South Carolinian assertion of the original doctrine, came near hanging John C. Calhoun, and condensed in an epigram the philosophy of the future. "By the Eternal," said the old soldier, "the Federal Union, it must and it shall be preserved." By the war with Mexico in 1846 our country acquired vast territories, organized for them governments, and administered them from Washington for years without regard to the wishes of the inhabitants. With the close of the Civil War, during which Abraham Lincoln was both President and Commander-in-Chief, Federal power began to rapidly crystallize in the President. Now, in 1898, at the close of the Spanish War, the President of the United States possesses and exercises an authority beyond that of any ruler in the world except the Czar of Russia, and without question from any source. England is governed by a Cabinet, who are members of Parliament; France also by a Cabinet, who are members of the legislative branch of its Government. The Cabinet rules by virtue of its representation in the Legislature in all other nations of Continental Europe. In fact, with few restrictions from the sovereign, the Legislature is the power with the Governments of Europe. With us the Cabinet are the personal friends of the President, holding office at his will and not that of Congress, and the President is supreme. The President's judgment alone governed the terms of the protocol arranged with the French Ambassador, who acted on behalf of Spain. The President's direction to the Peace Commission dictated to the Spanish Commissioners the surrender of the Philippines and the terms of their possession. The President is to-day governing Cuba and Porto Rico, and formulating the methods by

which peace, law, order and liberty shall be maintained in the Philippines.

From Washington to McKinley we have evolved from the weakest form of federation to the most concentrated one of executive centralization. Just here the difference between American liberty and autocracy or hereditary sovereignty in any form becomes brilliantly conspicuous. The majestic presidential office, with its supreme and unequaled powers, at the end of every four years is surrendered to the people. The office remains, the power remains, the man is eliminated. The people again and again select the Chief Magistrate to whom they shall confide this tremendous responsibility. Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight emphasizes, as never before, the fact that the President, with these vast discretions and almost unlimited authority, must have proved himself, in the various relations of life, fitted for this exalted station before he is elected.

We face at this Christmastide questions as vital to the future of our country as any which in the past have been met and successfully answered. The federation of Washington in 1798 has developed into the United States of 1898, with that inherent power which is always attached to national sovereignty, of acquiring territory by conquest or cession. No constitutional lawyer will doubt this power. I do not think any body of constitutional lawyers will doubt that among the reserved powers of sovereignty, which belong to us as a nation, is the right to administer the affairs of territories acquired by conquest or by cession, under such form of government as Congress and the Executive may prescribe. But to great numbers of wise and good people, to govern any of the possessions of the United States, except as the people would govern themselves, seems illogical and contrary to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. War is illogical. It violates the injunction of the Great Master, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Revolutions are illogical. They overturn the existing order of things. That the fleet of Admiral Cervera, coming out of the harbor of Santiago and meeting an American fleet of nearly equal strength, should have been sunk in thirteen minutes, with a loss of half its officers and crews, while the American fleet lost but one man and received no damage to any vessel, is illogical. It is against the traditions of war. That Dewey, with six cruisers, should have

sailed unharmed past the forts of Manila Bay and captured and destroyed thirteen Spanish men-of-war without the loss of a man, is illogical, according to the calculations of war. Destiny knows no logic. Providence, in the wise purposes which it has for nations, makes the precedents and conditions from which alone the logic of those conditions can be argued. We make war against a foreign power, and for the first time in the history of the world solely for humanity. The world cannot understand, and the world stands by to sneer and scoff. To preserve order in Cuba until her people shall be able to maintain a stable government of liberty and law, is humanity. To incorporate Porto Rico into our domain, relieve its citizens from oppression and give them good government, is humanity. To permit the bloody hand of Spain to again grasp the throat of ten millions of Filipinos, or to pass them over to the tender mercies of European governments, would be inhuman and cowardly; it would be refusing the mission which Providence has distinctly forced upon us.

Then, as I said at the beginning, the colonial precedents of Rome and of modern nations do not apply. We must judge of the future of these possessions, not by the oppressions which they have suffered, but by the liberty which they will enjoy. General Wood, governing the Province of Santiago, gives an object-lesson in American liberty, law and opportunity. The most unsettled province in Cuba resumes all the arts of peace, and invites enterprise, immigration, and capital as soon as its people understand that they are to be protected in their persons and property, and that as fast as they demonstrate capacity for self-government they will be advanced to positions in the civil and military service. We have the opinion of Dewey, one of the great men whom this war has developed, and of General Merritt, a wise observer, that when the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands appreciate what American protection and law mean, they will become one of the most obedient, law-abiding, and productive populations in the world. The vast trade of Cuba, which heretofore went to Spain and to Europe, will now come to us, and be enormously increased by Americans, who will flock there with capital and energy. The development of the island will necessarily be by leaps and bounds, because it deserves, by its location, its climate, the richness of its soil, its mineral possessions, and its forests, its title of the "Gem of the Antilles." The \$34,000,000 of exports from Porto Rico,

of which all but \$4,000,000 have gone to Spain, will now come to us, enhanced many fold by American enterprise and immigration. The Philippines to the United States, like Java to Holland, under the inspiring influences of American opportunity, of American schools and American hope, will be an immense market and a large source of revenue over and above the cost of administration. Our Government, firmly planted, will not only enter the "open door" of the Orient for the products of our fields and our factories, but when the great boot of Uncle Sam is put in the crack of the door which continental nations would close, there will be no musket jammed upon that boot to compel its withdrawal.

The question which has agitated the schools, the philosophers, and the thinkers of all ages has been, how to live. The question which is most interesting for us on this night preceding Christmas Eve of 1898 is, when to live. In a memorable conversation Mr. Gladstone said to me, that of all the ages of the world in which to have lived and worked he would select the last fifty years of his life, because it had been fifty years of emancipation from the tyranny of law and bigotry. We, as Americans, have a wide choice of the periods in which we would have chosen to pass our lives. The Revolutionary time has its attractions, but its limitations in education, in the arts, and in the inventions are fatal. The period of the Civil War has the fascination of heroic deeds and exalted patriotism, but the limitations of the horrors of internecine war. The year 1898 has given to the American people the exaltation of patriotic fury and fervor to relieve the sufferings of an oppressed and neighboring people. The marvelous victories of our Navy and Army, condensing into a hundred days the struggle of a hundred years for the overthrow of the colonial tyranny of Spain, have spiritualized us with that fire of brain and blood which came to the Greeks after Marathon; to the English after Agincourt; to Americans after the battle of Saratoga. In 1898 we have become citizens of the world. We have become the foremost power. The boy at school has been wont for a half century to recite with wonder and bated breath Daniel Webster's magnificent tribute to the world-wide power of Britain, "whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

But the American schoolboy of to-day is himself the citizen of a country upon which the sun never sets.

We are thankful that our lot has been cast in that era of our nation's history when we could be of full age and intelligence to enjoy all the blessings and all the greatness which have come to our country in 1898.

DINNER OF THE HUNGRY CLUB

SPEECH AT THE DINNER OF THE HUNGRY CLUB OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 28, 1907.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is a great pleasure to meet here such a unique and original organization. Your President, Miss Sheridan, is always unique and ever original, so any organization over which she presides must possess these characteristics. I thought at first that my invitation to be the guest of honor at the Hungry Club was due to the reputation I had acquired in fifty years of attendance at public dinners of an inappeasable appetite, and that my hosts wanted to teach me how much more economical, satisfactory, and healthy it is to believe you have dined than to eat a square meal. My wife asked me before coming to you whether I had not better dine beforehand or have something ready to appease hunger when I returned home, but if she saw the abundance you have on your menu her anxiety would be relieved. I have discovered, however, happily for me, that the true secret of longevity is to be at such dinners as often as possible, but never outside of one. Life insurance and medical statistics demonstrate that more people die from overeating than all other causes combined. At the public dinner, especially where, as a rule, the guests are selected people of special charm and brilliancy, men shovel with reckless inattention each of the many courses as they come along into an overloaded stomach, and suffer the consequences. Few of these convivial friends of mine passed the sixty-year limit. The veterans who are here because they have been wise and prudent I can count on the fingers of one hand.

I was given a dinner once by a friend who wished to pay me for the many favors I had been glad to extend. The guests were ideal, the dinner the best, and prepared by the most distinguished chef in New York, and the wines the oldest and rarest from his own cellar and those of his friends. I was then following the invariable rule when frequently dining out of confining myself to the roast and little wine and playing a knife-and-fork

tune of hospitality with the rest of the courses to deceive the host. Grieved and disappointed, he took me to task for not appreciating an entertainment to which he had devoted so much time, thought, and expense. Then I told him my rule for combining this sort of pleasure with the retaining of a clear head and ability for good work during the social season. He said, "Well, I never could do that. I go to a dinner like this four times a year. I enjoy myself beyond words eating and drinking everything that is offered, and then stay in bed or in the house for a week." That doesn't pay.

On my way one night to a dinner at Delmonico's, a man sitting opposite in the street car looked at me curiously a few minutes (I never had seen him before) and then said, "Mr. Depew, do you dine out to-night?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "we were talking about you at dinner this evening at our boarding-house, and the landlady said suggestively, 'I would like to board Chauncey Depew, because he never dines at home.'"

One of the most witty, versatile, and able of the members of the House of Representatives told me that he began life in the humblest way and had the hardest kind of a struggle during his early years. At one time he could find no other employment than that of waiter in the hotel of a Western city. Tired of that, he succeeded, by the use of freight-trains and riding on trucks of passenger-cars, in getting across the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. When he was elected to Congress he passed through this same city and stopped at the hotel where he had once served at the table. The waiter behind his chair was one who had been his partner and room-mate in the old days, and was doing all that could be thought of in the way of attention which should suggest a liberal tip. When he turned around and spoke to his old friend the waiter gasped, nearly fainted, and then said, "Is it possible it is you, Bob? How did you get by the clerk?" The Congressman said, "Yes, old man, it is me. When I left here I went West, studied law, and am now a Congressman on my way to Washington." His friend threw up both hands and said, "Good Lord, why didn't I go West!"

Some years ago I enjoyed the contrast of dining on succeeding nights with a company of tramps and a multi-millionaire. The rich man, who possessed more millions than I had years, said to me when his splendid banquet was over: "I am the un-

happiest man alive. During my early life I worked hard, heartily enjoyed the table, and slept well. Now there is no one in my employment who does not have a better time than I do. My stomach has gone back on me, the doctor gives me no hope of improvement, and with this has come insomnia and I cannot sleep. To see my guests (and I try to have only those who will enjoy good things) appreciating what my cook does is a great pleasure, but while the courses come and go I am rigidly confined to my toast, tea, and milk, and feel that I am in the position of that old fellow, whose name I cannot recall, but who gave to our language the word tantalize.'” The next evening was Christmas eve. One of the great journals of New York had decided to make a sociological experiment by giving a Christmas dinner to the unfortunates who stand at midnight in a line stretching for blocks from the door of Fleischman’s bakery, each waiting his turn to receive the loaf of bread which Fleischman gives to those who ask every night. The representatives of the newspaper—a young man and young woman who were familiar with the work—went over and selected a hundred from those who were waiting, and one by one they came into the dining-room of the hotel. I had been asked to preside. I went in full regalia, an evening costume with a rose in the buttonhole, feeling that I could pay them no better compliment than to dine with them in the same guise as would have been customary at Delmonico’s or Sherry’s. The dinner was abundant and thoroughly enjoyed. A lean and hungry Cassius-looking ex-school-teacher who sat opposite me was helped five times to turkey, got outside of seven pieces of pie, and drank six brimming cups of coffee. It was a difficult crowd to address, but I took for my theme, Christmas at home in the country in boyhood days, with its lesson of hope and dismissal of despair. That brought out a number of speeches of unusual excellence, everyone accepting and enforcing the idea of starting a new life from this touch of human sympathy. Several of the crowd were college graduates, one was a clergyman, one a naval engineer, and many were experts and proficients in different lines of industry. With only one exception there were no victims of bad habits. They had come to this great maelstrom of New York to better their condition, had failed, spent their earnings, and were ashamed either to return home, acknowledging their failure, or to appeal for help. None of them applied to me for

assistance, but I heard afterward of many who from that night thanked God, took courage and won out. One was an Anarchist who said that he was doing very well, and was in the crowd to preach his doctrines to an audience which he thought would be peculiarly receptive. He grimly said, when leaving, if I had not turned out to be, in his judgment, a good fellow, he intended to emphasize the meeting by killing me. That experience confirmed for me what I have learned by long experience, that the camaraderie of the dinner-table for friendship, for social enjoyment, and for mission work in any line has marvelous power and inspiration.

What a glorious thing it is to have been born in the country. I remember—and doubtless you from the farms recall similar experiences—how supper tasted after a day in the fields or woods, or along the brooks, or fishing, rowing, or skating. When I was a boy, after an old-fashioned country ball-game we would sit down under the best tree in my grandfather's orchard, fill our straw hats to the brim with apples, eat every one, and still be able to diminish the larder at the evening meal. I pity the city boy who knows not those delights of rough living in the country which build up constitutions that survive all shocks and stomachs capable of resisting all trials. The country boy has a dreamless sleep and a fresh awakening, and neither Bunker Hill Monument nor his ancestors sit on him during the night.

There are many kinds of hunger. The most conspicuous exhibit at the present time is the eager appetite for the Presidency of the United States. I am always in doubt which candidates want it most, those who profess their desire or those who coyly deny any such ambition. It is the most honorable place in the gift of any people, but the candidates assume the maiden's air and ways. Some are leap-year candidates, and propose; others say they are willing to be drafted; others that they do not want nor seek, but will obey the solemn voice of the people; while still others, believing that everything comes to him who hustles while he waits, keep their lightning-rods high in the air. We have had many elections when it was of vital importance to the best interests of the Republic who was elected. We have fallen now, however, upon times when radicalism has largely accomplished its purposes and secured its legislation, and the people desire to await the results of the experiments before trying other new schemes;

so that, while some Presidents would be far better than others, the country will progress to a greater or less degree, dependent on the man and the party, whoever wins.

In fifty-odd years upon the platform and meeting the public I have seen many phases of hunger for fame. I was reading this afternoon just before coming here the letters of the Roman statesman and orator, Cicero. They were collected shortly after his death and have come down to us. They prove that human nature was precisely the same, and that there was just as much of it two thousand years ago as to-day. He frequently remarks that he wants the applause of his contemporaries as well as immortality through coming generations. When he was driven from power into exile and his property seized, his letters are one long wail bedewed with floods of tears. When in power they were full of egotism, of ambition for great places, of desire for the favor of the crowd, and anxiety to make money. Here is a bit from two of them which I paraphrase. In the first he writes to his intimate: "B is one of the most valuable citizens of the republic. He has genius for affairs, great learning, and is worthy of the highest positions. He is a cordial friend of mine, and I hope at some time to be where I can give him a place worthy of his extraordinary powers." Then Cicero adds, "I do not believe any of these things, but I need the man and his services. Please therefore repeat to him what I have written about him, but not as if suggested by me." I have met with politicians in life who write just such letters. The second epistle is addressed to a gentleman who had compiled several volumes of a comprehensive history of Rome. Cicero says to him, "I have never met in my reading with a work so full, complete, and accurate, such a valuable contribution to our country's history, and written with such eloquence, as the volumes which have come to my attention. As you are approaching the story of Catiline's conspiracy, I would suggest instead of making a chapter of it you put it in a separate volume. As you know, I unearthed that conspiracy, defeated it, saved the republic, and brought Catiline to punishment; I can furnish you with my orations delivered in the Senate on the subject, and would also like to write some of the chapters, but of course that must not be known." This is a delicious bit of human nature, and I am acquainted with several statesmen of to-day who could emulate Cicero in this line.

While it is saddening, it is also inspiring to go among the young Americans in the great capitals of Europe who are struggling for distinction in the arts, the professions, or in science. They live on a crust and high ideals. Their hunger is for fame, a superb ambition, and yet I do not believe that Titian or Raphael, Milton or Dante, Shakespeare or Bacon wrote for fame. Their hunger was to picture, as much for their own gratification as for others, the inspired ideals which were in their minds. There was buried last week in Westminster Abbey a man who has contributed more to useful and practical scientific research than any other in this generation. His labors for nearly seventy years were the results of the impelling force of an insatiable hunger for the discovery of the truth. Lord Kelvin will live as one of the benefactors of his race whose struggle was not for the laurel wreath, for he never thought of that, but for benefits to mankind in developing the secrets of nature.

Hunger has created heroes and influenced the destinies of races and nations. Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, but an ignoble purpose carried Greek literature, refinement, art, and government to the uplifting of the effete and worn-out nations of the East. Caesar's hunger for power consolidated the breaking fragments of Rome and for succeeding centuries was inculcating law and orderly society among barbarous and savage tribes. Napoleon's hunger for universal empire spread the ideas of the French Revolution and created modern liberalism and radicalism in Europe. Take out of the life of young America the hunger to better his conditions and advance as near as possible to ideals in politics, business, invention, adventure, and finance and American progress stops and retrogression begins.

But, my friends, I am wandering far afield. The poet, the elocutionist, the delineator, and the artist are waiting to entertain us. It is good fellowship which for seventy-two successive Saturday nights has brought together this company from the fields of journalism, literature, art, and the professions. I know of no title which during this holiday season, or at any other period, is more gratifying for man or woman than that of "Good Fellow," and, so far as my experience and memory run, the Hungry Club stands pre-eminent in its good fellowship.

SPRINGFIELD BOARD OF TRADE

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE SPRINGFIELD BOARD OF TRADE, AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER 13, 1902.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I have been for many years the recipient of your most attractive invitation to be present at your annual meeting and banquet. I am glad that circumstances at last have given me the time from many exacting duties to enjoy your hospitality. It is a pleasure for a New Yorker to escape from the self-satisfaction of his imperial surroundings to get a bit of wholesome truth from New England.

Your Congressman and I can both learn much for our public duties in this company. The advice is constant to the executive and the legislator, to consult the people. We had one statesman, President McKinley, whose ability in ascertaining before he acted the wishes of his constituency has never been equaled. His ear was said to be ever on the ground, and it had become so attuned not only to the roar which the dumbest can understand, but to the murmurs which precede the storm, that he always anticipated the judgment of the country. But we, who are not so gifted, must find our inspiration from many sources, but especially from boards of trade and chambers of commerce.

In the old days the Senator or the Congressman relied upon the individual. He met him at the town meeting, at that distributive center of discussion and opinion the horse-shed of the country church, between the morning and evening services, the market place, and in the stage coach. The difficulty with individual opinion is, that the advice usually comes from the flatterer who swells your head in order to get something for himself, or a critic who has a grudge and takes this method of making you uncomfortable. We live now, however, in an age of organization, and organizations compact and present the views of multitudes of people.

Fifty years ago an athletic association in our colleges was unknown. Now the kindergarten has its base ball nine and foot ball eleven and its crew. Then the labor organization was un-

known; now gigantic combinations of capital on the one side are met with equally vigorous and powerful organizations of labor on the other. The representative of the people no longer has to seek advice. It comes to him voluminously in every mail, in the form of resolutions passed by every species of organization. But I know of none whose conclusions are more valuable than those of the chambers of commerce and boards of trade. In them is concentrated at the various centers, depots, and reservoirs of the country, every element of production, of manufacture, of distribution, of transportation, and of employment. The associations of banks in the various States have rendered incalculable service to sound currency and wise legislation by their annual meetings. It would be a great gain to commercial, industrial, and revenue legislation if the various chambers of commerce and boards of trade also should send delegates to a central body to formulate, after an interchange of views and full discussion, the settled judgment of the men who are thus in contact with our internal and foreign commerce, and with our productive power, possibilities, and markets, upon the necessities of the hour.

Statesmen and publicists are endeavoring to find out what were the instructions given to the Congress elected a few days ago. Ordinarily it is not difficult to interpret the results of a national canvass and a national vote. But our present situation is obscured by two happenings. The coal strike attracted the attention of the whole world because it was the most gigantic and long continued contest between capital and labor, although the contest was wholly within the borders of a single State. But it affected the supply of an article of prime necessity to the family and the factory. The coming of winter meant also the approach of calamity and dangerous conditions of turbulence and riot. These conditions were rapidly crystallizing public opinion into a wholesale condemnation of the party in power. We have not yet reached that period of judicial and passionless intelligence when we can refrain from charging administrations with responsibility for all our ills, financial, pestilential, and industrial. Suddenly the air was clarified, the situation reversed, the peril removed by the action of President Roosevelt. It was an exercise of the presidential function which has evoked no end of hostile criticism on the one hand, and greater popularity from the mass of the people on the other, than any other presidential act in our time.

The highest evidence of its effect is, that for the first time in national relations, the ruler of a foreign country has been cheered in the popular branch of the Congress of another nation, as Roosevelt was in the Chamber of Deputies of France, and second, for the first time since labor and capital assumed such tremendous proportions in their organizations, the President of the United States and the president of a labor organization, whose long struggle had ended, had their portraits carried upon banners side by side at the head of the labor processions. It is therefore impossible to judge how many votes were cast for this or that policy as distinguished from those which were meant for an emphatic endorsement of President Roosevelt. On the other hand, for the first time in six years, the only overwhelmingly eminent national factor in the Democratic Party, the only President they have had for over forty years, emerged from the classic shades of Princeton and his retirement under the eaves of the Calvinistic theology of his minister father, to speak for his party, and throw his great influence in the scale. Said a Tammany leader who knows the sentiment of New York City better than any member of that organization, "Cleveland's letter and speech gave to us in the old city of New York alone 18,000 votes from men who hitherto have either voted against us or refrained from voting at all because they were afraid of the new doctrines of our party." We can neither eliminate these two factors, nor estimate the extent of the personality which brought about the recent results. Therefore the President, the Senator, and the Congressman must come back again to you and to all other organizations for light.

We all want the present prosperity to continue. We all deprecate any action by Congress that will check our progress by disturbing our financial or industrial conditions. The independent press and the political philosopher were never so urgent as now in demanding some form of free trade under the alluring cries of anti-trust and revenue reform. The system under which the United States has grown is neither a Bible nor a fetich. It is not the result of superstition or of inspiration. It is the practical working out by an elastic and wisely adjusted scheme, during a hundred years under the most favorable conditions of a new country and isolation from the Old World, of the problems of production, development, wealth, distribution, and employment.

We protectionists believe that we have the greatest home market and mightiest productive power, the most marvelous internal interchanges, the highest development of productive energy, the best scale of wages, and the greatest comfort and happiness among the people, with the widest distribution of wealth of any country that ever existed, because of this system. We are quite willing to admit, however, that the time has arrived when friends of protection should readjust the schedules to existing conditions in a way which they only can so as neither to check nor alarm our manufacturing interests, disturb our markets nor threaten our labor. This should first be done along the lines of reciprocity. The first suggestion of reciprocity years ago was premature, and neither our own country nor those with whom we sought to establish it had been educated to its possibilities and benefits. Now the Cuban proposition is too transparent to be longer delayed and must be acted upon at once. Canada is too large a customer of ours and we buy too little of her to let present conditions remain. We must stimulate our commercial relations with the South and Central American republics and with Mexico. We cannot go too far in a hurry. We must see first, what will be the effects of the practical working of these policies. So far as the suggested relations with European governments are concerned, the proposed treaties were too radical. They alarmed our industries. We might stand ten per cent. reduction, for instance, as an experiment, while twenty per cent. creates an alarm which defeats the measure. The financial and industrial distress which followed the actual and threatened legislation in 1892, 1893, and 1894 was caused not so much by what did happen, as by fear of what might happen. If the workings of our industrial economy are artificial, from the theorists' standpoint, nevertheless the machinery has operated most beneficently for our people and our country. We can add and substitute here and there in tariff schedules with benefit, but we cannot, when the balance of trade is six hundred millions of dollars a year in our favor, when our vast export is only five per cent. of our production, when our home market absorbs the ninety-five per cent., fool with the welfare of eighty millions of people and the present and future of the Republic by trying the effect of crow-bars, trip hammers or dynamite on this delicate and intricate mechanism.

We have to differentiate between those combinations which are the natural results of present conditions all over the world and necessary for our competitive existence with the highly organized industrial nations of the globe, and those which attempt to monopolize the necessities of life. For the latter we have the common law, the Sherman Anti-trust Law, the limitless possibilities of legislation under the great powers of interstate commerce, and the rest must be left, as the enforcement of all laws and the suppression of all evils must, to the courage of the executive, the ability of the prosecuting officials, and the integrity of the courts. There is one restraint upon these great combinations which has been little discussed, and that is over-capitalization in manufacturing industries. The Yankee brain originated and has perfected our manufactures up to the present time. After many experiments it decided in view of the fluctuations of trade, of times of depression and prosperity, to keep capitalization always on par with and, if very prosperous, below assets. The New England manufacturing company would pay twenty-five per cent. if it gained fifty per cent., and add twenty-five per cent. to the plant, leaving the old capital intact. If very wise, it would place a portion of great gains in productive investments to make firm the dividends during the lean years. In this way the manufacturing stock could be transmitted in the estate with the assurance of an income to the family after the bread winner had gone. Now, in these great manufacturing and industrial combinations of to-day, this process is reversed. Present and possible profits are capitalized. There is no relation between assets and stocks and bonds. When once dividends have begun to be paid upon the preferred and common stocks the competitive power of a vast trust is limited. The credit of the company with banks, the means necessary beyond its actual cash to finance its vast transactions, is dependent upon the confidence which exists only by the continuance of these dividends. The great manufacturing corporation becomes thus an easy mark for skill and capital, the one giving personal attention, and the other representing actual assets which enter into competition. So we see, the larger grows the gigantic combination, the more numerous are the smaller manufacturing plants in one or more or all of the same lines which spring up and take their share of the market in spite of their giant competitor and because it must recognize them.

With our intelligence, our historical research, and our knowledge of cause and effect so much greater than that of any other period, if we had the superstition of the olden time, we would worship the dead hand. The dead hand of Napoleon Bonaparte rules France and, in a measure, the continent of Europe under whatever forms of government they exist. The dead hand of Bismarck moves the policy in Germany by which its foreign and home markets have been stimulated so marvelously within the last quarter of a century. The dead hand of Cobden governs the policies of Great Britain. The dead hand of Maria Theresa is the motive power in all that relates to Austria. But you will say that this is all very well for the Old World, but the United States with its marvelous changes, with its progress waiting not even for generations, but making leaps many times in each generation has no dead hand in its affairs. My friends, be not too hasty. Alexander Hamilton devised our financial and largely our revenue system also a hundred years ago. We have outgrown its financial machinery a thousand times, but it still exists. It is monstrous that in this enlightened age, and when every civilized country does wisely and differently, that the money collected from the people for taxes should be hoarded and locked out of the people's reach in the Government vaults and that when this process has contracted the currency so that banks are threatened and commercial centres menaced, there should be an hysterical cry for relief from the Secretary of the Treasury, and he should be compelled to hastily hunt for laws or the evasion of laws by which he can let the people have the use of their own. The dead hand of Alexander Hamilton keeps shut the doors of the Treasury upon the money which pours in from internal and external revenues. While revering the past and paying the highest tribute to the great genius who originated the sources of our wealth which successfully carried us so far, we must shake off the restraints which are no longer applicable to our conditions. We cannot remain cramped and confined in the swaddling clothes of our infancy which happily were expansive enough also for our boyhood and our youth. But we must devise and can easily find a system with so many examples in the great industrial nations, of elasticity for our currency and freedom in its circulation.

There is one subject of vital importance to us in our invasion

of the markets of the world, and the sale of our surplus in competition with Great Britain and Germany especially, and France and Russia potentially. I will briefly mention without arguing the question. Trade follows the flag. But the American flag has disappeared with our merchant marine from the ports of all nations except Great Britain and from the seas of the world, except in numbers so small as to be scarcely found among the merchant vessels of the great powers. We have in our coastwise trade, including our lakes and our rivers, about 4,600,000 tons, while we have in deep sea traffic only 880,000 tons out of a total world tonnage of 11,000,000. Our coast-wise shipping is in the highest state of efficiency and excellence. Its tonnage has doubled within the last forty years. Our deep sea mercantile marine, on the other hand, has fallen off one-third in the last thirty years and is constantly diminishing. We are enlarging our navy and depleting our merchant ships. This process goes on in France, because France has little foreign commerce and that not increasing. Our foreign commerce, on the other hand, is increasing by leaps and bounds, but it is practically wholly in the hands and under the flag of our commercial rivals. We pay to them two hundred millions of dollars a year in freight. When the Isthmian Canal is opened, as it will be in less than ten years, New England will be deeply interested in the Eastern trade across the Pacific. By some process the cost of construction and the operation of ships to Americans as against foreign owners and masters should be equalized, so that American goods may be carried in American bottoms and the Yankee skipper may be an advance agent of Yankee goods. If it can only be done by subsidies which at the maximum of nine or ten millions of dollars are a concrete bagatelle compared with our other expenses for the army and navy, rivers and harbors, pensions, etc., then I am in favor of subsidies. But I want the enemies of subsidies to propose some practical plan for the rehabilitation of the American mercantile marine. Abstract principles, as with the tariff and free trade, must not stand in the way or bar the progress of American development and of our legitimate position upon the high seas and in the ports of the world.

But, gentlemen, the theme is too large for an evening. Let us rejoice because there are so many reasons for optimism for an American. The pessimist and the calamity howler are out of

place in our communities. The Cassandra cry falls upon deaf ears because the Greeks cannot enter our ports as enemies and our country is eminently our own. It is estimated that the American consumes seven times as much as the European and ten times as much as the Asiatic. This is because our internal commerce is vaster than that of all the rest of the globe combined, because we are first in the production of all the necessities of life, because the profits of the farmer, the factory, the brain and the hand create both demands which are manifold and the means to supply them. It is because this great commercial and industrial people have reversed the famous line of Goldsmith, "Where wealth accumulates and men decay." The genius of our institutions and our liberty have created another and an American situation. The American people, with renewed intelligence, and expanding energies in each generation are enjoying, while they utilize, the wealth which they create.

COMMEMORATION OF COLORED · REGIMENT

SPEECH AT THE BANQUET, GIVEN ON MARCH 16, 1886, BY THE
MEMBERS OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF 1863 AND 1864,
TO COMMEMORATE THE DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR
OF THE TWENTIETH REGIMENT OF UNITED STATES COLORED
TROOPS, RAISED BY THE CLUB.

GENTLEMEN: It is a fortunate thing that in the rush of our metropolitan life celebrations like this occur. It is one of the great safety-valves in the high pressure of business and care, that the American people can seize upon and utilize every opportunity to meet about the festive board. Happily for our health, spirits and longevity, for our elevation above drudgery, our fresh and continuing interest in the intellectual life of the world, and our possibilities for agreeable companionship, the average New Yorker lets slip no occasion which will justify putting his legs under the mahogany and himself outside a good dinner. We live in a vortex of business, great undertakings, stocks, bonds, and money-making. In the vestibule of the church, the seclusion of the club, the privacy of our homes, the midst of our festivities, comes the shadow of the shop and the man whose talk is all of the street. We have no opportunities for plain living and high thinking, for eloquence and lofty debate. The only two occasions which call forth genuine metropolitan enthusiasm and suggest the possibilities of an intellectual life are, when at their annual banquets the sons of New England loudly proclaim that all there is of liberty, progress, and culture in this country has come from the Puritans and their descendants; or the disciples of St. Patrick argue in ardent speech that their conspicuous talent for government entitles them to hold and administer all the offices.

The significance of this celebration lies in the fact that it is one of the few which recall an event worth commemorating. We who were upon the stage of action during the Civil War recall as if it were but yesterday the scenes which have been recited here with such graphic and realistic power. It occurs to only

one generation in a thousand years to witness the events and experience the emotions of the times which this occasion brings in review. I remember, as if it had happened this morning, the marching of that colored regiment down Broadway.

While in memory these scenes of a quarter of a century ago seem so near, a look about this table dispels the illusion. I recall most of you as you appeared during that famous march down Broadway. Bliss¹ was then known as the white-headed boy, Acton's² crown of snow was a glossy black, Schultz³ was lithe and active as a young race-horse; and it is a tribute to the healthfulness of courageous patriotism and public spirit, that all of you are here with unimpaired mental, moral, and physical vigor.

It is a rare privilege to have been a participant in the events of the Civil War. It is not once in a hundred years that the opportunity comes when the tremendous issues involved spiritualize everybody, when enthusiasm mounts to ecstasy, and standing, as it were, upon the boundary of the finite and the infinite, we grasp them both. For a man to have gone through such a struggle and felt its emotions is to have lived the lives of countless generations. Those people whose lot is cast in ordinary times, who meet only the usual accidents and changes in public affairs, and drift along on smooth currents of opinion and discussion, know nothing of this experience. It is only in those great crises in the fates of governments and peoples, which involve the accumulations of the past and the hopes of the future, when the world waits in hushed expectancy the result, that a man in the concentrated intensity of his feelings becomes God-like.

Every one of us who passes through such a baptism would not exchange it for a hundred peaceful and uneventful years. I stood upon a balcony when the Seventh marched down Broadway on their way to rescue the Capital. About me were men from all parts of the State who had come down to the city to witness their departure. Many of them were rough and coarse, possessing little refinement, but strong in all the arts of politics and trade; and yet they fell on each other, and in their sobs and tears were transformed and ennobled. As the regiment marched by, and amid the salutes I saw the pallid faces of fathers, brothers, and friends, the waving handkerchief, and then the drooping forms of mother, wife, sweetheart, sister; before me seemed the

¹Col. George Bliss.

²Thomas Acton.

³Jackson S. Schultz.

picture of our Country, with all its achievements and possibilities for liberty and humanity, in deadly peril, and maybe to be saved by these flashing guns. And then came the shock—this is war; these young men may never return, the land is to be filled with sorrow, with deserted homesteads, mourning firesides, broken hearts, and what will be the issue? Disunion? never; we all felt and knew from that hour that the nation was aroused and the Republic would be saved. I believe the march of the Seventh Regiment down Broadway, which was witnessed in panoramic description by the whole Country, thrilled a sordid and money-getting people to an enthusiasm which developed the noblest patriotism, and won for liberty its most enduring triumph.

Well, as we are taking out of memory's store-house to-night pictures of every kind, let us lay down for the moment the tragedies, and take up this sketch which outlines the other side. I remember while sitting in my office one morning in that most beautiful and picturesque spot on earth, the village of Peekskill, an order came from the Governor for the 18th Regiment of Westchester militia (of which I was an officer) to move immediately to the front and head off General Lee's army returning from the invasion of Pennsylvania. The regiment, as a whole, had never met, but it was equal to the emergency. Every member of it dropped his plow or locked his office, and the next day we were marching down Broadway. The Union League did not notice us, the populace did not enthuse, and the Government put us on cattle-cars and shipped us to Baltimore. When we formed in line of battle I found that the front of the regiment was much safer than the rear. But the reputation of a martial host often makes their presence as potent as their steel. The fame of the prowess and value of the Westchester yeomanry had preceded them. The very night we arrived in Baltimore for the purpose of preventing General Lee from reaching Virginia, he fled from Gettysburg. I found afterwards, in looking over the Confederate records in Washington, that into the midst of the Rebel council of war, upon a horse flecked with foam, dashed a breathless messenger, bearing from the Rebels in Baltimore this significant message, "The 18th Westchester has arrived." The next day the broken ranks of Lee's invading host were flying down the valley of the Shenandoah, and the North was saved. I tell this story and pay this tribute to a corps whose deeds might

not otherwise be recorded, because your chairman, Col. Cannon, announced that in to-night's reminiscences many things never heard of before would be told for the instruction and delight of future generations.

My friend, Col. Cannon, asks me to speak of and for the women in the war. It is historically true that if it had not been for the women of the South, the war would have closed two years before it did. When the men saw the inevitable and were ready to submit, their mothers, wives, and sweethearts kept them to the front, and were ready to perish with them in the last ditch. On the other hand, if it had not been for the women of the North, the war would have ended in a disgraceful compromise. When a Confederate victory was hailed with applause by the vast crowd of Rebel sympathizers in New York City and elsewhere, and the discouragements of defeat were intensified by internal divisions in our own community, the weak-hearted and the wavering joined in the call for peace at any price—peace which would have restored the Union with the seeds of dissolution planted in its structure.

But the women who were bereaved and the women whose loved ones were still in the field, cried with one voice, "Union with liberty and the principles of its perpetuity, or death with honor." To the women in the war belongs the higher and the purer glory. The volunteer was inspired by the trumpet's blare, the cannon's roar, the shouts of marching thousands, and the wild intoxication of gunpowder and fighting. Honor, immortality, every emotion and incentive which fires the blood, and in all ages has led the forlorn hope, carried the deadly breach, and made the heroes of the world, were with him and behind him. But for the women there were none of these conditions. In loneliness, in sorrow, often in want, it was their lot to suffer and endure. No opportunity for them to be placed upon the roll of honor or to win immortal fame. Patriotic women submitted to the hardships of camp and field; they nursed in the hospitals and lived in chambers of horrors for three years. For what? For glory or a decoration? Oh no! But with love which was angelic, piety which was saintlike, and an abnegation of self and devotion to duty unparalleled, they labored to alleviate suffering, encourage the despairing, help the wounded hero back to health, or, if need be, soothe and smooth his passage to the grave. Many an un-

known private soldier, recalling in the last supreme moment his childhood and home, went to his reward blessed with a touch so sympathetic and a kiss so pure, that his own mother seemed to tenderly commit his spirit to his Maker. Tens of thousands of sick and wounded soldiers lived to join their families and enjoy the gratitude of their countrymen solely through what was done for them by the women, through sanitary commissions, contribution of necessities and luxuries, and personal attendance and care. All hail to the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts of the war. Their courage and constancy were the factors in the salvation of the Republic.

The three hundred founders of this Club who braved social ostracism and contempt, by marching as an escort for the first colored regiment down Broadway, are worthy of commemoration and honor; but the ladies who gave the regiment its flag must share in this glory. I am sure that proud as my friend Mr. Astor, who sat beside me, has a right to be, that he was one of the three hundred, there is a source of profounder gratification in the fact that Mrs. Astor was Chairman of the Ladies' Committee which presented the flag. The potent influence of the women of position and power in our New York world stamped out prejudice, turned hisses into applause, exalted the humble and despised to places of honor, and in giving the black man not only the right but the invitation to fight for his liberty, created the force which emancipated the slaves and saved the Union.

DINNER TO VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT JAMES S. SHERMAN BY THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN DELEGATION OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 23, 1909.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I deeply regret that my colleague, the senior Senator from New York, could not be here to-night to receive this farewell greeting. He would have been as touched by its cordiality as we would have been pleased with his presence. Those who have been long in the service of the party and the recipients of its honors will always feel grateful to him for the skill of his management during his twenty years of leadership, and the friendship which he has shown to us individually on all occasions.

For ten years I have been attending the annual dinners of the Republican members of Congress from the State of New York. This is the most significant of them all. Not only is it called to do honor to the Vice-president-elect, promoted as no man ever has been with such general joy in Congress from his colleagues, to the high post of Vice-president of the United States, but also to have with us President Roosevelt and Senator-elect Elihu Root. A great New Yorker is about to lay down, after nearly eight years, the cares and duties of the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. His administration has been made by him an epoch in our history. It stands alongside of that of Abraham Lincoln in the chapters which will be devoted to it in the future history of our country. In hailing the Vice-president-elect we say good luck and Godspeed to the retiring President and a long life of as much enjoyment as has characterized his pleasure in the Presidency.

A great lawyer, Senator Knox, retires to take the position just vacated by a great Secretary of State, and a great lawyer retires from the position of Secretary of State to take a seat in the Senate. The Senate needs him. He fills a place which none but him could so acceptably occupy, and we rejoice that from the record of his whole active life he will brilliantly make good.

This is a happy night for New York. With the jealousy there is in the rest of the country against the Empire State, it is with difficulty that she comes into her own. But upon the principle

that right will prevail, if she cannot have the Presidency she generally gets the Vice-presidency. The thirty-nine electoral votes of New York neutralizing, as they do, the opposition ballots of many other commonwealths combined is a consideration which neither candidates nor parties can ignore. It is unfortunate for New York statesmen of either party that she is a doubtful State. In the many National Conventions which I have attended the largest interrogative was "How about New York?"

There is no vocation so full of uncertainties and surprises as politics. In the professions and in material affairs if a man is intent upon some object in his line, and pursues it with resistless energy, he generally attains his object. But it is not so in politics. That highway is like the famous Appian Way whose distinguishing characteristic is that it is lined with monuments of the dead. Roosevelt fought against being Vice-president with all his might and main, and not only he but members of his family appealed to me as a delegate to do all in my power to prevent his nomination. Yet the defeat of his purpose led to the fulfilment of his greatest ambition. Our friend, Vice-president-elect Sherman, has never indicated an ambition or aspiration to be either President or Vice-president of the United States. He gave his whole mind and heart to keeping the House of Representatives Republican and himself a member of it. The goal of his ambition was the Speakership of the House of Representatives. And yet, when at Chicago, New York seemed to have lost every claim upon the country and had won its hostility because of her opposition to the unanimous selection of Taft, having a candidate of her own, Speaker Cannon coming from his retirement for that purpose alone, and leading his fellow-members of the House of Representatives with a grand charge upon the opposition, carried the Vice-presidency for his New York colleague, because he was the most popular and the best beloved. The delight of our reading days when we had time to read were the stories of the gallantry and the chivalry of the knights of old. But there is nothing in Froissart's chronicles of the age of knighthood or in Walter Scott's marvelous re-creation of the armored warriors entering the lists to fight for the favor of their lady-loves which equal the picture of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the candidate of his State, and so far as hearts were concerned of many States, for the Presidency, suddenly appearing

upon the platform, knocking out, as is his wont, all usages, customs and traditions, and with open vest, heat-crumpled shirt-front and disordered necktie, seizing the banner of New York and Sherman and carrying it triumphantly to victory. The appearance of the Speaker on that platform thrilled my blood as much as always does that well-known picture of the old fifer and the drummer boy at the battle of Bunker Hill.

But with our plaudits comes from me as a Senator a measure of commiseration to our friend. Accustomed, as the first lieutenant of the Czar and the senior member of the Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, to holding that body in the clasp of an iron hand, he is to occupy the chair in an august chamber where there are no rules. If we are to believe what the minority party and the insurgents say, the beautiful lady, the despair of our hearts and the idol of our people, Liberty, in her Phrygian cap, who has died so often in history, is assassinated daily in the House of Representatives. But, notwithstanding the frequency of her tragic death, she illustrates the immortal lines that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again. The eternal years of God are hers."

One of the absorbing pursuits of the scientists of the day is the mastery of telepathy. How did Sherman, the Speaker's favorite for chairman of the Committee of the Whole, always know just when to check, or hobble, or throw, as the Speaker wished, a wild horse of Tartary on the floor. The member seeking to rise to the blue empyrean in his eloquent flight and from thence shower his gems of rhetoric upon the world, which may neither be expectant nor appreciative, thinks he has caught the eye of the chairman of the Committee of the Whole. He does not know that quicker than the travel of light from the sun through the ether which surrounds the globe, the eye of the chairman has caught the eye of the Speaker, who is absent in his room, and immediately the blow falls. The flower whose beauty might enchant and its perfume charm is crushed, but the member knows that while the voice was the voice of Jacob the hand was the hand of Esau. This is not to say that Sherman, either on the floor or in the chair, has not a mind of his own, but it means that the minds of these two greatest of friends, these Jonathans and Davids, these Damons and Pythias, have so long worked in harmony and devotion to each other that what one thinks the other speaks.

Congressman Sherman has been for many years chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs in the House of Representatives. He has performed invaluable service there to these people so dependent upon the Government and in maintaining the honor of the Republic in its treatment of its wards. Every land shark, every territorial exploiter, every combination of coal and mineral grabbers, every powerful organization for the capture of timber are raiders against the Indian. They flood members of Congress and the country with misrepresentations of the Indians until they succeed in creating the impression that the only good Indian is a dead one. This once done, the lands of the Indians are taken as exemplary punishment, not for the benefit of the people of the United States but of the enterprising and conscienceless slanderers of these first settlers and original owners of our country. The Congressman or Senator who fights them gets no credit. On the contrary, all the powers of selfishness and greed are combined to destroy the character and ruin the usefulness of that public servant. Notwithstanding these conditions, Brother Sherman, with that rare tact of his which rises to genius, profound study and understanding of the Indian situation, and of the duty of the Government in the care and training of these people for independence and usefulness, has succeeded in standing as an impregnable barrier for a fifth of a century between them and their despoilers.

But when he comes to preside over the Senate he will find that wild Indians on the plains or the raiders upon their lands are more easily managed than the Senate of the United States. He will find that to strike the granite rock of miserliness and compel the golden floods to pour out for the Congressional Campaign Committee of which he may be chairman, is far easier than to keep order in a body which is governed not by rules but by temperament. What a great thing is temperament! What a glorious excuse it is for the faults and frailties of our human nature! We meet daily with the brother or the sister who would be altogether lovely if not temperamentally unsound. I sympathize with the Georgia leader of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union who carried prohibition triumphantly over the State on the ground, as she put it, that "our men are so temperamentally constituted that they cannot resist temptation."

Two recent expressions from distinguished Senators are im-

pressive for the Vice-president-elect. Senator Bailey in his picturesque speech last week said the Vice-president in our scheme of government is only a piece of bric-à-brac. He did not indicate whether that bric-à-brac was ornamental in denying it was useful. It is certainly with difficulty that we can imagine Brother Sherman, the most solid, substantial, muscular and athletic of our statesmen, except Roosevelt, as a piece of bric-à-brac. I think the Senators will discover that his velvet glove covers a steel grip. The utterance of another Senator distinguished in many fields is discouraging to a citizen coming into the high position of presiding officer of the Senate in the belief that it is a body of great statesmen, to be told by this Senator in his weekly paper that the Senate is controlled by six Senators, who are leaders not because of their ability, for they have little, but because the rest of their colleagues are cowards, except a few progressive statesmen not numerous enough to control but courageous enough to resist, and without whom the liberties of the people would be crushed under this unfortunate dominance; and that these progressives, though few in number, are gallantly holding their own and accomplishing results because of the magnitude of their intellects and their heroic virtues. Between the leaders and their cowardly followers constituting the controlling majority of the Senate and these militant insurgent statesmen, our new Vice-president, the most amiable and lovable of men, who not only wishes but deserves to be loved by all men, will say in despair, "How happy I would be with either were t'other dear charmer away."

But, my friends, the Vice-president-elect comes to a great position. Though he may take no part in debates or in the work of the Senate, his advice is often quietly sought and potentially valuable. He is never a mere figurehead. He is a silent, unobtrusive, and yet forceful leader.

Our experience has shown that it is quite as important that the Vice-president should be of presidential figure as that the President should measure up to the standard of that greatest of offices, the Presidency of the United States. It is our joy, our satisfaction and our pride that our friend fills all the conditions, meets all the requirements and is up to all the ideals of the Vice-presidency of the United States or of its Chief Executive.

APPELLATE JUSTICES' DINNER

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE JUSTICES OF THE APPELLATE DIVISION, SUPREME COURT, STATE OF NEW YORK, FOURTH JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT, IN HONOR OF THE APPELLATE JUSTICES OF THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD DEPARTMENTS, AT THE GENESEE VALLEY CLUB, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1909.

CHIEF JUSTICE AND YOUR HONORS: We are all most regretful that the Chief Justice had to announce the telegram from Senator Root, expressing his inability to be here this evening. No more distinguished guest could be found for any gathering of the Bench and the Bar. His speeches are reservoirs of eloquence, wisdom and learning. To be with the Judges of the Appellate Division of the State of New York is an honor and a pleasure I highly appreciate. There is no way in which I could have so agreeably celebrated my more than fifty-one years at the Bar than to be a guest on this occasion. A half century or more of active practice is necessarily full of retrospect and reminiscence. The giants of the Bench and the Bar of the first half of my career have all passed away and met the fate of the great lawyers who work hard, live well, and generally die poor. The average advocate is a better investigator than investor. He wins or defends suits which makes his clients millionaires and multimillionaires, and in following tips which they give, or which he thinks they give, loses his fees and fortune. I remember that the wild speculative craze which ended in the panic of '73 and the one which ended in the panic ten years afterward, so far as New York City is concerned, bankrupted many of the Bench and Bar. But while the fame of a great judge or a great lawyer has little popular permanence and lives mainly with the practitioner who studies his cases it is a rare privilege to have known him in the flesh. I have no sympathy with the opinion so often expressed that the giants of the Bench and Bar of our earlier period have no successors. The industrial and financial conditions of to-day present problems much more complex and

difficult than those which a former generation had to solve. Our larger country and greater constituency do not give the same opportunities for spectacular display, but they require and secure as great ability and broader erudition.

It was my good fortune to have known more or less intimately William H. Seward, William M. Evarts, Daniel Lord, James T. Brady, and Charles O'Connor, and Judges George F. Comstock, Hiram Denio, Martin Grover, Henry E. Davies, Samuel L. Selden, Henry R. Selden, James Emmett, Daniel P. Ingraham, John K. Porter, Noah Davis, Rufus W. Peckham, and Ward Hunt. No greater intellects or advocates than these ever graced the Bench or the Bar of any State of our Union. It was a great opportunity and a precious memory to have heard the resistless logic and pitiless sarcasm, which was also logic, of Charles O'Connor, and the wit and eloquence of James T. Brady and Ogden Hoffman.

Seward had practically left the Bar for public life, but he was my guide and mentor in earlier years.

Of all these great lawyers, the most delightful, whether at the Bar, on the platform, at the banquet table, or in private life, was William M. Evarts. It was my privilege for many years as the General Counsel of a great railway system to retain the leaders of the Bar. One of them used to begin every consultation with a statement by way of reminder of the enormous fees which he had received. Mr. Evarts never suggested a fee, and the moderation of his charges was a perpetual amazement to me. I felt, after a case had been thoroughly thrashed out with him, that I had received the results of a mind that was pure intellect without a particle of dross. The gray matter of Evarts' brain was clarified intelligence. Without citing cases or referring to books he stated controlling principles, at once erudite and original, of resistless force. But the whole atmosphere of the conference was irradiated with his marvelous eloquence and wit. I could fill a volume with anecdotes of him, but two seem especially appropriate for this occasion. I was visiting him at his country home at Windsor, Vermont. He kept up the old fashioned habit of the host carving the roast. On that day it was a ham from one of the porkers raised by himself, of which feat he was very proud. He said: "I delivered the eulogy upon Chief Justice Chase. Soon after this I wrote Chase's successor, my

classmate and friend, Chief Justice Waite, 'My dear Waite: I send you to-day my oration on Chief Justice Chase and a ham, both the products of my pen.' " I was told that at a previous Christmas dinner he had remarked to his family: "We began with a turkey stuffed with sage, now you see a sage stuffed with turkey."

One of my first cases was on a promissory note. The defence was usury, the only testimony from the plaintiff and the defendant. Old Judge Brown, whose son also graced the Supreme Bench for many years, in his charge to the jury said: "The Legislature passes a great many laws. Most of them are foolish. It is the duty of the court, however, to interpret them. In this case the defendant seeks to steal the money which has been loaned him by relying on the statutes against usury. This is to be taken into consideration when you judge of the credibility to be given to the defendant's testimony."

While I was in the Legislature, and also, following, Secretary of State from 1861 to 1866, I had the pleasure of sitting at the Judge's table in old Congress Hall. The digestion of the court was somewhat impaired because they talked cases at the table. But when John Reynolds, at that time leader of the Bar, gave his annual dinner to the Court of Appeals, the flow of soul ended between nine and ten o'clock but the feast of reason ran into the small hours of the morning.

The most unique and original character among these early judges was Martin Grover. Pure and unadulterated law came from his lips in the vernacular of the farm and the cross-roads. I remember that he was inordinately fond of shad and was never troubled in his enjoyment of that greatest delicacy of our rivers by the innumerable bones which characterize the fish and deter many from eating it because he devoured it bones and all without apparently any injury to an apparatus trained in his youth in the wilds of Western New York.

You remember the story of the client who had been advised to retain Chief Justice Marshall but gave him up and lost his case because he met the future Chief Justice of the United States in the streets of Richmond in a linen roundabout, not over-neat, bare-headed, and eating cherries from his hat.

The Court of Appeals decided to hold one session many years ago in New York City. Their Honors were dined and wined to

such an extent that the experiment was never repeated. Judge Grover said to Noah Davis, his old and intimate friend: "Noah, I have got an invitation here to a dinner given by one of these big men up on Fifth Avenue. I find something I never saw before. In the corner are the letters 'R. S. V. P.' What do they mean?" "Well," said Davis, "they refer to the costume you shall wear, so that coming from the country you will make no mistake. 'R' stands for 'roundabout,' 'S' for 'shirt,' 'V' for 'vest' and 'P' for 'pants.'" "Well," said Grover, "I reckon I will decline. I haven't had a roundabout since I went to school up in Alleghany."

It was currently reported that when the Court of Appeals sat in Saratoga, Judge Grover was asked if he stopped at the United States Hotel, which had the largest bill of fare of any hotel in the country. "No," said the Judge, "I live at a boarding house across the street, because when I come to the dinner table I want all my victuals on it at once."

The wives of those judges were eminently cultured and witty women. There was a mild excitement in the court when one of the most eminent of the lawyers practicing before it had presented to him a son and heir when he was well along in the seventies. "Ah!" said the wife of one of the most venerable of the judges, "this only demonstrates that among the leaders in the law it can generally be said that 'e'en in their ashes glow their wonted fires.'" Everybody laughed but the old judge.

The wonderful inventions, the discoveries and the evolutions of liberty in various parts of the world are the distinction of the last half century above all its predecessors. But, in a broad way, there has been no change in the courts. Principles are eternal, but their application has been expanded by the courts to meet the needs of our rapidly growing and infinitely varied financial and social systems. They have, happily, through the mightiest revolution of modern times, through an industrial development so marvelous as to change radically the foundations of business and alter the relations of the individual to the State and of the corporation to the Government, lived their official lives and judicial activities with a calmness and serenity as undisturbed as that of the Goddess of Justice, their patron saint. The decisions of Chief Justice John Marshall which made us a nation, with the court the keystone of the arch, have stood during all these won-

derful civic and industrial changes unchallenged for more than a hundred years. During that period the courts have been often assailed and at times with a strength and vehemence which seemed to threaten their permanence in our structure of government. But the integrity of the judges, their character and the wisdom of their decisions have impressed the man in the street, who knows little about them from the standpoint of the politician, the statesman, the lawyer, or the journalist, that his rights and liberty as an individual and the property which he may acquire for the support of his family are protected by the court. And, in the last analysis, the stability of the court has come out of every contest unshaken because the man in the street belongs to the intelligent majority.

Humor is the spice of life and the safety-valve of the worker. I pity the man in any relation who fails to possess it. When John Brady and Noah Davis were on the general term the consultation hour was more occupied with new stories and fresh jokes than in the work before them. There never was a complaint among lawyers familiar with this condition that this led to the rendering of bad law. The only complaint was that it gave Joe Choate, with his inimitable humor, a peculiar precedence and standing in that court. John Van Buren, whom I have listened to many times with delight, had a more attentive hearing than any man in his time. And, yet, when you breathe the rarified air of the Supreme Court of the United States, a joke is appreciated, but not at the expense of the court. In the early days it was the habit of Choate, Horace Porter, and myself on festive occasions to take advantage of being the last on the list to hang the hide of our predecessor on the fence well tanned. At a lawyers' dinner in New York a ponderous speech was made by Justice Miller of the Supreme Court. He was one of the ablest men who ever adorned that great position, but totally devoid of humor and wit. I came on late, so late that everybody was tired and wanted to go home, and revived jaded spirits by having a little fun with the judge. He was enraged beyond words. The Attorney-general of the United States at that time told me that he returned to Washington with Justice Miller the next day. From New York to Philadelphia the Justice dissected the motive of the crime and could discover none. From Philadelphia to Baltimore he analyzed his speech sentence by sentence to find, if

possible, where there was any justification for this bouleversement of its learned propositions and their enforcement and this was a failure. From Baltimore to Washington the Judge silently ruminated. When he and the Attorney-general got out at the station, the Judge said: "Good day, Mr. Attorney-general. Damn Depew." From that day on I was for him Anathema Maranatha.

When an able judge leaves the court for politics his methods are not those of a politician. For instance, when our friend Judge Gaynor was nominated for Mayor of New York, though he had voted the Democratic ticket for thirty years, he was late at the first ratification meeting in advocacy of his candidacy because, as he confessed, he did not know the way to Tammany Hall. I met on the evening of election a distinguished member of the Bar of New York City, an old-time machinist, and earnestly desirous for the election of Judge Gaynor. He grasped me on the street as I was on the way to the club, to hear the returns and said, apropos of nothing: "I am afraid Gaynor is defeated on account of his speeches. If any man should present me with a copy of Epictetus, bound in crushed levant, and worth, on account of the binding, fifty dollars, I should tell him to go to the devil, because each of Governor Hughes' crusades which I do not like are preceded by a night with Epictetus, and Judge Gaynor confessed that before making any of his speeches he read a chapter in the teachings of that infernal old philosopher." But, though a judge may not adopt the ways of a politician or know much about them in canvassing for office he makes a fine administrator when elected.

We have for the first time in my recollection a great judge as President of the United States. Commencing with Lincoln, I have known them all very well and some intimately. The greatest lawyer among them was Benjamin Harrison. But the White House now is an open tribunal where all sides are eagerly heard and patiently listened to. Any man, however humble, whose interests are affected and who can contribute something of value to the discussion is sure of open-minded consideration. Before the executive acts the judge has arrived at his conclusions by the most painstaking and exhaustive investigation. When the decision is rendered it is a finality unless it can be reversed by an appeal to the people. But I have found that while the judge

returning to the practice of his profession may make an eminent success, if he abandons the Bench for business he may not do so well. He may be in the situation of a literary friend of mine who, in the panic of 1907 finding his intellectual wares unsalable, became a commercial traveler for a patent medicine. He said in pushing his goods, and trying at the same time to maintain a high average in his intellectual life, he had got so mixed that he could not tell the difference between Omar Khayyam and Hunyadi Janos.

The American courts have many distinctions, and no State courts greater than ours of New York. But it seems to me that the one quality above all others which has characterized our judiciary, National and State, has been courage. Courage to face the cannon's mouth, to ride in the wild cavalry charge, to storm the breach with a forlorn hope, is a quality common to our human nature. The courage which wins hero medals, besides bravery, has incentives of hope, of applause, and of reward. But a higher and nobler courage is that which is unmoved by unpopularity. Every man wishes to stand well with his fellows. But the judge must often render decisions which make him hated and possibly detested among those whose respect he craves and whose friendship he desires. He must wait possibly for posterity before the passions of the hour have subsided, so that the rectitude of his conduct and the righteousness of his judgment can be vindicated. This courage is more necessary and more frequently exercised by American judges than those of any other country, because the power of the American court is so unique and original in that it stands between the rights and the property of the individual or the corporation and popular passion as represented by laws which have received the approval of Governors and Legislators or of the President or Congress, but are repugnant to the Constitution. That the people are appreciating more and more the value of a good judge and the protection of the court is happily illustrated in our State now by the nomination by both parties and the unanimous re-election of so many gentlemen, especially in this last campaign, who have demonstrated their great ability and unequaled usefulness in the courts of our State. The lessons of the law received recently a wonderful illustration. We pay tribute to the rescuers, headed by a preacher of the neighborhood, who risked their own lives by going down to save the

entombed miners in the St. Paul mines. Twenty-two miners walled themselves in and for seven days lived in total darkness and without food. Their sustenance was a few drops of water that trickled through the wall. Conditions resolved that little company into those of the primitive man. A few of the strongest led by a Russian claimed that the water belonged to those who could win it in the fight and that the weaker must by the laws of nature meet their fate and die. A Scotch-American reduced the savage to impotence with an axe handle and then organized a government. As much as in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, it was a government of equal laws. As much as in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, it was a government which appealed constantly for guidance and hope to Almighty God. It was the lesson of the courts interpreting American liberty which kept that little community from murder and extermination by a rude administration of the eternal principles of justice.

Lord Chatham's magnificent eulogy of the British Constitution still rings in our ears. He said: "The poorest man may in his cottage give defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the storm may enter, the rain may enter, but the King of England cannot enter. All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement." But the sovereignty of Great Britain, as represented by its Parliament, may enter and demolish, may eject the owner or take possession for the State of that tenement without compensation.

Your Honors, the genius of American liberty and constructive statesmanship have endowed our courts alone of all courts of the world, past or present, with the power to protect that tenement, whether it be the cottage of the poor man or the place of the rich, against the encroachment by Presidents or Congresses, by Governors or Legislatures, and for more than a century the courts of this country, happily and nobly represented by you, have courageously, intelligently, and wisely performed this high duty.

DINNER TO AMBASSADOR WHITE

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER TO THE HON. HENRY WHITE, LATE
AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE, ON HIS RETURN TO THE
UNITED STATES, BY THE PILGRIMS OF THE UNITED STATES,
AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1910.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me very great pleasure to be associated here this evening with these young diplomats, Bigelow and Morton and Choate, in giving a sort of youthful send-off to our distinguished guest. Commencing with Bigelow and going to Morton and down to Choate and then through Duncan and myself, you get a pretty good consensus of the best opinion of the American people for the last seventy-five years.

Someone said to me coming over on the train this afternoon, "How many of the American people do you suppose know Harry White?" "Well," I said, "there have been about thirty millions of them gone abroad during the time that he was in the diplomatic service in London, and everyone of them tried to get at him."

The most difficult position in the world is that of the Secretary of Legation in London. The Labor Congress which met in Great Britain last year passed a resolution that King Edward VII. was their "Only Diplomat."

Well, Harry White isn't our only diplomat, but he is the oldest one we have in the service and he is the only one, I think, who has been thoroughly trained from the bottom up and who occupies the distinguished position he did at the time that he resigned. But, then, he was Secretary of Legation in London for twenty-one years. There was his opportunity!

There are, I believe, about four invitations possible for a reception at Buckingham Palace and about eight to the House of Commons, and there are at least thirty thousand Americans a year asking for those favors. The Ambassador or the Minister, wanting to retain his place, seeking to be transferred possibly to a more important one, refers them all to the secretary; and Mr.

White met those hundreds of thousand Americans with an expression which meant that he would do the best he could—and the best he could was that none of them got anything. That led to several additions to the expletives in the American language in regard to the manner in which we were represented abroad. But I am happy to say from an acquaintance with White during the whole of this period that it did him lots of good. He enjoyed it. He grew fat on it and was promoted because he did it. I was in London before Mr. White came there, and called, as I always did, on the Ambassador. At that time it was James Russell Lowell. His secretary was my old friend Hoppin, ex-president of the Union League Club. I knew him very well. He did not look at me or at my card, but started off immediately on his formula: "I can't understand why Americans coming over here are so anxious to get into the House of Commons. It is infinitely better for them to go to the House of Representatives or to the Senate of the United States. I can't understand why they want to see the Minister of the United States. They don't seem to appreciate that every minute of his time, night and day, is employed in preserving the peace between the two countries and the peace of the world. I can't understand how any American should want to be presented to the Queen. The Queen doesn't want to see him or her: The Queen won't recollect who he was or who she was. It will cost anywhere from five hundred to one thousand dollars to go there, and it only takes a minute. Now, my dear friend, I want to tell you I have found something exactly suited to a man of your quiet tastes; with difficulty I have succeeded in procuring a few tickets, under tremendous pressure, and I will give you two of them; they are for the cattle show at Reading."

I thanked him effusively and told him I wished he would take my cordial expressions of gratitude to Mr. Lowell that I had been selected for such distinction. Two nights afterwards, at a dinner given me by some English friends, Mr. Lowell and Hoppin were both present. Mine host said, "Well, Mr. Depew, have you brought over any brand new Americans?" I said, "No, but I have found one in London," and with proper frescoing and embroidery I told the story. Everybody laughed but Lowell and Hoppin, and they both said it was the poorest story they

ever heard. But when I got back home and told it, I was immediately elected a member of the New York Farmers Club.

Now, much has been said here to-night by our friend White, and by our friend Choate, on the subject of the trained diplomat. I do not think that subject will ever die out, as long as there is a statesman in the United States, who, having filled the whole eye of the American public, wants to convince other countries what his abilities are, and who is so big and has done so much for his country, or his party, or his President, that he will be recognized; and yet going abroad for the last thirty years I have seen many specimens of the unadorned diplomat. I remember very well one of our Ministers, who in order to save his salary because he knew he couldn't stay but one term, lived so near the roof of an apartment house that none of his own countrymen or the statesmen of the country to which he was credited ever saw the inside of his parlor or dining-room. I know of another who soon after he arrived sent a note to the foreign Minister saying, "I understand that it is customary for the new arrival to call on certain officers of the government and also on the members of the other embassies. As I haven't the remotest idea who they are or where they live, I enclose a thousand cards and will be much obliged if you will see that they are properly placed." I knew of another who established the most amicable and cordial relations between his own country and the one to which he was sent, who told American stories and in order to enforce them slapped the King on the back.

At one of the imperial courts the minister brought over his family to bask in the sunshine of royalty. His son, a remarkably handsome man, at the royal banquet sat beside one of the royal princesses. Of course she was unfamiliar with any business for a young man except that in the government, so she said, "I suppose you are fitting yourself for the diplomatic service like your distinguished father." "No." "Ah! the Army then." "No." "Oh! I see. Sorry I was mistaken. It is the Navy. You must look very distinguished in your uniform." "No." "Well, then, in your country what service is there for a young gentleman of your rank and position?" "Well," he said, "Princess, I am in the furniture business in Chicago, Illinois."

And yet these are the exceptions to the old way of rewarding political services by giving them diplomatic appointments when

there was no possible way of taking care of them at home, because the old idea was that it made very little difference whom we sent to represent us with foreign governments or at foreign courts. I remember I went to a President of the United States for the purpose of presenting the names of several distinguished citizens of New York for positions in the diplomatic service as Ambassadors and Ministers, and the President said to me, "I do not think the country greatly needs a diplomatic service because of the conversations that can be had between the Secretary of State and foreign ministers by cable, but so long as other nations maintain embassies we necessarily must, but I regard them, like the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, simply decorations, and when one citizen has secured this coveted distinction which entitles him to be called 'Mr. Ambassador' and 'Your Excellency' the rest of his life and gives him the precedence over everybody in going out to a private dinner, he ought to resign or be recalled to permit the breastplate to be passed around." I want to say that I do not agree with the view which this distinguished chief magistrate entertained.

But no country has been more ably served than ours by men who have come from other walks in life but who have won great distinction in diplomacy. They were, however, exceptionally gifted men. Franklin won for us the friendship of France. Charles Francis Adams' declaration in regard to the equipment of Confederate cruisers, "This is war," opened the eyes of British statesmen to the perils of their position and prevented a war. Edward J. Phelps was held in honor and esteem by the British Government equal to that of the most distinguished of his predecessors, and had the honor of inducing the judges of one of the highest courts, in a conversation at one of their dinners, to modify a decision upon which they had agreed. Our own Choate was the delight of England, as he has been of our own people, and for the first time in one hundred and fifty years was the one American to become a fellow of the Inner Temple.

I won't tell where I got the story, but I heard a good one on our friend Bigelow, who has celebrated his ninety-second year. When he was in Paris two years ago he met Olivier, also a nonagenarian, who was a foreign Minister of Louis Napoleon at the time Bigelow was accredited to France, and Olivier said, "Bigelow, I have known all the great rulers, diplomatists and statesmen

worth while for the last seventy years, and none of them equaled Louis Napoleon." Bigelow said, "That may be true, but he was the biggest liar I ever met in my life."

But, my friends, our guest to-night has touched upon a subject which is very near to my heart, a subject which I have been studying for more than a quarter of a century, and I am more impressed every time I go to Europe that the United States should have in every capital a home to properly represent the country and where the Minister may be found. They have a story in London—you may have heard it—that shortly after Choate arrived there he lost his way. After a long dinner he was standing on the corner in the rain, when an English policeman stepped up to him and said, "My friend, you should go home. You are too venerable a man to be out this time of night in the wet." And Choate replied, "My dear Mr. Policeman, I am the American Ambassador, I have no home."

It has now come to a point where it is a disgrace to our country—the condition exists in no other country—that, in the first place, we have no permanent diplomatic service, and in the next place, we pay inadequately, compared with other nations, our diplomatic representatives, and then—they have no home. The result is that every Ambassador must spend anywhere from forty to sixty or one hundred thousand dollars a year out of his own pocket to maintain the dignity of his country, beyond the salary which he receives. The result is that a man may be never so magnificently equipped to represent his country and in a great crisis able to do a greater service than any other, and yet unless he is fortified by inheritance or his own efforts with an adequate fortune the Government cannot send him abroad.

Many of the difficulties in our diplomatic service could be overcome if the Government owned residences at the different capitals as other nations do. Great ability and no private fortune is tremendously handicapped in succeeding a man whose wealth enabled him to live and entertain upon a large scale. The country should not be deprived of the services of its ablest men because of want of wealth, inadequate salary and lack of ambassadorial residences, nor should the prizes of the diplomatic service be open only to those who have inherited or accumulated a fortune. Nothing has done so much to discredit the diplomatic service with Congress as the conditions brought about by our failure to

treat our representatives as other nations treat theirs. It has led to the epigram current in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, "Shall we be represented by a pocketbook or brains?" If we possessed a residence which should also include the offices and working rooms of the Legation, a proper and fitting house for our country, maintained at the public expense, then it would be possible, even with our inadequate salaries, for a poor but magnificently equipped man to appear satisfactorily with his family. It would also prevent those mortifying comparisons which hurt the pride and injure the service of the man whom the Lord has not gifted with the talent or who has not had the time, because he has been in the service of his country, to make money. In any event, the United States is too great, powerful and rich to ask any citizen, no matter what his financial condition, to spend the accumulations of a lifetime, as two representatives have to my knowledge, or to encroach upon his private income to maintain properly the dignity of his Government.

There is no question but that one of the greatest improvements made in our consular service is the rule of equipment and promotion introduced by Root while Secretary of State. There is no question but that opportunity and training are immense helps in the efficiency of our diplomatic service.

My friends, we are here to honor Harry White, and there is no one here among you all who admires him so much who knows better than I do, having watched him for thirty years, the services which he has rendered to this country. He did immense service, as Mr. Choate has so well said, in his school for Ministers and Ambassadors in London, but when he was appointed to Italy and subsequently to France the diplomatic world knew that there was not in the diplomatic service of the United States any man better fitted for the performance of the duties of those two places than Mr. White. He understood the language as well as the diplomacy of both countries, and when there was a critical moment in the affairs of the world—for we are so united that trouble in one country is trouble in all countries, affecting industrial and financial conditions everywhere—when there was a spark which might be fanned into a flame and produce a European war, because of the relation between France and Germany in Morocco, it was White more than anybody else who brought about the peaceful settlement of that difficulty. I congratulate him that

he has continued in the diplomatic service—and that shows the highest degree of diplomacy—through all changes of administration, when everybody else had to get on the toboggan slide and land at home; and, we, the Pilgrims, in welcoming him to-night with such honors as we can give, exercising our function to bid farewell to and welcome back our countrymen, both when they go and when they return, welcome him back again to our ranks with the hope that the time is not long distant when he will again be called upon to round out the career wherein he has shed so much lustre upon our country and done so much honor to himself.





